

July · 1929

THE RED BOOK

N E

"How to Choose Wives"

By the
Authors of
"How to
Choose
Husbands"

Vina Delmar
Albert Payson
Terhune
Margaret Culkin
Banning
Elliott White
Springs
Katharine
Brush
Claire Carvalho
and
Boyden Sparkes
Frank R. Adams
Rupert Hughes

"The Murder in the Storm"

Beginning a Startling Mystery

By Rufus King



Historically, Raleigh probably never set eyes on Pocahontas, the Indian princess.. but it seems fitting to show the New World offering the Old World its most gratifying of botanical achievements. For after this pretty exchange, certainly the rest is history.....



R A L E I G H was the name of a gentleman-adventurer. He made tobacco popular.

Raleigh is now the name of a new . . . a boldly original and an altogether perfect cigarette.

It is blended PUFF-by-PUFF



*TWENTY
CENTS*

BROWN and WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky

PLAIN - OR TIPPED

A play you ought to read

The Tragedy of Neglected Gums

Cast of Characters: Your Dentist and You

YOU: "My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them."

D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"

YOU: "Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?"

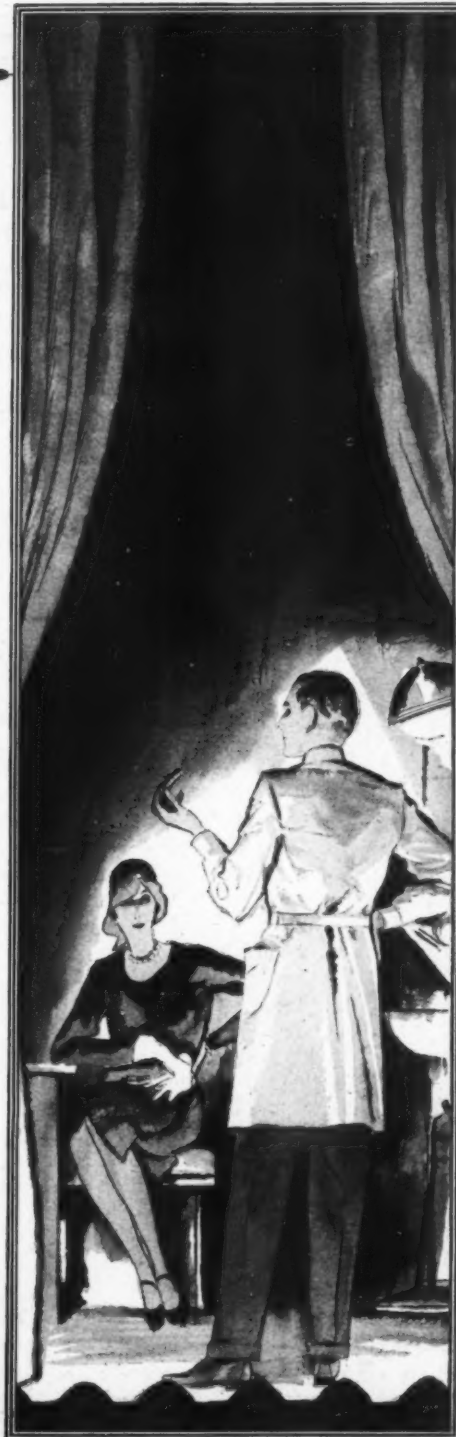
D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

YOU: "That's what worries me. Pyorrhea—gingivitis—trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."

D.D.S.: "Yes, such things can happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I x-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth, too."

YOU: (After a pause) "I was reading a dentifrice advertisement . . . about food."

D.D.S.: "Soft food? Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."



YOU: "But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."

D.D.S.: "No need to change your diet. But you can give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection."

An imaginary dialog? An imaginary "you"? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life—from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effects upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon brings you a sample which will quickly prove Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But, to know all of Ipana's good effects, it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as your teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-79
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

HE THOUGHT:
*"How absolutely
 lovely she is
 tonight!"*



SHE THOUGHT:
*"How glad I am
 I washed my hair
 and changed to
 this fresh dress!"*

Real cleanliness is the greatest beauty secret!

What is it that puts high-lights in your hair... glints of gold or copper? What is it gives your skin the vivid pinkness that even great painters find difficult to get on canvas? What is it that transforms the simplest summer frock... makes it *charming*?

The answer, of course, is *real cleanliness*.

It isn't that we do not know these things. The question is, do we make use of this great aid to beauty as much as we might and should?



What doctors say about shampooing

The dryest hair is oily enough to catch the dirt that flies everywhere. As this grime kills hair luster, why let it accumulate?

Authorities advise a thorough shampoo every two weeks... and oftener when a hair dressing is used, when you perspire freely, when your hair is naturally oily, when in work or play your head is exposed to more dust and dirt than is usual. And remember, any good toilet soap is a good shampoo soap.

Don't fail, either, to wash your comb and brush thoroughly every few days.



Wash your face the only "best" way

The skin, also, is invisibly oily and dirt-catching... and water alone will not remove this film. Soap, the real cleanser, is needed.

Skin specialists say that creams and powders, when used as a *substitute* for soap and water, increase rather than lessen the possibility of blackheads and "shiny nose". They call soap and water "the most valuable agent we have for keeping the skin of the face normal and healthy".



Elbows, underwear and finger nails

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you aren't able to manage as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub your nails once a day with a stiff brush, and push the cuticle back with the towel while drying. You'll find that except for occasional shaping and polishing, little else is needed.

From stockings and underwear to dresses, scarfs, gloves, etc., there's only one safe rule about your clothing: anything that is *doubtful* is definitely *too soiled to wear*.



The kind of beauty called "elusive"

Other people know when we do and do not take baths. Other people notice when the attention we give to cleanliness is the 100% and constant kind.

Isn't "daintiness" just another name for being *clean*?... and "elusive" beauty, probably mostly *extra* cleanliness?... of body, face, hands, hair, clothing, and all the many little details?

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, 45 East 17th Street, New York.

In 10 years no Institute Announcement has caused so much comment as this one

WHY has this announcement been talked about all over the country?

Because these new courses open a new door to growth and achievement for hundreds of thousands of men.

Because these new courses put certain benefits within the reach of hundreds of thousands of men to whom these benefits were previously denied.

Who are these men? What are these benefits?

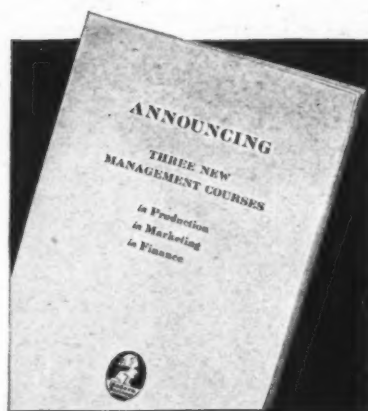
The men are numbered among those who have read the advertisements of the Alexander Hamilton Institute during the last twenty years. They are the men who realize the desirability of the Institute's training—who have often wished they had that training, but who haven't had time to take the complete Course and Service.

Now—Three Shorter Courses

Heretofore, the Institute offered only its Modern Business Course and Service, a training similar to the comprehensive Business Courses at Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, and New York University. More than 350,000 American and Canadian executives have enrolled for this Course; there is hardly a business organization of any size among whose executives there is not an Institute-trained man.

This major Course will be continued and constantly improved. It will always be the great course in executive training. But just recently the Institute made a notable step in advance. As the result of a growing need for more specific training, the research and educational staffs of the Institute have now developed three new shorter courses as follows:

1. A Special Course and Service in Production Management
2. A Special Course and Service in Marketing Management
3. A Special Course and Service in Finance Management



These courses, being shorter, do not require as much time. They deal primarily with the *special phases* of business in which a man is particularly interested. They are designed for *busy men*.

The value to executives of this enlarged program is admirably summed up in the words of Percy H. Johnston, president of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who considers it "the most significant step taken in business education in the past ten years."

What this announcement means to you

This announcement means that now you can get an Alexander Hamilton Insti-

tute Course *especially adapted to you and your work*, no matter what major department of business you are in—Production, Marketing, or Finance.

The length of time it takes to complete one of these Management Courses is considerably less than the two-year period for the Modern Business Course and Service; and naturally the fee for each is commensurately lower. All of the reading can be done in your spare time.

This booklet gives all the facts

We have prepared the booklet shown at the left, which describes these new courses in detail. We should like to circulate this booklet widely and to the following groups of men:

—*The heads of businesses* who recognize that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

—*Executives* interested especially in Production, Marketing, and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts in one of these departments of business.

—*Younger men* who desire definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

Send for the details

For convenience, a coupon is provided. We invite you to inform yourself on this great forward step in business education by mailing it at once.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 856 Astor Place, New York City.

Please send me all the facts about the Institute's new Management Courses.

NAME _____ BUSINESS POSITION _____
BUSINESS ADDRESS _____

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"GLOAMING"
dernière création



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revivifying effect -
instantly it is applied
to the body, and its
fragrance lasts long
after its application

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PARIS

The Red Book Magazine

VOL. LIII, No. 3

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JULY, 1929

Special Notice to Writers and Artists:
Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.

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Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

SOPHIE KERR

who wrote "The Poor Rich," has just completed a novel of New York at this fascinating and merciless moment, when outsiders with newly made money are crashing the gates of society as never before, and when the insiders pitilessly repel them. The story details what mothers and daughters must do—and actually are doing today—to get in. A novel of hope and heartache, significantly picturing society today. This vital story starts—

In the next, the August, issue.

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Fad or Fixture?

By WALTER CROSBY EELLS

Associate Professor of Education, Stanford University

EDUCATION ever has been a subject close to the heart of America. Only sixteen years after the Pilgrims landed on the "bleak New England coast," they founded Harvard College—the beginning of higher education in America. But for over a century the education it furnished was for the professional classes. Secondary education for the masses was peculiarly the contribution of the nineteenth century.

Will collegiate education for the masses characterize the twentieth century? Already this century has witnessed an astonishing development of interest in higher education. The great universities of the country, institutions interested primarily in specialization and research, have found themselves swamped with thousands of immature youth, and parents are hesitating to lose their children in the University mass. Does higher education of masses necessarily imply education in masses?

The answer is the *Junior College*—a more widely diffused opportunity for two years of college education in smaller units—an institution where closer contact is possible with instructors more interested in teaching than in research—an institution making transition easier from high school restrictions to university freedom.

According to the latest report of the American Association of Junior Colleges there are over four hundred Junior Colleges in the country with more than fifty thousand students. The movement is in its infancy but it is beginning to occupy a unique position in the American educational ladder—unmistakably higher than a glorified high school; distinctly lower than the scholarly specialization of the University.

Young men and women are finding they can secure adequate preparation for many life occupations in two years at Junior College. Others are finding excellent preparation under superior conditions for later specialization in the University.

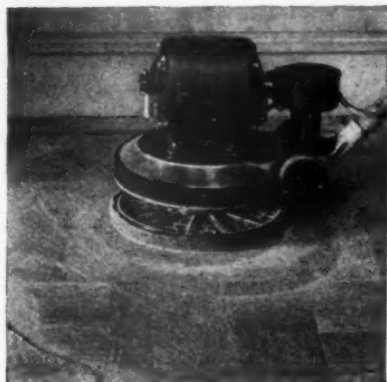
How does the junior college graduate who wishes to continue his education

compare with the university trained freshman and sophomore when they meet on common ground in the junior and senior years? At the convention of the Association of Junior Colleges at Fort Worth, Texas, last winter a detailed report was given by the writer based on the records of over three hundred graduates of thirty-seven different Junior Colleges who had entered Stanford University. They were compared with groups who had received their freshman and sophomore training at the University. After their first quarter the junior college group showed a distinct superiority in actual classroom accomplishments, a superiority which increased regularly with each successive quarter until the end of the senior year. At graduation, twice as great a proportion of junior college students received final honors as the university trained students. Almost twice as many remained at the University for graduate work.

Another study from the athletic standpoint showed that a much greater proportion of students from Junior Colleges made places on varsity athletic squads than of those who entered the university as freshmen. This study was based upon the records of over seventy thousand students in California's three largest universities.

Such evidence indicates that the Junior College is making good, both scholastically and athletically. Unquestionably it is a permanent addition to higher education. Both educators and the general public are beginning to realize that here is a really major movement for improvement in American Education—the development of an institution which promises to popularize and democratize collegiate education. The Junior College is not a fad—it is a *fixture*!

W. C. Eells



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THINK of giving your floors a smooth, satiny finish like that of a piece of fine furniture!

Imagine having the grain of the wood show up as clearly as though the sandpaper had just left it!

Consider the satisfaction of having friends ask you whether you've had a new floor laid down!

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And on top of all this the pleasure that you yourself get from seeing these beautiful floors every day, not to speak of the added attractiveness they give the furnishings of your home. Then, too, there is the ease of caring for them—they're far less trouble to take care of than your present floors.

Thousands of others are getting these results, and there is no reason why you can't also.

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They are saving the money . . . and the tremendous bother of having workmen come into their homes and upset their households for days at a time.

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This work—so hard to do by hand methods—is easy when you let electricity help you. You supply the intelligence, and the machine most of the energy. You plug into a socket just as you would with a vacuum cleaner. In a few minutes you are running the Ponsell like an expert, and your floors are on the way to a vast improvement.

*The
Electrical
Way
of
doing
over
floors*



When floors are done over by ordinary methods, they have to be refinished every few years; and it is no easy task, as you know, to keep them looking presentable from day to day.

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This is not mere enthusiasm. The claims we make can easily be demonstrated. In twenty-four branch offices we have men ready and anxious to show you, in *your own home*, what the Ponsell Floor Machine can do. In thousands of homes it has already won the unqualified praise of users.

It not only refinishes and polishes wood floors, but scrubs linoleum floors spotlessly clean without the least splashing. It does away with all the drudgery. Gone is the stooping and kneeling, the wear and tear on your hands of water, soap, cleaning fluids, scrubbing brushes and wet rags. Then the machine polishes the linoleum with a result far surpassing anything you have ever known; a shiny, immaculate surface that dust and dirt have a hard time sticking to.

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TEAR OFF . . FILL IN . . AND MAIL TODAY

RB-729

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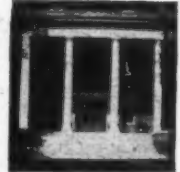
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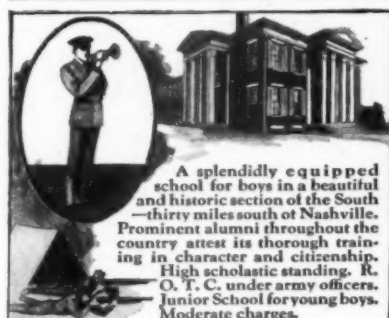
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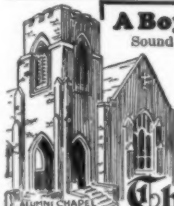


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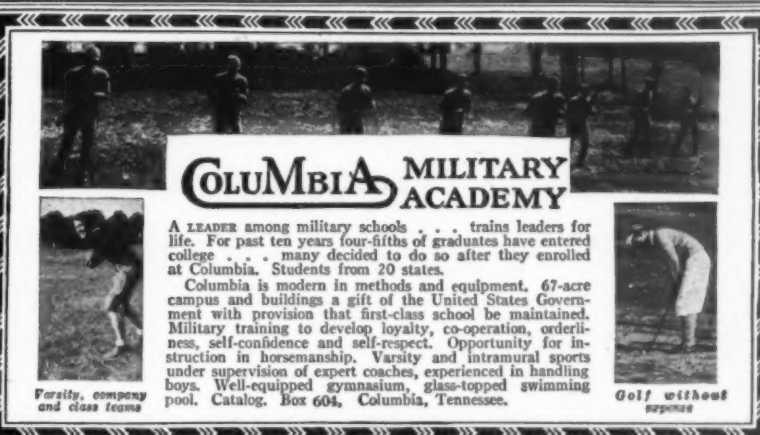
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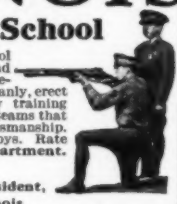
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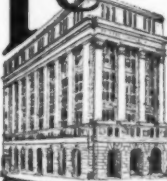
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These Lewis Students "Made Good"

O. F. Stuart—"I accepted the position of Manager. I know my course is going to bring me thru with colors flying."
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C. A. Jones—"I was chosen Manager of this hotel. My success is due to the Lewis Schools."
Nessie Papp—"Thank you for your help in securing the position of Assistant Manager. I shall put forth every effort to be a credit to the Lewis Schools."

"A smooth exquisite skin always brings an answering thrill,"

39 Hollywood directors find

ELEANOR BOARDMAN in the garden-like bathroom which is one of the most charmingly original seen in Hollywood.

"Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin—'studio skin'—a screen star must have. It is such a good soap!"

Eleanor Boardman

To stand the test of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights for a close-up, a star's skin must be exquisite. MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition."

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

*Nine out of ten screen stars
use Lux Toilet Soap . . .*

"THE MOST appealing of all charms is a lovely smooth skin," says Howard Bretherton, director for Warner Brothers—and voices the experience of 39 leading Hollywood directors.

"A screen star's skin must be genuinely exquisite to triumph in the searching close-ups," he continues emphatically. "Smooth 'studio skin' is the out-

standing factor in screen success today."

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 (98%) keep their skin exquisitely smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

You will love its generous, caressing lather—the way it leaves the skin satin-smooth. Use this daintily fragrant white soap in your bath, too, as nine out of ten screen stars do.

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only
in French soaps at **10¢**
50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . now



HOLIDAYING

By Angelo Patri

Decoration by Franklin Booth

WHEN work has lost its savor
and the joyful task becomes as the
burden of Atlas, the weight of a world on the
back of your neck, it is time to go holidaying. It is time
to be off and at play.

Throw away all fear of lost time. Time is never lost. Time will
remain when you have passed, and the best you can hope is to fill it
full to the brim with happiness and its resulting power. Why lose the es-
sence of life by nosing a trail so long and so far as to dig yourself into a rut
so deep you can scarce see over its edges?

Come out of it! Trust life a little. Know that it is a rhythmic excitement of
work and play, well balanced on the side of leisure. The knowing ones, when they
find their vision narrowing down to the thin hard line drawn taut 'twixt them and a
distant goal, lay down their tools, stretch their legs, saunter forth to cultivate a horizon,
search for adventure and flirt with Fortune, that gypsy who ever has been found on the
side of the broad highway.

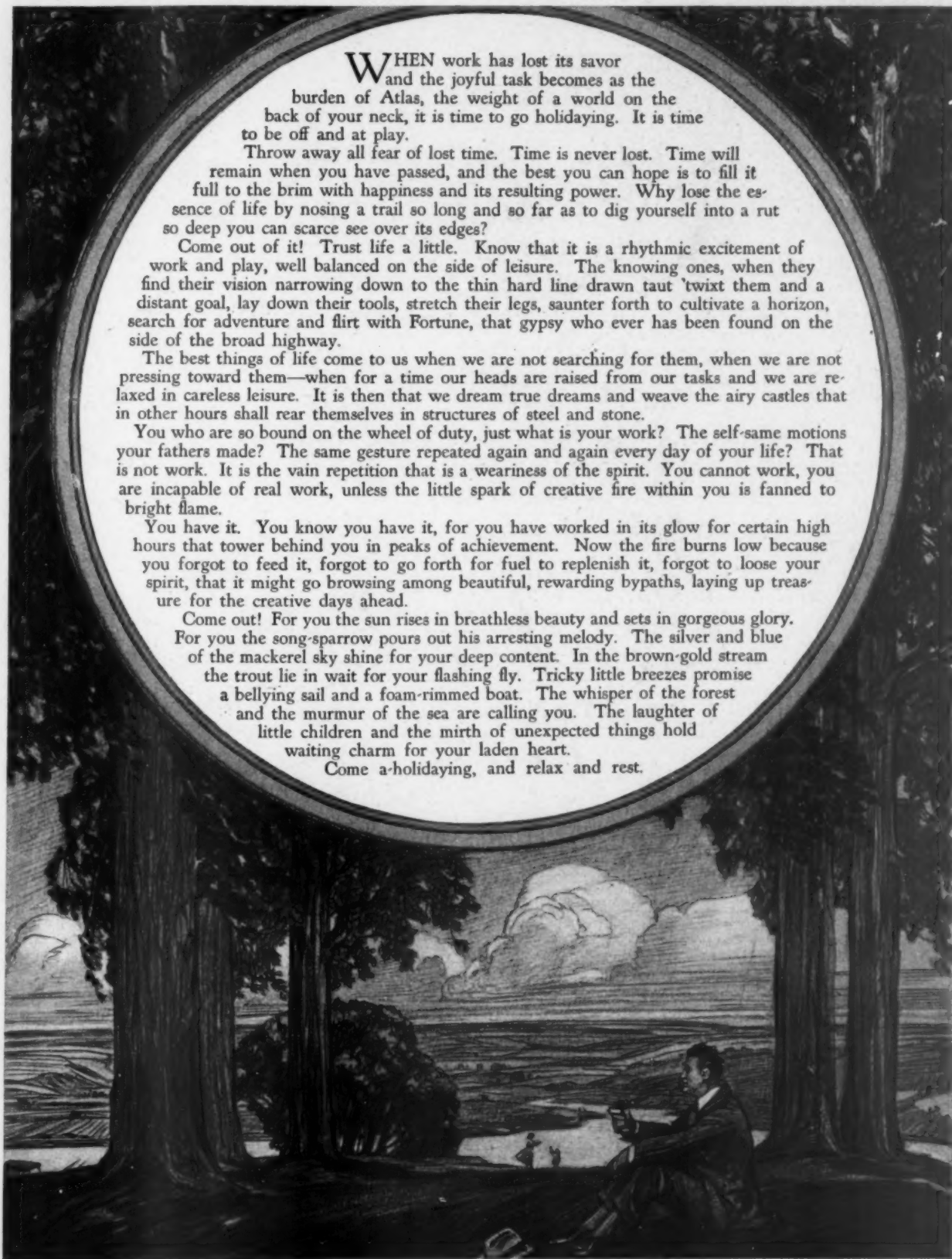
The best things of life come to us when we are not searching for them, when we are not
pressing toward them—when for a time our heads are raised from our tasks and we are re-
laxed in careless leisure. It is then that we dream true dreams and weave the airy castles that
in other hours shall rear themselves in structures of steel and stone.

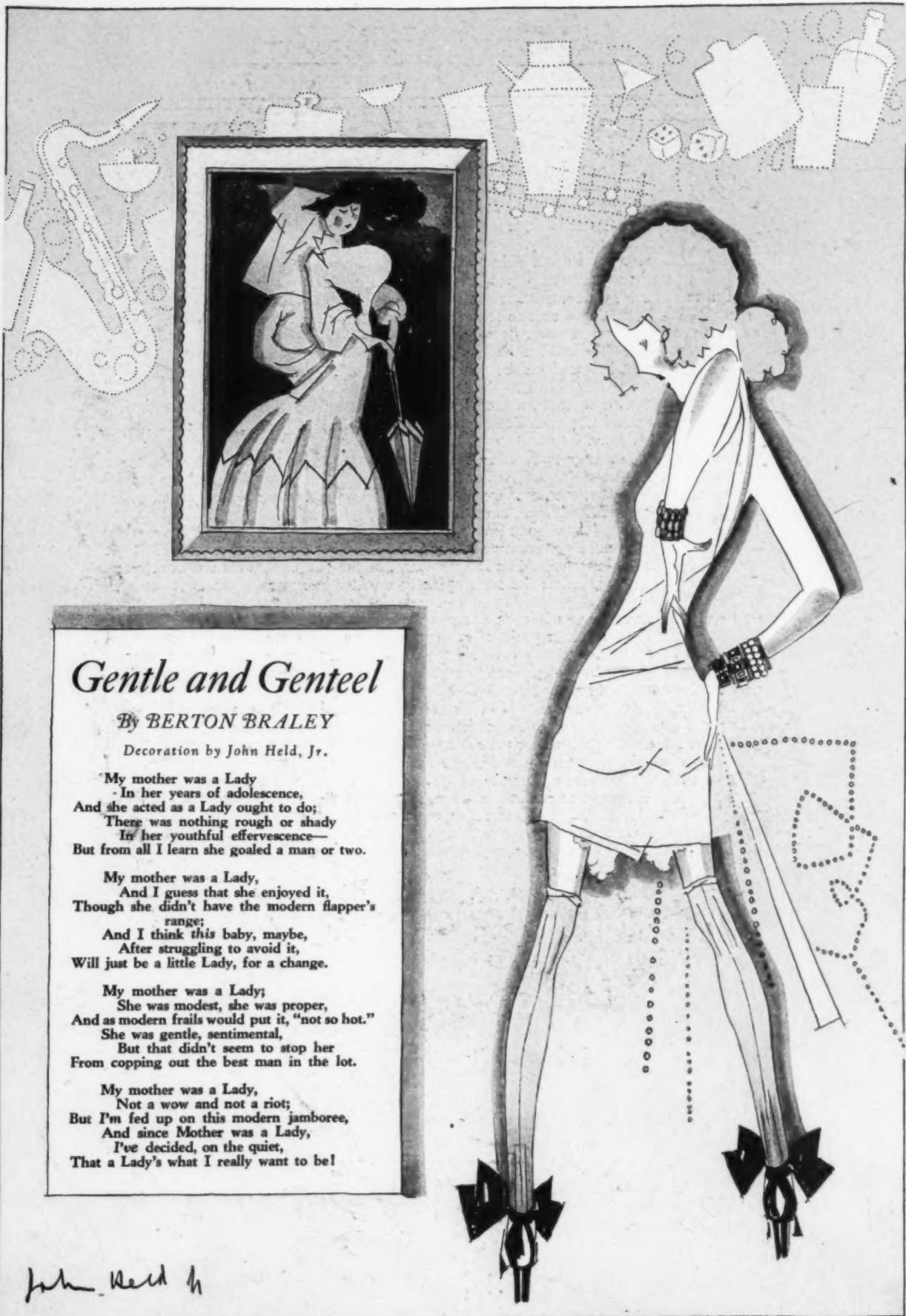
You who are so bound on the wheel of duty, just what is your work? The self-same motions
your fathers made? The same gesture repeated again and again every day of your life? That
is not work. It is the vain repetition that is a weariness of the spirit. You cannot work, you
are incapable of real work, unless the little spark of creative fire within you is fanned to
bright flame.

You have it. You know you have it, for you have worked in its glow for certain high
hours that tower behind you in peaks of achievement. Now the fire burns low because
you forgot to feed it, forgot to go forth for fuel to replenish it, forgot to loose your
spirit, that it might go browsing among beautiful, rewarding bypaths, laying up treas-
ure for the creative days ahead.

Come out! For you the sun rises in breathless beauty and sets in gorgeous glory.
For you the song-sparrow pours out his arresting melody. The silver and blue
of the mackerel sky shine for your deep content. In the brown-gold stream
the trout lie in wait for your flashing fly. Tricky little breezes promise
a bellying sail and a foam-rimmed boat. The whisper of the forest
and the murmur of the sea are calling you. The laughter of
little children and the mirth of unexpected things hold
waiting charm for your laden heart.

Come a-holidaying, and relax and rest.





Gentle and Genteel

By *BERTON BRALEY*

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

My mother was a Lady
 In her years of adolescence,
 And she acted as a Lady ought to do;
 There was nothing rough or shady
 In her youthful effervescence—
 But from all I learn she goaled a man or two.

My mother was a Lady,
 And I guess that she enjoyed it,
 Though she didn't have the modern flapper's
 range;
 And I think this baby, maybe,
 After struggling to avoid it,
 Will just be a little Lady, for a change.

My mother was a Lady;
 She was modest, she was proper,
 And as modern frails would put it, "not so hot."
 She was gentle, sentimental,
 But that didn't seem to stop her
 From copping out the best man in the lot.

My mother was a Lady,
 Not a wow and not a riot;
 But I'm fed up on this modern jamboree,
 And since Mother was a Lady,
 I've decided, on the quiet,
 That a Lady's what I really want to be!

John Held Jr.



FREDERIC DORR STEELE: Mr. Steele might be called a veteran American illustrator now, for he and Wallace Morgan and Howard Chandler Christy were studying casts together back in the dim days of the gay nineties. Since that time he has made pictures for almost every type of fiction. He it is who visualized the famous character of *Sherlock Holmes* for millions of readers, and he says, somewhat ruefully, that many people (and most editors) still think of him as an expert in mystery and crime. He has, however, drawn countless pictures of children, charming women, and quite presentable men; and has shown them in decent homes, on coral islands, in the Far East, or in the Never-Never Land. When in summer he escapes from New York to an island off the Maine coast, he gets out an etching kit.



OPAL McDONALD: Miss McDonald's hair is a rich auburn, and her eyes brilliant and gray-green. Demure and charming in this rather formal picture, you may take our word for it that she can look like Mourning Erin when in a tragic mood; and also that in her riding togs, astride a cow-pony, or in a one-piecer on the rocks at Santa Catalina, she expresses the joyous young spirit of that California where, with her mother and sister, she spent most of a healthy, active girlhood. Now she is in New York. She doesn't know how long posing will hold her interest; for here is a spirit of adventure, and a pen to set down vivid impressions, by the way.



Photo by Alfred Craig Shaw, Westport, Conn.

IVENA BAXTER:

Miss Baxter came from St. Louis, and when very young, she began to dance. Although the favorite model of a noted artist, she holds to dancing as her profession. Her first real hit as a performer came when, in her old home town by the Big Muddy, she was the greater per cent of the firm Ivan and Ivena, specialists in the Danse Russe. From that time her progress was meteoric. In 1928 came the bid to perform in a movie cathedral, where the Marx Brothers saw her and secured her for the cast of "Animal Crackers." She was made understudy to the leading lady, and when that actress left the show, Miss Baxter succeeded to the star rôle. Posing for Mr. Thew (and she poses for him only) is her favorite recreation.

GARRET THEW. 'Twas summer in the Catskills. A great prince of commerce sought surcease from the rigors of the busy marts by hoofing over idyllic paths, scrambling over rill and rock and rambling among the brambles. And it befell that one day he came upon a clearing and there espied a painter busily transferring sylvan beauties to canvas. Now, this magnate had long wished for a picture gallery of his very own, but never had had time to acquire one. Astutely seeing his opportunity, he instantaneously seized it by the forelock—closed a deal for all the pictures Mr. Thew (the artist was none other than he) had on hand, and so obtained his heart's desire. Lucky nabob! Lucky Thew, too; for he was thus enabled to obtain a studio in rent-ridden New York. He had long intended to try his mettle at devising sculptural details for modern buildings and now did so. The results of this work were gratifying, artistically and financially. However, his major interest still lies in illustrating. Syracuse University and the New York Art Students' League share the credit of shaping Mr. Thew's career. He lives in Westport, Conn., where he plays at reconstructing an old farmhouse.



Photo by Alfred Craig Shaw, Westport, Conn.

Photo by
William Russell Ellis
Philadelphia

LEONARD T. HOLTON

Of the things Mr. Holton considered when choosing his life work, the least attainable seemed the one to which he knew himself best suited—becoming an artist. Everything happened to thwart his purpose, which only steeled his will to reach his goal. As late as three years ago he served in an advertising agency as copy writer, whose business it is to make the public what the advertising brethren call "conscious." Also he served as art director—was in fact a general utility man, an indispensable chap, with never a titled job—similar to the well-known young lady complaining of having often been a bridesmaid but never a bride. But he wielded a restless pencil, constantly made drawings which he ceaselessly sent to editors. Usually the response was the polite turning down of his offering in the form of what is technically termed a "rejection slip." A less determined spirit would have been sunk. He now waited until a wet and stormy day when editors stay in their lairs, and went to seek them out. It was a fine idea, for he has never lacked customers since that day. He lives and does his work in Philadelphia.



Photo by Black & White Studio, Philadelphia

ELIZABETH CALLAHAN: Ranking among the handsomest of models, Miss Callahan is most unusual, inasmuch as she does not aspire either to dance, act, art or write. Physicians and hospitals are what interest her chiefly. The only thing even remotely related to art that intrigues her is anatomy, but in that she excels. Most of her time is spent in keeping straight the business affairs of a Philadelphia private hospital. Dressed in her workaday costume of immaculate nurse's cap and gown, she makes a charming, an irresistible picture, and it was thus that Mr. Holton first beheld her and asked her to pose. She readily consented, and enjoys working with Mr. Holton as much as dancing and golf. Philadelphia is her home town.

Photo by
Hal Tarr
New York City

MARY MAC KINNON

In depicting the ultra-smart and fashionably gowned woman of our day, Miss MacKinnon is unique. Realistically to record any subject one must have great skill in drawing; but, be it ever so cleverly done, the mere "likeness" is apt to lack a lot of being a good picture; that should have vitality, spirit, soul; should do full justice to its subject. Miss MacKinnon has the rare gift of divining just how to drape and how to arrange colors and masses and line so that correct emphasis and accent are placed where they may be to the best advantage of her subject's personality. She is now far on her way to realize a pet ambition—that of recording for posterity the present-day woman of fashion. An exhibition of her portraits of ladies in the social-set, held last December in New York, was a decided sensation. Certainly she is attractive and obviously she is young; but she is married, has two children and loves her ideal household. Her recreation she takes in an annual all-summer stay in East Hampton, L. I., N. Y.



Photo by Ewing Galloway, New York City

MRS. EDGAR SELWYN—Before she became Mrs. Selwyn, she had won fame in musical comedy and a considerable measure of success in pictures. With assuming the duties of the famous manager's wife, she took over the responsibility of supervising the costuming of all Selwyn productions. So, possessing not only an abundant knowledge in the art of designing and the wearing of clothes, but also an artistic mental kinship with Miss MacKinnon, their combination of model and artist is ideal. Mrs. Selwyn is also a writer and, capitalizing her wide and varied experience, is now engaged in the construction of a play. She was born in Morgantown, W. Va.



Photo by Alfred Craig Shaw, Westport, Conn.

ROBERT LYNN LAMBDIN: The elder Lambdin inhabited a bit of the short-grass section of Kansas when Robert was added to their household. Early in life this young man developed a voracious liking for the materials of writing; indeed it took keen watching to keep pens and pencils from obstructing his digestive apparatus. Partly pleased, partly alarmed, but certain that something ought to be done for Bobby, the parents took him and their other effects and set up housekeeping in Denver, Colorado, at that time a hotbed of journalism. It was a smart move. When seven years old the young man made a perfectly beautiful copy of a picture in a newspaper, thus allaying the parental fear of his becoming a writer. He never missed a chance to draw, and when his school days were past, had become so proficient that he could join a newspaper art staff. He married, went honeymooning to Kansas City and stayed there six years, because the *Star* added him to its art staff. Then he emerged, came to Chicago,—where *The Red Book Magazine* gave him his first assignment of illustrating,—and continued to New York. Mr. Lambdin and his wife and their son now live in Westport, Conn. They mean to travel a lot before they realize their hope of settling permanently in California.



Photo by Alfred Craig Shaw, Westport, Conn.

FRANCES MACDONALL: The three handsome daughters of the late Angus MacDonall, whose picture-whimsies are well remembered, are a most attractive asset to the artist colony of Westport, Conn. Frances, youngest of the MacDonall Graces, brings to her posing the same intelligent understanding of an artist's problems as do her sisters, plus a distinct personality. She is engaged in commercial work in New York, so is a commuter, and time compels her to limit her work as a model to a few chosen artists, among them Mr. Lambdin, of course. She was born in Chicago, and was brought to Westport when a tiny baby,

Mme. Payot.. *Noted Parisian Beauty Specialist*

Tells an easy way to keep skin lovely

"Recently I discovered a way in which the success of my work as beauty specialist could be increased. I recommend to my clients Palmolive—the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPAUSE
PARIS



The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Americans alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.



Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon.



FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

Madame Payot's discovery

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing."

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc."

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Lovely Americans travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments. They go to Jacobson, of London; to Pessl, of Vienna; to Elise Bock, of Berlin—and everywhere they are given this same advice on complexion care: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Her 2-minute treatment

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.



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EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: ARTHUR McKEOGH, New York; DONALD KENNICOTT, Chicago.

ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDE

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Yellow Slips

By BRUCE BARTON

THERE was a little company with a remarkable president, and it became very big. A gentleman who was sales-manager in the early days was telling about the president.

"Our salesmen carried two kinds of report slips," he said. "One was pink and the other yellow. On the pink slips they wrote their orders, which were good news. On the yellow slips they sent in complaints—kicks about our product and our service, bad news, disappointments, griefs. The pink slips came to my desk, but the yellow slips went straight to the boss.

"The first thing he wanted to hear every morning was: What is wrong today?"

One definite characteristic of leadership is an enduring capacity to stand the gaff.

Romain Rolland, in writing of Beethoven, who went deaf in early manhood, goes so far as to say that the lives of all "the great heroes were lives of long martyrdom. A tragic destiny willed their souls to be forged on the anvil of physical and moral grief, of misery and ill health."

Mr. Rolland exaggerates, but certainly there has been no great achievement without great courage.

John H. Patterson, who founded the National Cash Register Company, was

always most optimistic and aggressive when times were bad. Those were the periods when he expanded his plants, tightened up his organization, and prepared for the turn which he knew would come. The one thing he feared was the sort of prosperity which makes men soft.

"The sunny day bringeth forth the adder," he was wont to say. The sunny days when everything went smoothly were the days when he was a bit difficult to live with. He throve on hard knocks.

Some of us have high hopes for the future of humanity. We hope that war will be abolished. We hope that business panics may disappear, and that production and distribution will be somehow harmonized so that all the world may have enough of everything.

But we shall never see the end of problems and disappointments—and a lucky thing it is.

"Never complain about your troubles," my good friend Bob Updegraff remarked. "They are responsible for more than half of your income."

The jobs with small troubles have small incomes. The big places will continue to go to those who can step up boldly every morning and look first at the yellow slips.

For summer sports



Do you serve Chocolates in Summer?

Someone does!

Figures for eleven years show the American people buy one-third more Samplers in July and August than in February and March.

It is the chosen assortment to sweeten outdoor sports; comrade of the car, the canoe, the yacht, the game of golf.

It cheers the summer camp and the seashore cottage. It is the quiet but effective support of the strenuous, happy life out of doors.

And it can be bought conveniently, and fresh, wherever summer trails may take you.

Whitman's



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Decoration by Frederick J. Garner

TWO impulses, very different in nature, were liberated in the great year of 1492. One was intellectual, the other physical-spiritual. The first was the freeing of the mind, which culminated in the faith of Columbus that a ship could traverse the unknown seas and reach the East by sailing westward; the second was the release of the tremendous energies of Spain.

They had been bound to one object for nearly eight centuries. It was in the year 711—less than a hundred years after the hegira—that the Mohammedans conquered Spain; but although they held the Peninsula for over seven hundred and fifty years, they never possessed the entire land.

In the north, fragments of the Christian kingdoms maintained themselves, and gradually gained strength to dare a war of reconquest; and this struggle, persisting through seven centuries, was reaching its climax when, in 1486, Columbus came to Cordova in the hope of finding support for his scheme to reach China from the west.

The King and Queen of Castile were entirely absorbed in a campaign against the Moorish capital, Granada. For two years Columbus followed the court from place to place, billeted in towns as an officer of the crown. Discouraged, he applied to Portugal, to France, to England; but in 1491 his best hope lay with Castile, where the sovereigns promised, when the war with the Moors was won, to reconsider the navigator's plan.

On April 23, 1491, Ferdinand and Isabella encamped before Granada with fifty thousand foot-soldiers and ten thousand horse,

and besieged the city. The Arabs attacked and tried to taunt the Spanish into storming the walls and castles; but Ferdinand patiently entrenched his camp, and sacked and burned the Moorish towns upon which Granada depended for supplies. One night the Christian camp caught fire and was completely destroyed. Immediately Boabdil, the King of Granada, led a great sortie.

The Spanish beat it back. Ferdinand and Isabella commanded that an actual city be built upon the site of the camp; and nine Spanish cities carried out the order, making the siege so rigorous that on November 25th Boabdil signed a strange agreement:

Both sides engaged to suspend all attacks for seventy days; if no help arrived within that time, Boabdil would surrender Granada. So desperate was the situation of the besieged that on the 2nd of January, 1492, Boabdil delivered the keys of the city to King Ferdinand.

"These," said he, "are the last relics of the Arabian Empire in Spain."

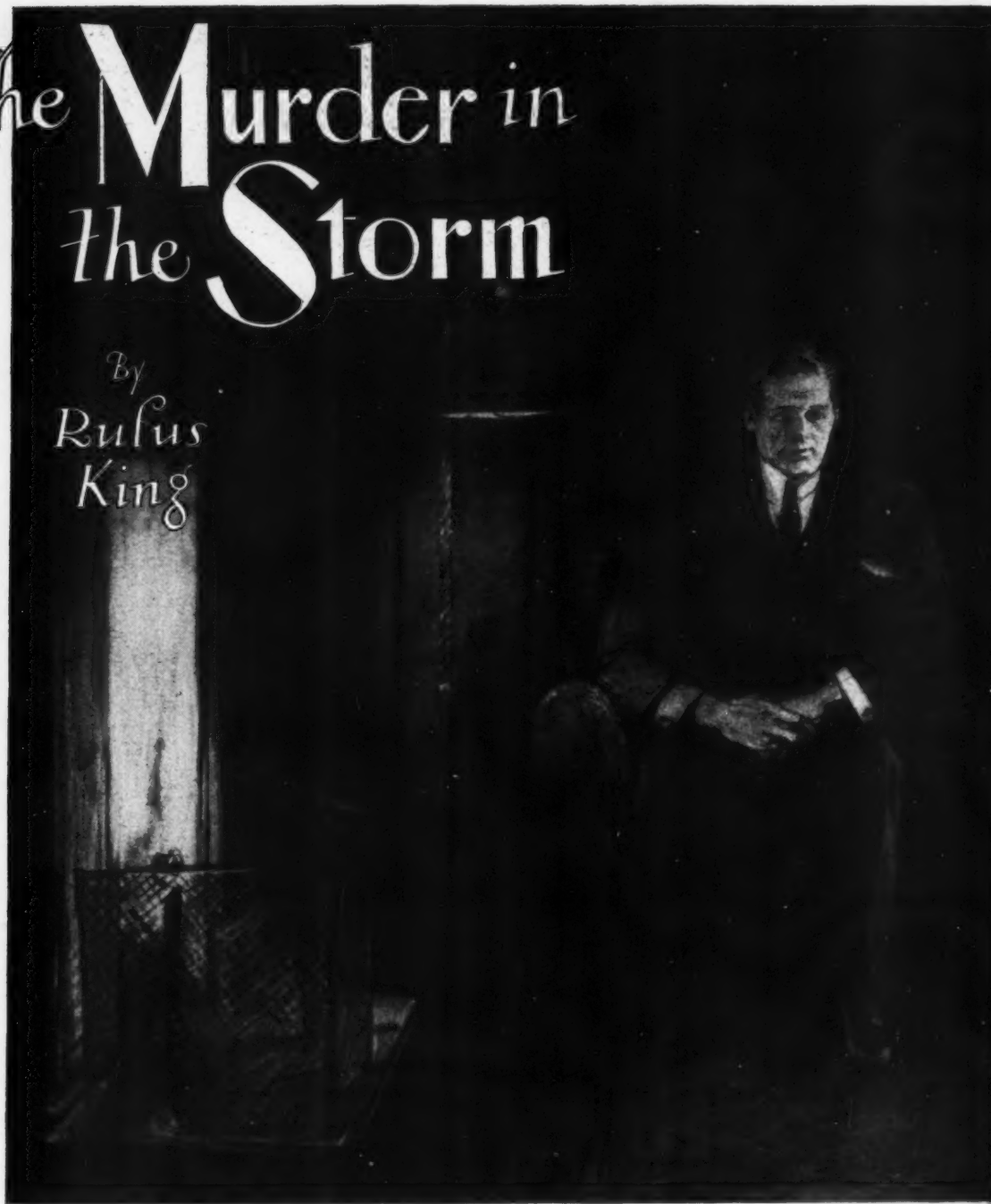
Columbus witnessed the surrender, and soon renewed negotiations with the Spanish rulers; but their victory was still too new to permit approval of a fresh enterprise, and Columbus set out for France. Then Isabella changed her mind. A courier overtook Christopher Columbus near a bridge six miles from Granada.

He returned; and in the camp at Santa Fe, on April 17th, was signed the agreement which allied the newly liberated energies of Spain with the great scheme of the Italian navigator—and thereby opened the New World.

The Murder in the Storm

By
Rufus
King

Illustrated by
Frederic R.
Gruger



Unprecedented acclaim greeted the first case of Lieutenant Valcour, published in this magazine under the title "Double Murder" and in book form as "Murder by the Clock." It was the first to receive the unanimous recommendation of the Book of the Month Club, the Crime Club and the Detective Story Club; it is also being prepared for the stage. Here we are glad to present this story of the second great case of Lieutenant Valcour.

THERE was, on the shore of Lake Champlain and close to the Canadian border, a certain house. In this house, forgotten from disuse, in the drawer of a maple smoking-stand, was a gun. It was of the automatic type, caliber .25.

There was, in the city of New York, a certain man. He was influential both politically and financially. He was, as well, a man of family. One winter morning he said to the Commissioner of Police, at the conclusion of a detailed and confidential statement: "I need the best man you've got."

The Commissioner said: "I agree with you. You do."

They sat and looked at each other for a while.

"It will be difficult," the man said. "I can't advise. My natural, my normal inclination, frankly, is to kill; but we can't do that."

Their smiles were wintry.

"No," the Commissioner said, "we can't do that."

"Delicacy—the thinnest ice—there must be no arrest, of course. I'd be involved. What a pity we haven't retained the attitude as well as the lore of the Borgias!"

"You appreciate the basic obstacle, of course?"

"Of course: getting him into the community."

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"Harry Beaudrez shot her," said Vera. "They had a quarrel; she told me so." Lieutenant Valcour had no objection to a good liar, but he hated a silly one.

"And getting him into the house," the Commissioner supplemented. "Can it be done?"

The Commissioner smiled again. "Valcour?"

The man stirred heavily in his chair. "A lieutenant, isn't he?"

"Yes. Handled that Endicott business, you know."

"I know."

The man considered this for a while. "He wont have any official standing up there."

"He could have."

"How?"

"Several ways. Why bother? I'll attend to it—get the district attorney at the county seat to deputize him—the sheriff's office—any number of ways."

The man frowned and emphasized his words carefully. "No one must know what he's up there for. There must be no publicity."

"There wont be any."

"How will he fit?" the man said.

"Up there?"

"Yes."

"He was born in Canada."

"Returning-to-the-scenes-of-his-childhood thing?"

"Well, near them if not to them. It had better be for his health. The hunting season's over, I imagine, except for rabbits. Roger's Landing, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"What's the nearest village to it?"

"How should I know?"

"It doesn't matter." The Commissioner waved a manicured finger in a circle. "He'll circle about, you see, and then work in. Valcour works in circles. They're walls, really, that he builds around the thing he's out to do."

The man's fingers were inclined to pudginess. Their hold on his cigar was unsteady. "It ought to be quick," he said.

"It'll be quick."

Chapter Two

VERA wondered, as she lifted the receiver from the hook, whether the line had gone dead. It usually did after a storm, and the snow had been falling steadily through the day and evening up to about a half-hour ago. She accepted the normal stillness of the night as a direct insult to her nerves. They were gathering into a hard solid lump in her chest. She jiggled the telephone-hook again. That was the trouble with living in a forsaken hole like this: the lake a sheet of ice, the roads impassable for cars because of the drifts, everyone holed in for the winter—and even when they weren't, they were dumb. She wouldn't stand it; she wasn't going to stand it, if she received the answer she expected. . . .

"Oh—hello—get me Mason's Forks, Central."

Mason's Forks was the next village to Roger's Landing, on the outer fringes of which she lived. It was four miles to the west over a road that wasn't very good even in fair weather.

"You betcha."

"And hurry, Central. There's been an accident."

"Mason's Forks," said another voice, shortly.

"Dr. Harlan's—quickly, please," said Vera.

"Hello?"

"Hello. . . . Oh, Dr. Harlan?"

"Yes?"

"This is Vera."

"Oh—Vera—"

"Say listen, Fred, you got to come over here right away."

"You crazy, Vera? Say, on a night like this—"

"You can make it, can't you?"

"Sure, if I have to. What's up?"

"There's been an accident."

"What happened?"

"Well, I don't want to say too much on the telephone—"

"Sure; but I've got to know what to bring."

"It's our maid."

"Who?"

"It's Alice."

"What's the matter with her?"

"She—I think she's been shot, Fred."

"Well, why didn't you say so? Every minute may count."

"I don't think you need break your neck. I think she's dead."

"But don't you know? Wasn't anyone there?"

"No, and there isn't any gun around. But there's a little hole in her back."

"Say, that's an attack, Vera—what? Wait a minute, Vera—"

She could hear him talking to some one near his end of the phone. The words were unintelligible. His voice came back to her directly: "Listen, Vera: Valcour's offered to come, too."

"Who's Valcour, Fred?"

"He's a lieutenant from the city. He's stopping up here for his health."

"Lieutenant of what?"

"Police—detective—something."

"Detective? Why bring a detective, Fred?"

Fred had hung up.

SHE replaced the receiver upon its hook. The telephone stood on a shelf that ran beneath four small-paned windows in the kitchen. The night sky was clouding over, and it would snow again, probably before morning. A windbreak of spruce cut a sharp silhouette against a slope blanketed deeply in blue snow. Vera ignored the familiar picture. Fred's voice—there was that same touch of irritableness that had been in it for the past few weeks. It was a recognizable sign-post, one that she had come to know well from habit. Her eyes, which dominated her slightly coarse face, contracted. All right, let him get irritable. It wouldn't do him any good. It never had helped the others, until she herself was ready.

Who was this Valcour? She *had* heard of him. (The name grew.) Somebody'd had him for an evening at bridge—that was it; he was stopping at Mason's Forks for his health. He played for points. There was something about his having been born near by. The lump in her chest received scant attention for a moment. She stopped before a large mirror that hung over a porcelain sink. She compared her own face with that of a famous opera star. Yes, she did look like her. Younger, of course—decades younger. Who was it who had told her so? Some officer down at the post at the county seat—the one who had passed out cold at Matt's a couple of weeks ago and said nasty things about her, and Will had punched him. Will was her husband.

She left the kitchen, went through the darkened dining-room and into a small living-room, the walls of which were hung in silk, and the furniture of which she knew to be authentically Chippendale and uncomfortable. She snapped on the radio and hummed to herself for a minute while the tubes warmed up. She looked at her wrist-watch. It was almost eleven. WEAJ would be broadcasting jazz from some grill in a few minutes. Were there still such things as grills—such a city as New York? Her fingers, which were very strong, twisted an empty cigarette package until it broke.

"—first number by Ben Levy and his Hotel—"

"Vera."

"Will! Turn that switch on again, please."

"Haven't you any sense of fitness?"

Will didn't look so uninteresting, Vera decided, when he got mad. That old look which had settled on him during the year they'd been married looked purposeful, rather than just old. She'd even feel sorry for him if he hadn't lied to her about his money—not lied, exactly, but she'd understood, and he hadn't contradicted her. Of course, she should have come right out and asked him, but—

"I said turn that switch on again, Will."

"I heard you, Vera."

"Just because a hired girl's dead—"

"She isn't just a hired girl, and she isn't dead, Vera."

Vera stood quite still.

"No? Then who shot her?"

Will looked at her steadily for a moment.

"I don't know," he said. "Do you?"

Vera didn't answer right away.

"Just what are you trying to get at, big boy?"

"I've asked you not to use that expression."

"You listened to it, once."

"We were both of us fools, once."

"And will be, big boy—until death do us part."

Not his death, Will knew, or hers, but the death of his father, lying sick in bed upstairs. He'd be rich then, and could pay alimony. Well, at least he'd flushed her out into the open.

"That's a rotten thing to say, Vera."

Vera shrugged. "Where's Alice?"

"On the bed in her room. We ought to stay with her until Fred comes."

"What can we do?"

"We can just stay with her."

"Don't be impatient."

"I've been trying awfully hard not to be, Vera."

HE followed her up curving stairs that made the important note, architecturally, in a combined living-hall and library. He was like a tense dark shadow lengthening behind her, stepping when she stepped, her shingled hair mounting before him like ashed coals waiting to break into flames. It was that curious quality about her that had magnetized him. It still magnetized him, that ever-present quality, which was like a vital force, of sluggish fires that flamed so easily beneath any draft. He followed her down a hallway, the walls of which were hung with large and valuable canvases that rested oppressively in shadow, that brooded in heavy sullenness for want of proper light.

The maid's room was an oblong box. Alice lay on a bed just beyond the circle of light from a single electric lamp. Even in shadow her cheeks seemed feverishly flushed.

"She's got a fever," Will said.

"It's mostly rouge—my rouge."

"Why do you let her use your things, Vera?"

They were speaking in whispers.

"She can use anything I've got."

"It isn't right to be so intimate with a servant, Vera."

Vera muttered something unintelligible about this eternal moralizing. "You've said yourself her family was as good as any around here," she said.

"There's a difference between decent respect and intimacy." "A difference which it's too subtle for your wife to understand, I suppose."

"Don't raise your voice, Vera."

"I will raise my voice. I—"

She stopped abruptly, facing the hall doorway. Her father-in-law, Mr. Hurme, was coming slowly through its patch of darkness. There was no expression whatsoever upon his virile, finely modeled face, no expression in the careful steady look of his black deep-set eyes. A dark silk dressing-gown added an effect of further tallness to his natural height. His face and carefully brushed white hair



Vera stood for a moment, her eyes on the lacquered box. It was too obvious, she decided; detectives always looked in obvious places first.

seemed, for a startling moment, disembodied against the dark of the hall.

"Vera, my dear."

"Yes, Mr. Hurme."

It was her constant form of address.

"We must not disturb Alice in her present condition. Further shock to her nervous system would be—" He stopped to permit the escape of a dry hacking cough, to take a lozenge from a tin box in the pocket of his dressing-gown and place it in his mouth, before adding, "—unfortunate."

Mr. Hurme's voice was, from prolonged sickness, an echo of itself. It carried even in its thinness certain assurances of culture, dominance, habitual gentility—many things.

"You ought to be in bed, Father. You shouldn't have got up."

"I know, Will."

The inscrutability of Mr. Hurme's stare relaxed for a moment as he looked at his son.

"You ought never to have gotten out of bed, Mr. Hurme."

"There is a moment in every man's life, my dear Vera, when his physical actions are no longer of importance, one way or the other, upon his well-being." Mr. Hurme, beyond a faint rustle of silk, made no sound as he came farther into the room. "I am living," he added, "through such a moment."

"But the doctor said, Mr. Hurme—"

"It is precisely because of what the doctor said, my dear Vera."

"He said you was well enough to get out of bed, Mr. Hurme? To move around?"

It was impossible for Vera to control completely the anxious disappointment in her voice. Mr. Hurme's smile was effortless and unreadable.

"He said that I could move around, Vera. What have you done for Alice, my dear?"

"I put a compress on her back," Will said, "—over that little hole where the bullet went in."

A stillness as if blood had been drained from the three of them settled on the room. Vera alone, because of her rouge, didn't look quite so deadly pale. Mr. Hurme's "of course" hung thinly for an instant on their oversensitive hearing.

"I don't know what else to do," said Will.

"It is all we can do until Dr. Harlan comes."

"He ought to be here in a few minutes now, Mr. Hurme."

"You impressed upon him the need for haste, Vera?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hurme."

"That's right, Vera." Mr. Hurme's singularly expressionless eyes lingered for a speculative moment on her sharp face. "Yes, there is every need for haste."

He turned and was gone into the shadows, into the great stillness of the hall. His felt slippers made no sound. There was no sound of any closing door. He might, for all they knew, still be outside there standing still and listening. Vera felt sure that he was—standing quite still out there in the hall, with heaven knew what sort of an expression breaking through that polite mask which he wore on his face. He was like the hard, well-kept stone wall to an estate; but most walls had gates, and he had no gate at all.

"We might as well sit down, Vera."

She answered him abstractedly. "We might as well, Will."

Vera took a rocker quite far from the bed. Will looked ungainly in the slipper-chair he had sunk into. The ground outside, through a window near her, was like blue velvet ice, dimming to polished black where the snow-laden roadway ran north to the village, and across the roadway stretched ice-covered lake to the distant Vermont shore and a fringe of village with its careless handful of pin-point lights.

A thermometer fastened on the outer casement showed that the mercury had dropped to ten below. The broad flat branches of the evergreens were weighted with thick slabs of snow, and the telephone- and light-wires running to the house were heavy with it. Somewhere along the power-line leading to the village power-house there was bound to be trouble; there always was when it stormed. Will must have been thinking about it too.



"Did you order candles, Vera?" he said. "You were going to, yesterday."

Vera lied from habit. "I did; but they didn't send them. There must be some around the house."

"I think there are a few half-burned ones downstairs. We'll need them if the lights go out."

"They never stay out more than a few minutes."

"With a storm like this they may be hours in locating the trouble."

"I can't think of everything."

Deep beneath the surface in the mind of each of them was the constant knowledge that in Alice's back was a little hole that had been made by a bullet, and that the bullet had come from a gun. And near her there had been no gun.

Chapter Three

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR was interested in the fact that no gun had been found, too. It definitely elevated the shooting of Alice Tribeau from the realm of the accidental. It made it attempted murder. What was of greater importance to him still,

was that the crime established him in the house on the strongest sort of footing. . . . And it was the proper house.

Lieutenant Valcour refused to believe the affair to be blatantly coincidental. Something *should* have happened in that house. And now it had. Even before he removed his heavy fur coat, his muffler and his wool-lined galoshes, he sensed that in the Hurme house there was crime. The atmosphere was heavy with it—as definitely laden as the warm moist air which could tell a blindfolded man that he was in a greenhouse. It wasn't simply that a servant had been shot. It wasn't as simple as that. It couldn't be as simple as—

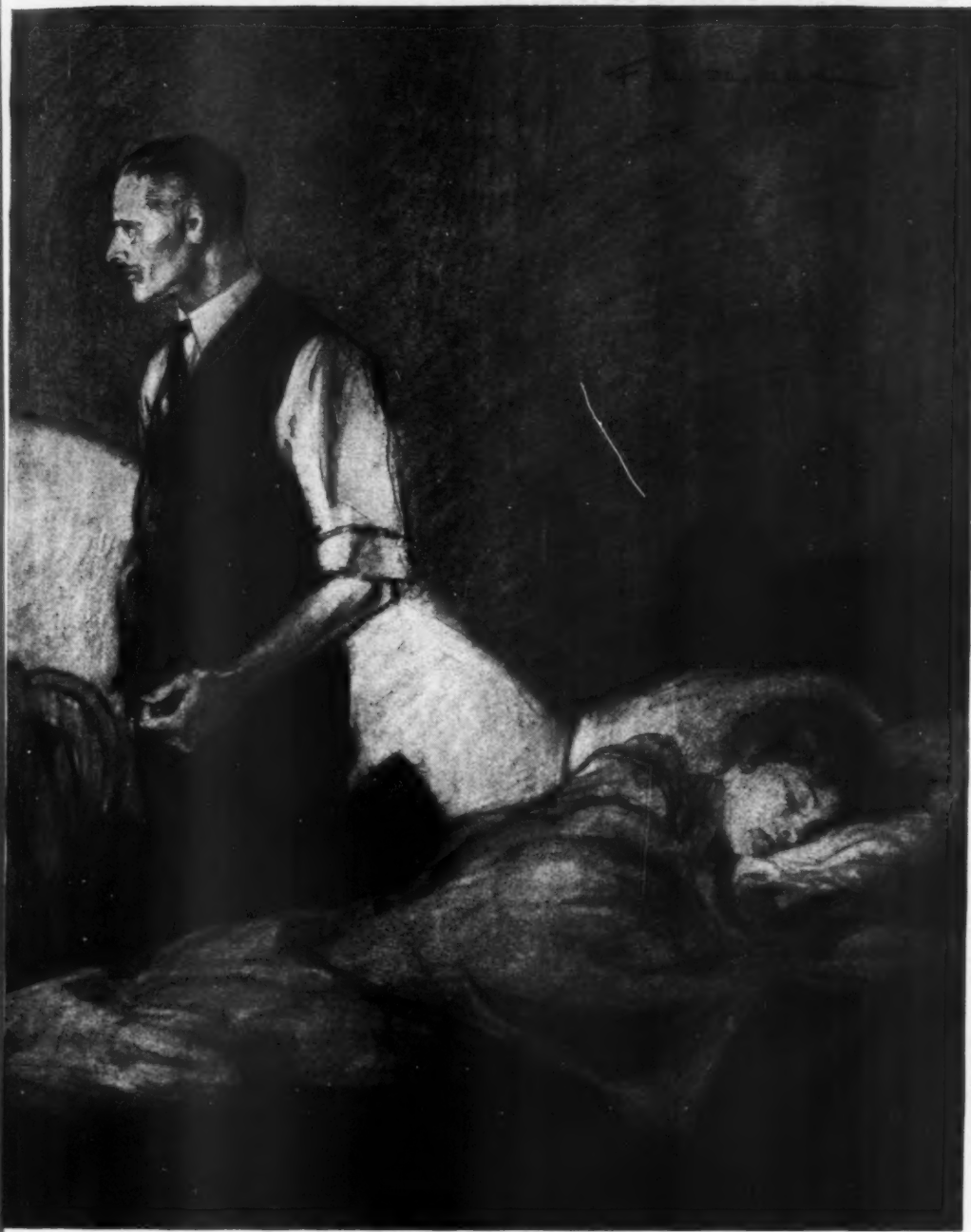
"Take Mr. Valcour's things, Will, and put them on that lounge in the library. Give me yours, Fred."

Lieutenant Valcour permitted his eyes to be held by Vera's. His own were friendly and intelligent eyes, well set in a friendly and intelligent elderly face. He thought of Vera's as theatrical eyes, even as her dress verged on the theatrical: a woman who physically rather than mentally dramatized her emotions.

"It's a shame to drag you out on a night like this, Mr. Valcour."

He bowed almost apologetically. "In a way it's my duty, Mrs. Hurme, and perhaps I can be of some help in untangling this unpleasant affair."

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Dr. Harlan took a lead pellet from his pocket. Valcour glanced at it. "An automatic, caliber .25, I should say."

for a long, long time, I understand."

The statement was half interrogation, half assertion. Valcour cast it upon the conversational waters for whatever it might bring forth. Mrs. Hurme, as soon as Will and Dr. Harlan had gone upstairs, had settled in a sleepy-hollow chair that was covered with faded blue velvet. Her hair was an impudent jewel against a tired container. Her attitude was patently meant to convey a sense of calmness, of ease; but it failed to do so.

"I guess we're the best people around here," she said.

"Certainly—if I understood Dr. Harlan correctly—one of the oldest families in the county."

"Will says so."

"Ah, yes, your husband."

She looked obliquely at him. He presented a certain impressive dignity, but there was nothing definite about him. She couldn't label him, any more than she had ever been able to label her father-in-law, Mr. Hurme.

"You're stopping up here, Mr. Valcour?"

"I'm up here for a rest." Lieutenant Valcour smiled genially. "Every so often people tell me that I need a

"Isn't it? Unpleasant, I mean. Of course I'm terribly sorry Alice got shot, but why should she get shot in our house?"

"That is what we must find out, Mrs. Hurme."

"You better run right upstairs, Fred. Alice is in the maid's room. Will will show you. You wont need me, will you? I'll stay here with Mr. Valcour. I'm sure he'll want the facts at once."

Dr. Harlan picked up a small hand-bag. When he spoke, he almost consciously avoided Vera's eyes. "I guess Will can do all that's necessary, Vera. I need some boiling water."

"There's a kettle on the stove, Will."

"Yes, Vera."

"You wont come up with us, Mr. Valcour?"

"Thank you, Dr. Harlan; it will not be necessary for me to see Miss Tribeau for a while. Later, when she is more comfortable and can talk. As Mrs. Hurme suggests, I will first want the facts in the case."

The embers of a log fire remained on the hearth of the living-hall fireplace. The woodwork of the fireplace itself was a beautiful example, in the restraint and simplicity of its moldings, of Early American. A portrait hung above it, and on either side were mahogany candlesticks with cut crystal drops.

"Your husband's family, Mrs. Hurme, has lived in this house

rest. It's getting to a point where their insistence ceases to be polite. I had an introduction to the district attorney over at the county seat, and he deputized me. I suppose it's his way of presenting the keys of the county to fellow-criminals. He suggested that Dr. Harlan, being a deputy coroner, might put me up. Dr. Harlan has very kindly done so. You know, about birds of a feather—"

"And you came up here from choice?"

Valcour laughed pleasantly at her obvious incredulity.

"Oh, quite from choice, Mrs. Hurme. I'm sure you feel like saying that there's no accounting for tastes, and that in your opinion I'm unsafe outside of an asylum."

Vera thawed perceptibly.

"I guess you've got some reason, all right."

"Simply a sentimental one. I was born, you see, in Canada. I went through McGill University, for no good reason at all, and then became naturalized in the States and took up police work."

Vera thought this over for a moment.

"If you're up here for a rest," she said, "why are you monkeying around with this?"

Valcour smiled. "You know as well as I do that a sailor on leave hires a boat and goes rowing." (Please turn to page 160)

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

Gold Digger

By Wallace Smith

BETTY RANKIN PHELPS secretly divorced her fourth husband, Hollis Mather, in Paris. She did not take his name. His family had been very firm about that when it made the settlement. So she left him his name, and she left him quite bewildered, as she had found him.

Afterward Hollis Mather spoke of the affair to his closest chum.

"When I kissed her," he declared, "I felt as if I were kissing the front-page headlines in an afternoon newspaper."

But that was a long time afterward, about the time of Betty's fifth marriage, and Hollis Mather was a little tight. The remark was young Mather's chief contribution to the career of Betty Rankin Phelps. His family had made the other contributions.

Betty drove thoughtfully, through a murmuring spring rain, from the office of her *avocat*. He had looked with new respect on his strange American client ever since her negotiation of the settlement. It would have been a bulky sum even if it had been so many contemporaneous francs instead of, ah, so many of those solid American dollars. The little *avocat* wondered—but no; there were ethics, even for a divorce lawyer in Paris. Besides, she was too coldly blonde. And then there was Simone. She was the jealous darling, that Simone. Still, one might reasonably indulge a wistful shrug—

Betty Rankin Phelps remained thoughtful even through the carnival noises of Parisian traffic. In the Rue de la Paix she signaled Raoul, her chauffeur, who was making dramatic faces at a gendarme whose white baton performed magician's passes under a dripping cape.

"To M. Carteret, the jeweler," she ordered, and sighed.

She wished to have appraised the glowing circle of platinum and diamonds, her wedding ring. She had been loyally sentimental about that. Only now that everything was over, did she make an effort to learn its worth. The value, she discovered,

was within three hundred dollars of what she had always estimated.

M. Carteret wore a beard so snugly trimmed that it seemed painted on his plump cheeks. His nose trembled, like the nose of a rabbit at a carrot, when he leaned over his jewels. He whispered of a distracting importation he had just received.

"I am not in the mood for square-cut emeralds," said Betty.

As a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Smith has seen more of the world than most men — and has encountered many a strange story which could not be written as news.



He blushed and reached into his pocket. "All right." She smiled. "I'll pay it back when I pay your salary."

"Of course, the rain," said M. Carteret sympathetically. "But surely M. Mather would be overjoyed to—"

Betty smiled, a trifle absently, over the suggestion. M. Carteret was a deft translator of women's smiles.

"Or of a certainty, madame, it would be a charming gift from, perhaps, M. MacPeter."

"You mind your own business, Carteret."

Still moodily, Betty let herself into the more private entrance to her apartment in the hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. It was the same apartment that had been used for the drafting of an amusing international treaty. Of course she had had it redecorated. Diplomats are notoriously garish in their selection of historic sites. Give them a massive crystal chandelier, two long mirrors and some gilt furniture, and they will sign things.

sive enough for both of them, fortunately. She supplied the wit for Betty, and Betty knew she might safely smile in company and murmur, "*C'est drôle*," when Carla laughed. Besides this, Carla was equipped with a priceless clairvoyance in selecting shades in stockings a fortnight before they became too fashionable. "Julie just told me you were in," announced Carla. "The reception room's full of reporters."

"But the divorce is a secret," protested Betty.

"Save that ingénue crack for the reporters," said Carla.

"But I mean it. I have nothing to say to them."

"I know it, honey, but you go ahead and say it, anyway. It'll please H. Perry MacPetter. Be a good girl now, Betty, and get rid of the reporters. We need our beauty nap before we cut up to-night at the Ambassadeurs."

"I'm not going to the Ambassadeurs."

"But Perry expects—"

"I don't care what Perry expects."

"What? Your next husband?"

"I'm not going to marry Perry."

"Have it your own way. But you can't disappoint him about dinner dates. It aint etiquette."

Betty's hazel eyes were looking in back of Carla.

"Carla, I'm through. I'm going home."

"New York this time of the year?"

"New York isn't really my home. I mean Dowagiac, Michigan."

"Not so loud," whispered Carla.

"Good heavens, Betty, divorces are beginning to make you morbid."

"I want to be a wife," said Betty.

"Well, you've certainly had enough rehearsals, darling."

"I've never been like other wives, with a home of my own, a little garden to look after, a lamp in the window, a man who likes a pipe after dinner—and—"

"And kiddies?"

"I hate cats."

"I didn't say kitties. I meant children."

"Yes, children."

"Brazen creature!"

"They say I married for money," Betty went on. "If I did, I certainly earned it."

"You can't complain about the wages."

"That's all I got. The men I married all had the same idea. They wanted to be seen with me—and have people point—at restaurants, at first-nights, on board ship, at Biarritz and Nice. They didn't marry me. They married a picture they saw in the rotogravure section. I've been nothing but a fad."

Carla put her arms around Betty's shoulders. She knew that Betty never wept, not even to win a point with her husbands. Carla wished she would. A good cry—

"They say I'm a gold-digger," said Betty. "I'd give every dime I've got to have a man who'd give me a pat on the arm, and mean it, rather than a pearl collar; who would want me for myself and not as a sure-fire shot for the news-reel. I'm going to marry for love—and earn that."

"I'll send the reporters away," said Carla.

"No, bring them in," replied Betty, drawing back the quilted



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Betty disposed of Julie, her maid, with a word and a glance from her hazel eyes that always seemed to be looking at somebody just in back of the person to whom she was speaking. She let her sable wrap slip to the floor, and she kicked off her slim slippers. She took a powder for a headache she had never had but at times was certain she was going to have. When Carla Thomas came into her room, Betty was in the gray and cream negligée that Lucien had woven for her out of a dream.

Carla Thomas had been with her since their chorus-girl days. Carla, naturally, was a brunette. Her sense of humor was expan-

coverlet and the sheet of orchid linen. She clicked on the soft-shaded bedside lamp.

From her bed she told the reporters of the divorce and hinted adroitly at the fantastic sum the Mather family had paid. She was not going to marry again except for love. The reporters were decorously cynical. One of them, a youngish man whose cane and a familiarity with Clémenceau had not compensated for the nostalgia he suffered for a police beat in Chicago, reverted to tactics he had used on lady murderesses, machine-gun politicians and juvenile gunmen.

"What about H. Perry MacPeter, the scion of the lumber millions?" he inquired.

Julie's entrance came as if in answer to a cue in an old-fashioned melodrama. She carried a tiny parcel.

"M. MacPeter," announced Julie.

Betty languidly motioned for the parcel. She unwrapped it. The homesick police reporter noted that it bore the crest of Carteret. Betty held in the palm of her hand a square-cut emerald. She held it out to Carla.

"Please return this to Mr. MacPeter," she said, "and tell him I will not see him again."

A reporter for a Paris paper quivered as Carla left the room with the emerald. In the reception-room Carla informed MacPeter that Betty was busy with the press men and suggested a call the next afternoon. When she returned to the room, the reporter who longed for Clark Street was sure that Carla slipped the emerald into the jewel-box on Betty's dressing-table. . . .

The gossip tongue of the transatlantic cable chuckled over Betty's secret divorce. Next morning it shared the secret, in tall headlines, with the United States. There were pictures of Betty with her favorite tandem of wire-hairs; on board her second husband's yacht off Monaco; one taken with her legs crossed on a docking liner, and one starting on her honeymoon with Hollis Mather—Hollis Mather, wearing that bewildered look. One syndicate sent out a strip of four photographs, portraits of Betty's husbands. A fifth space carried only a black, insinuating question-mark. A night-club wit said, "I wonder why some men marry Betty Phelps," and would have become immortal with the phrase except that it was credited to three other night-club wits.

The cable chuckled again when it told how Betty Rankin Phelps had dashed impulsively away from Paris by motor to Havre and the *Ile de France*, just sailing.

"I'm tired. I'm going home," she said simply, to the ship reporter.

H. Perry MacPeter pursued in a racing car. He missed the boat, chartered an airplane to catch it at Plymouth, missed it again and booked on the next sailing. His family, in Westchester County, refused itself to reporters and consulted an attorney on the advisability of kidnaping the young man when he came into port.

Betty arrived in New York. She was very gracious to the news-reel men, posed for photographers, with her legs crossed, answered reporters amiably. Then she disappeared.

This led to fresh headlines and completely exhausted the new photographs of Betty on board ship, stepping into a taxicab and fondling Bozo, her pet Belgian griffon. The syndicate editor, inspired afresh, sent his clients a lively strip divided into six compartments. In five of these were represented possible places of refuge. A millionaire's shooting-lodge in Scotland, a star's dressing-room in Hollywood, a count's trim yacht cruising the Caribbean, a certain prince's castle and an ivy-covered cottage termed



Betty arrived in New York. She was very gracious to the news-reel men, posed for photographers, answered reporters amiably. Then she disappeared.

a "love nest." In the sixth compartment was a black, insinuating question-mark. The strip took handsomely, except that one editor in Oklahoma complained that the count's yacht was a photograph of a submarine-chaser on which the editor had served in the war.

Generally it was considered that Betty Rankin Phelps was giving H. Perry MacPeter the run-around, a gilt variant of the female's flight from the male about which philosophers and students of insect life say so much and females so little.

It made the arrival of H. Perry MacPeter an event, journalistically. Carla Thomas managed to get in a discreet word just after

the ship reporters finished with him and just before his waiting, determined family began.

"Where's Betty?" he asked.

"Do you like kiddies?" countered Carla.

"I loathe them. Why didn't she answer my wirelasses?"

"I didn't say 'kitties.' I said 'kiddies.'"

"They give me gooseflesh. The newspaper men tell me she's disappeared."

Carla Thomas took a taxicab to an obscure telegraph office and sent a message to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter at Pine Manor, Michigan. She waited five days for a reply and then used the long-distance telephone.

Mrs. Carter, answering, giggled. Mrs. Carter was never one to giggle.

"Oh, I'm so terribly happy," said Mrs. Carter.

"Yeah?" Carla replied casually, but something made her look at her trunk and think of packing.

"Do you remember that talk we had that rainy afternoon in Paris?" asked the long-distance voice.

"About kiddies and pipes and pats on the pearl collar?" Carla was growing apprehensive.

"And marrying for love," added the charmed-voice from Pine Manor.

"Betty!"

"And being a real wife," the voice said boldly.

"Betty, tell me what's happened."

"I've found him!"

"I'm coming on the first train."

"Don't you dare!"

"Who is he?"

"My chauffeur."

"Not Raoul! Raoul's married. He's got a wife in Avignon."

"Ha-ha! Fancy you thinking it was Raoul."

"Then who—"

"Raoul left me. He said he couldn't stand American cooking. He admitted that prohibition wine was all right, that it reminded him of Pinard. Don't you love that?"

"Who is this man, Betty?"

Carla demanded sternly.

"He's got the loveliest gray eyes."

"Betty, I'm coming out there."

"Please don't, Carla."

"You're making a fool of yourself."

"Oh, it's wonderful."

"Don't be so amateur. It's disgusting. I'm coming to Pine Manor."

"Carla, don't you dare! I won't have it, I tell you. You'd only be in the way. I'm old enough to know my own mind. Do you hear? If you do, I'll never speak to you again."

Next day Carla Thomas was on the fastest train bound for Pine Manor, Michigan.

"I mustn't be a mother to her," she instructed herself anxiously. "No, no matter what happens, I mustn't do that. It would be fatal."

She shook her pretty brunette head hopelessly.

"One thing about us girls: we don't fall in love. We dive into it, with an anvil under each arm. Imagine Betty, now, getting hooked by her own racket! After a lifetime marrying bank-accounts, she's ready to turn over the net proceeds to this Ypsilanti jitney jockey. After being made love to by the slickest moll-buzzers of Europe, she gets mesmerized by the small-time mechanic. I'll bet he calls her 'kiddo.'"

"Whatever's wrong with that lad,—and it's a cinch there's plenty wrong, from the shaved neck to the buttons on his yellow shoes,—he's no fool. Betty thinks she's in disguise, and it's better than even money this rutabaga Romeo knows all about her down to the last crown jewel."

It was a problem.

"If I were her mother," concluded Carla, "I'd probably forbid her to see this cracker-barrel sport. (Please turn to page 122)



"She has. Do you smoke a pipe after dinner?"

"Lord, no—nor between meals. What's the idea, Carla? An intelligence test?"

"Don't boast, Perry. One more question: Which do you believe a woman prefers, a friendly pat on the arm or a pearl collar?"

"A pearl collar, of course."

"Of course," agreed Carla. "You go along now, like a good boy, with your mamma and papa, and try to do a good deed every day until you hear from Aunt Carla."

"Isn't there some message for me from Betty?"

"Yes. She said to tell you, in case you asked, that she couldn't stand the sight of you."

One of the best combat pilots in the American or any other uniform turned out to be a writer. Do you remember Mr. Springs' "Leave Me With a Smile" and "Above the Bright Blue Sky"? Here is his story about an experience at, above and beyond the Front.

CAROL BANKS was sitting on a pile of petrol tins listening to a sergeant bemoan the fact that the squadron had moved to Dunkirk just as he had got into the good graces of a blonde Walloon in St. Omer. Meanwhile he was overhauling the guns on Carol's plane.

The morning strafe from the long-range gun at Middelkerke had stopped, and Mournful Mary, the siren, had just advised the two citizens of Dunkirk, who had sought shelter in their cellars, that they could come out and carry on with business. The rest of the town had long ago become hardened to anything less than a direct hit.

"It's ten forty-one, Sergeant," Carol announced. "See if my clock, there, is right."

The sergeant glanced into the cockpit. "Yes sir," he reported. "And you can always set your watch by that gun. Begins at ten-thirty and drops over eleven shells at one-minute intervals. Jerry runs his war according to schedule. I don't see why they worry to sound that siren."

"Because the French run their war according to tradition. Why do they blow it all night? Everybody knows that as long as the moon is out, they're going to get bombed. Just as I know the next event of the war will be the arrival upstairs of the high two-seater. Watch for it at eleven forty-five."

"Why does he always come over at that time, Lieutenant?"

"To take pictures of the hits so they can re-lay the guns for tomorrow."

"But why at that time always?"

"I guess that's the best time to get pictures—around noon. And they want to get the same shadows every day, as they compare them with the previous one to spot any changes."

"He's awful high for pictures."

"Yea, but the Hun has a real camera for that work. We haven't anything that will work that high, but apparently he has."

"Why don't somebody get that bird?"

"He's too high. He crosses the lines at fully twenty thousand feet."

"Can't these S. E.'s get that high?"

"Hardly. And he's over and back long before anybody could climb up that high. But I would like to have a crack at him. How's that lock of mine working now?"

"All right, sir. The trouble was in your fusee spring. I've put in a new one for you."

"Thanks. Now fix me a belt of one tracer, one phosphorus and two plain. It's time I was knocking something down to earn my keep."

"Very good, sir."

The Archie battery on the other side of the canal let off a salvo of four guns, and Carol and the sergeant came out of the hangar to have a look. They shaded their eyes with their hands and waited for the anti-aircraft shells to burst. There they were—tiny white powder-puffs high above Dunkirk. Several other batteries were firing also, but there was no plane visible.

"See him?" asked Carol.

"No sir, he's too high for me."

"Well, look just west of those last four bursts. See him?"

"No sir, I can't. I don't see how you can, either."

"Well, watch right there where that last one burst. I don't see him myself now. There he is! See that flash of sunlight?"

"Yes sir. I saw that. Was that him?"

"Yep. You can't see the plane, but you can see the light flash

SKY HIGH

By

Elliott White Springs

Illustrated by

Herbert Morton Stoops



on his wings when he turns. He's got his pictures now and is going back. I hope he's frozen."

"Yes sir. Quite right, sir."

Carol wandered off toward the mess thoughtfully and then changed his direction. He crossed the canal back of the hangars and went over to the Archie battery half a mile away. The firing was over and the officers were giving themselves a rum ration in the mess, which was an abandoned farmhouse. They knew there would be no further firing until ten-fourteen that night when the bombers would come over for the nightly strafe. They welcomed Carol by passing him the jug.

Carol took a swig of the proffered rum and made a wry face. This was a naval battery and received an ample supply of Jamaica rum with rations.

"Why don't you do something to this rum to take the burrs off it?" he asked the captain.

"We don't know anything to do to it," the captain explained. "You get used to the taste of it after a while."

"Maybe. But why take the skin off your tonsils? You may need 'em some day."

"Perhaps you can suggest some way to make a palatable drink of it?"

"Sure. Got any oranges or lemons?"

"Haven't seen any in months."

"Got any lime-juice?"

"Plenty."

"Got any sugar?"

"Not a bit. Will saccharine do?"



Since Carol had joined the squadron, no one had bothered about the war. He could make a cocktail out of anything but petrol, and he was suspected of that.

"Hardly. What have you in the way of cordials, Captain?"
"Here you are in this cupboard."

Carol investigated and found some chartreuse, some anisette and some grenadine. He experimented a few minutes with different combinations and then smacked his lips triumphantly.

"This drink, gentlemen," he announced, "will henceforth be known as 'The Sailor's Sweetheart.' If it's not an improvement on your raw tri-nitrotoluene with a dash of ammonia, I'll bomb Bruges with beer-bottles."

He mixed a round for all hands and was loudly cheered. By the second round he was promoted to admiral and given some good telephone-numbers. With the third round he was let into the secret of what was wrong with the navy and when the war would end. The conversation had finally got down to Uncle Cuthbert's trip to Paris, when Carol remembered why he had come over.

"What was that over this morning?" he asked the captain.

"Oh, the usual Rumpler. We'll hit the blighter some day."

"Fat chance! How high was he?"

"Between twenty and twenty-one thousand."

"Well, if you see an S. E. up there tomorrow or the next day, cease fire, will you? There's no chance of your hitting Fritz and you might hit me if you weren't shooting at me. I think I'll go up and take a crack at that Heine."

"Stay away from Dunkirk, then," the captain warned him. "We have orders to fire at all planes as long as they are over this area; so have the French. With all these peasant civilians around, we don't trust anybody. Better try to intercept him between here and the lines."

"Where does he start from?"

"From somewhere near Bruges, I guess. He usually gets his altitude out to sea."

"Well, I'll wait for him out there and see what I can do."

"Good luck to you, America."

"Thanks. Good-by."

"Chéerio. Come again."

Carol returned to the squadron and sought the commanding officer.

"I say, Major, have you any objection if I have a go at the high two-seater that comes over every morning?"

"Not at all, as long as it doesn't interfere with regular patrols. I'd be glad for you to try it. The colonel has been chafing about it for some time. He sent a Dolphin up after him, but it couldn't get that high, so I don't think you can do anything; but there's no harm in trying."

"I might be able to catch him before he gets his altitude."

"You might, but I doubt it. He's pretty wary, they say. The colonel can tell you all about his habits."

Carol was in American uniform but was attached to a British squadron and was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased. But so were the British pilots, for that matter. They spent four hours a day over the lines in the midst of machine-gun bullets, Archie and pom-poms, and the rest of the time was their own. For the first month at the front they went out by themselves to try to knock down a two-seater, but after that they usually settled down in the squadron bar. Since Carol had joined the squadron, no one had bothered about the war. He could make a cocktail out of anything but petrol, and he was suspected of that. His flips, fizzes, nogs, juleps and sours had pushed tracer, phosphorus, gas, bombs and H. E. off the front page of local interest.

The next morning at eleven-thirty Carol was at nineteen thousand feet about ten miles out to sea off Furnes. His S. E. had ceased to climb at that altitude and he was just holding his own. Every time he'd turn, he'd lose two hundred feet.

He was trying to get a few extra revolutions out of his motor by changing his carburetor adjustment when he saw the Archie bursts appear over Dunkirk. He headed for Nieuport to intercept the two-seater and cut off its retreat.

He flew slowly to keep his altitude and watched the Archie bursts follow the two-seater as it circled to get the pictures. In a few minutes he was able to see the plane itself, five miles to the south of him and a thousand feet higher.

He tried to climb higher but his plane was absolutely stalled now. The shutters on his radiator were closed, but still the motor was cold. It was zero up there in spite of the spring sunshine.

The two-seater passed above him just as he reached the lines. He had figured the course correctly but he didn't have the altitude. How in hell did the German get that high? And in a two-seater, too!

He kept up the chase as far as Ostend and then dived for home in disgust. A lot of valuable time wasted, and he was nearly frozen in the bargain.

Two days later he tried again with the same result. He couldn't get above nineteen thousand and the German sailed by at least a thousand feet above him. After four attempts he was no closer to his prey than on his first one. The German got his altitude before he crossed the lines and kept it until he got home.

Carol was infuriated. He could imagine the German pilot thumbing his nose as he sailed over him to safety with his precious plates. What a nerve the fellow had! Every time that Heinie came over, Carol felt it a personal affront. He growled so much about it that the mess began to chaff him. The two-seater became known as "Banks' Pet," and he got a new suggestion at every meal about how to get it. The adjutant suggested that he put salt on its tail. The gunnery officer suggested he disguise his plane as a cloud and take the photographer by surprise. The commander of A Flight suggested he fire skyrockets at it off his top wing.

About two weeks after Carol's last attempt, the colonel called up to say that the high two-seater had come down and cracked up near Calais. It had been to Boulogne to get pictures of a bomb raid the night before, and the motor had conked.

Carol got a motorcycle side-car and went down to Marquis to have a look at his late enemy. The wreckage was stored in a hangar and Carol examined it closely. It was just an ordinary Rumpler with a standard six-cylinder Mercedes motor. Then how did it get so high? He sought the engineering officer to get the explanation.

The engineering officer readily satisfied his curiosity.

"Nothing tricky about the ship," he explained. "It's got plenty of wing surface and was lightly loaded. On his high trips, the Hun figured nothing could get up to him and didn't carry an observer. That saved him the weight of the observer, his gun-mount and his ammunition. And he couldn't possibly fight it alone, so he left off his own gun and ammunition. He left off half his radiator because he wouldn't need it at that altitude, and



he only carried enough gas to get him there and back. We haven't taken down the motor, but it looks like all the others except for a special carburetor."

"But how did he work the camera?"

"Easily. He just used a bomb sight and changed plates himself. And it's a marvelous camera. Come here and I'll show it to you."

He took Carol into another hangar and showed him a large circular box.

"This is something new," he explained. "At least, it's new to us. It's apparently an experiment. This camera has five lenses,

all worked from the front. But known results front. long to make t



"You are a brave pilot," he said. "You are a sportsman to have spared my life."
"Spared your life like hell!" Carol told him in disgust.
"I wanted your camera!"

kirk and assigned to the 65th Wing to take pictures of the results of the naval raids on Zeebrugge and Ostend.

Carol's squadron was assigned to escort it on several missions, but the D. H. was faster than the S. E.'s at high altitude, and they only called attention to it. The Germans evidently knew what was going on, for they concentrated all the Archie in Belgium on it. The S. E.'s were glad to be relieved from escorting it.

Apparently it was the only camera of its kind the Germans had, for a two-seater ceased to appear over Dunkirk at eleven forty-five each morning. Carol felt better about the war and concentrated his attention on the Pfalz Scouts which lived between Roulers and Courtrai.

Then one day the D. H. failed to return from a trip over Zeebrugge. Well, that was the last of that five-eyed camera!

Three days later a Rumpier was back over Dunkirk at eleven forty-five. Carol exhausted his vocabulary. By the sacred camshaft of Balaam's ass, he'd get that bird!

He consulted the major, and the major told him to go the limit. The wing was as anxious as he was to get that two-seater. The brigade wanted

all worked by the same shutter. Each lens is telescopic, and from twenty thousand feet they get as good a picture as we get from ten. We're installing it on a D. H. 4 now to experiment a little ourselves. All the photographers in the army have been here to see it."

But that was not the last of the five-eyed camera, as it became known. The brigade photography officer was so pleased with the results he got with it that he decided to put it to work at the front. The mechanism was so complicated that it would take too long to copy and there was no one outside of Germany who could make those lenses. Accordingly the D. H. 4 was sent up to Dun-

the five-eyed camera back. The colonel himself came over to discuss the matter with Carol.

"Get me that camera back, America, and I'll see that you have something on your chest besides hair. Don't use tracer or Buckingham on him, or you'll set him on fire and we'll lose the camera. I don't care anything about the plane. We can knock down two-seaters every day, so don't get ambitious and smash the camera. Just use steel-jacket bullets and try to cripple his motor or hit his gas-tank. You know where it is. Anything I can do to help you?"

"Yes sir. Get me a new motor with a set of high-compression

pistons. It wont last long, I know, but I can get more altitude with it. And I'll want a propeller with a different pitch. I'll need every foot I can get."

"All right, you shall have them. And if you get me that camera, I'll get you a week's leave in Paris and send you down in my car. No, I'll take you down myself to make sure you get there!"

CAROL got his new motor in a week. It had a hundred revolutions more than his old one. He changed the propeller to get more efficiency at high altitudes and stripped the plane of all extra weight. He took off his Lewis gun and its mounting. The Vickers would be enough for this job, as the German wasn't armed. He removed his armored seat and only took up half a tank of petrol, with benzol and ether in it. He fixed a drain valve so he could dump half his water after he got up where he wouldn't need it. He tried to go up without his usual weight of furs, but nearly froze before he got to fifteen thousand and had to come down for them. On his first test flight he got to twenty-one thousand. All right—he was ready now!

The next clear day he was fifteen miles out at sea opposite Nieuport at eleven-thirty. He was stalled, but he was higher than the German would be and he'd have the advantage of position and maybe of speed.

He turned back toward Furnes and held his altitude, waiting. It was quiet and peaceful up there. The sky was clear of clouds below twenty-five thousand and it was an ideal day to get pictures. No one would believe there was a war on. He could see England as plainly as he could see Belgium and France and Holland.

Then suddenly he saw the white bursts of Archie between him and Dunkirk. There was his pet! He turned slowly toward it.

Over Furnes he made out the two-seater, headed back for the lines from Dunkirk. Carol felt like cheering when he saw that the German was below him. Good! Now for the scrap.

Apparently the German did not see him, for he came straight on. It probably never occurred to him to look up. No one had ever been above him before. He was still getting some Archie and was preoccupied with that.

Carol warmed up his gun and made sure his sight was open and clean. The German was coming into range now, three hundred feet below him. It was the same type of Rumpler as before. He dropped down and opened fire head-on. The German turned sharply and lost two hundred feet. Carol held his fire and maneuvered between him and the lines. The German put his nose down and turned back to the lines but Carol was too quick for him, and all he got was a stream of lead for his pains.

Carol closed in and put another burst into the two-seater. Its motor stopped. All right, there was his game; could he bag it?

The German put his plane into a steep dive. He was going to try to dive under him and get back to his own side of the lines to land. But Carol had a motor and overhauled him rapidly. A burst into his wing and the German turned. Carol followed him around until he was headed back for Dunkirk, and then switched his fire to the other side. Twice the German tried to dive away, but each time Carol headed him off. He could play with the motorless Rumpler like a cat with a mouse.

As a last resort the German went into a spin. But so did Carol, and when the German leveled off and headed toward his lines again, Carol was back in position on his tail in a second and forced him to turn again. By that time he was too low to glide back to the lines anyway, and the German gave up. He glided down escorted by Carol and headed for the beach near Zuydcoote. Carol saw him level off to land and then deliberately kick his rudder. The plane struck the beach and somersaulted on, a mass of wreckage. Stout lad, that pilot! He wouldn't give up a good ship.

Carol immediately landed beside the wreckage on the beach to prevent any further damage to his precious camera. Some Belgian soldiers had already taken possession of the wrecked plane. The pilot was stretched out on the sand, and the soldiers were giving him first aid.

Carol rushed to the Rumpler to get the camera. To his amazement there was no camera in it. There was the mounting all right in the bottom of the fuselage. There were the plate-holders. But no camera! What the hell?

The pilot had gotten to his feet now and shook off his captors. He walked over to Carol, holding his left arm, which was bleeding at the shoulder. He saluted Carol and held out his right hand.

"You are a brave pilot," he said in fair English. "You are a sportsman to have spared my life."

Carol shook the proffered hand.

"Spared your life like hell," Carol told him in disgust. "I wasn't after your life. I wanted your camera. Where is it?"

The German smiled.

"We learned our little lesson. My predecessor could not get it loose from its mount. So we made the mount easily detachable. I dropped the camera when I saw I could not return. You will forgive me?"

"Forgive you in a pig's eye!" Carol told him. "I wish I'd seen you drop it. Then I'd have gotten credit for destroying a plane instead of one down under control. You hit badly?"

"Only a flesh-wound in the shoulder. I am lucky. You shoot well, sir." He took the medal of the Order *Pour Le Mérite* which hung around his neck and held it out to Carol. "I would like you to have this," he told him.

"I don't want your medal," Carol informed him. "I'd have had one of my own if you hadn't jettisoned that camera."

"All the more reason for you to take this. I ask you to take it. If you do not, some one else will. I would prefer the man who conquered me to possess it."

"All right," said Carol and pocketed it. "Now I'll see that you get medical attention."

A Belgian sergeant guided them to a hospital. Carol left his prisoner there and went back to his plane. The tide had come in, and the tail and undercarriage were under water. Carol was enraged. It took him an hour to get help to pull the plane out, and then he had to wait until late in the afternoon before the tide went out enough for him to take off from the beach. Altogether he was thoroughly fed up with his day. News of his adventures had preceded him, and the whole squadron was ready to receive him. The bar was decorated with seaweed, and when some one gave him a life-preserver to wear to dinner he was infuriated.

NEXT morning the colonel sent for him.

"I'm sorry, Colonel," Carol told him. "I never thought to take a net along. . . . The equipment officer and I figured out that if the camera was dropped from twelve thousand it would be buried nineteen feet, four and three-quarters inches in the ground. And probably the lenses are cracked. So we decided not to look for it."

"Oh, that's all right, Banks," the colonel reassured him. "Never mind about the camera. You did a fine job whether you got the camera or not. But did it occur to you to ask your prisoner his name?"

"No sir."

"Well, it might interest you to know that he's Captain von Koch."

"What?"

"Yes. Captain von Koch. He not only leads the bombers over at night but comes back next day to photograph his hits. I'd rather have him than the camera. He's the most valuable man in the enemy flying-corps. So you get your trip to Paris just the same. And maybe a decoration. Get ready to drive to Paris with me tomorrow morning. Now, here's the joker: We're going to take Captain von Koch with us."

"Why?"

"Ostensibly to turn him over to the French, who want to ask him a few questions. But really to take him on a party. We will stop at Boulogne and Beauvais on the way, and I want you to get him tight so he will talk a little. Then I will rag him about his failures and watch his expression. Our chauffeur is a secret-service man. We want very much to find out how much he knows about the aerial defenses of London and Paris, and which of them bothered him the most."

"Do you think you could persuade Captain von Koch to join you in your cups? I have been informed that you have had some experience in organizing binges. Now is the time for you to turn your ability to good account. I trust you will not object to drinking with a German. It is in line of duty—in case you hesitate. In Paris we will arrange to pick up a couple of French girls. I trust you will have no objection to that, as they also will be in the secret service. In case we fail to get our information, they may succeed. I might tell you that the women of the secret service are usually chosen for their beauty."

"Sir, this is the first time I ever heard of a soldier who was ordered to get drunk and disorderly by his superior officer. I regret that I have only one life to give for my country or yours. If you will get me a gallon of that Naval-issue rum, I can make a drink that will open the lips of the Sphinx. Captain von Koch will tell you all he knows and a lot he doesn't. The only trouble you will have will be to stop him—or me. But please promise me that nothing I say will be used against me. And if I don't put that squarehead under the table and make him spill his brains, just leave me on the beach where the tide can get me. That's all I'll be worth."

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The Perfect Wife must prepare to compete with the Robot Wife, soon to be invented.

How to Choose Wives

By Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins

who gave you the test, last month, "How to Choose Husbands." Here is the companion test, composed after extended study and application of the methods of modern psychology. The theory that, though women differ, wives are alike, is discarded, and with it the old-fashioned practice of handing out ready-made advice to the married and to the about-to-be-married. The modern procedure is first to take the measure of the individual; by means of twenty-five personal questions (printed in a column upon the second page following) this is done, and from the answers an attempt is made to give advice which, we hope, may prove instructive, or at least entertaining.

Illustrated by Leonard T. Holton

THE questions on page 57 provide a method by which you can, if you are a girl, reassure yourself as to whether or not you are, or will make, a good wife; or if you are a man, test out your wife present or potential, by applying the questions to her.

Marriage is no longer a necessity to a man, but a luxury. No bachelor today need live in frowsy lodgings, sewing on his own buttons and scouting for invitations to Sunday dinner. The Y. M. C. A., fraternity clubs and similar organizations offer pleasant homes for a young man, and the older ones have built themselves club palaces, sometimes running twenty stories high. Every laun-

dry sews on his buttons, and he can get a meal by dropping nickels in a slot. Moreover young men are watching their emotions more closely under the blinding light thrown upon our motives by analytical psychologists. Therefore it behooves the girls to have good stock to back up their advertising. A giggle and two silk stockings does not make a wife. The perfect wife must feed her husband's ego, adapt her life to his schedule, and never forget that he is the most important man in the world. She must prepare to compete with the robot wife, soon to be invented, who will do everything for a man's comfort, except love him.



You try to remodel him by slopping the whitewash.

Key Number 0

The man who says sadly, "Women aren't what they used to be," will never say it of you. You never hurt a man's ego, and if you try to remodel him, you do it banging the hammer and slopping the whitewash. You make a truly obedient wife when you want to be, and know how to act like one when you are blithely going your own way. You make any man feel that he is a success. You get your effects by praising rather than nagging. Your husband will never have to explain to you how it was that he happened to be passing the tea-room at the same time that his stenographer



Learn to meet your own crises.

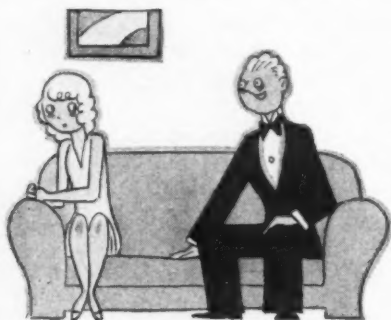
happened to be going in, and he happened to be put at her table—because you will assume that it is his business to take his stenographer out to luncheon sometimes.



You understand men and know how to play with them.

Key Number 1

Your trouble may be that you will invite your husband to boss you and then be indignant when he accepts the invitation. If possible, start your married life by assuming as much responsibility as possible. Unless it is a financial question, do not ask your husband whether he thinks you ought to telephone the cleaner to come after the curtains. Learn to meet your own crises, or else you will always remain a little girl and keep the resentment a child has against her dominating elders. In most ways you make an excellent wife. You respect the



Not very aggressive about going after the one you want.

individuality of your husband, and you really want to make him happy.

Key Number 2

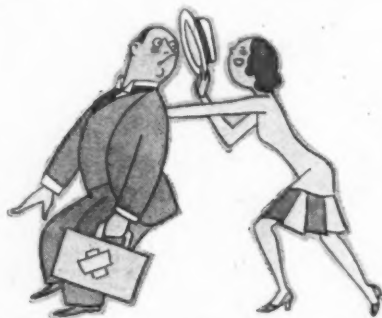
Oh, such a good wife as you will or do make! Any woman who comes out under this head can congratulate her husband on his choice. You understand men, and know how to play with them. When you were a little girl you let Roy Cook, down the block, take you for fast rides in his express wagon, even though you were scared to death. Roy's attentions pleased you so much that you were willing to risk your neck in order to give him the pleasure of supposing he was giving you pleasure. When you marry Roy, you won't be a back-seat driver, you won't feel injured if he forgets your birthday, you won't row with him because he dances with a beautiful flapper. You may even be a little too indulgent toward your husband, though we wouldn't dare say that if we thought you'd believe it.

Key Number 3

Your married life will probably be the best time of your life, especially as some wise adult in your family may choose your husband for you. Not that you would accept a husband you didn't want—we simply mean that you would not be very aggressive about going after the one you did want. You should make a charming wife. Although you have your faults, they are not the kind that marriages are wrecked on. You take life hard, but you don't make it hard for other people. If you lie awake worrying about your sins, at least it is your own sins that trouble you, and not your husband's.

Key Number 4

You need not fear that you will never marry—there are plenty of men looking for your kind. You will probably make a big

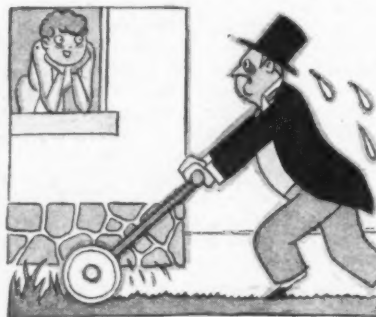


You will not encourage your husband to take a trip to China without you.

success of marriage, for you will be devoted to your husband, in whose hands you will leave all the major decisions. You will adjust yourself to his way of living and regard his inconsistencies with amused tolerance. You will not view marriage as a passing experiment, nor encourage your husband to take a trip to China without you. Yet though your husband will be your overwhelming interest in life, you will be careful not to let your devotion become irksome.

Key Number 5

If you marry a he-man worth six millions, your marriage will roll along beauti-



You have the pleasant trait of taking things easy.

fully, for you will let the he-man take the bit in his mouth and go after more millions or whatever it is that he wants next. You do not hold a man in, nor attempt to harness his energy to your own desires; and though you will expect your share of the money, you leave him free to earn.

Now for the other side of the picture: Married to a poor man, you may possibly spend more than you should, let your grocer's bill slide up, not notice that the muslin curtains need washing, interrupt your husband when he is reading, or slip up on whatever little fault it is that is al-



You would make a perfect wife for a show-off.

ways getting in your way. But you have the pleasant trait of taking things easy, even your troubles—and your husband. Men like that kind of a wife.

Key Number 12

You will make an excellent wife as soon as you realize that you have grown up and can do pretty much as you please. You are now too apt to resent what you think somebody is thinking about you, instead of realizing that they may not be thinking it, and anyhow it doesn't matter. You must remember that everyone is criticized, and the more important one is, the more he is



Every few years you will rediscover him.

criticized—it is only when you run for President that you really hear the worst about yourself. Do not spoil the effect of your generous spirit and unselfish nature by leaping so readily to your own defense. Your husband will like you in spite of this quality, but without it he will adore you.

Key Number 13

You are the type of wife who would drown with her husband if there was not room for him too in the lifeboat. Yet even in that supreme moment the thought would flash through your mind that it was he who chose that steamer against your better judgment. You can't completely forgive a man for the sacrifices you make for him, especially when he doesn't know you have made a sacrifice at all and therefore can't be grateful. Your stern excellences are likely to cause you more trouble in marriage than your faults.

DIRECTIONS

Read carefully each of the questions listed at the right, and after impartial consideration answer each one "Yes" or "No."

Do not omit any answer, as omission is construed as a negative answer.

To find your key:

Each question in the five groups, consisting of five questions each, must be answered. If your answer is "Yes" to three or more of the questions under Group 1, the first figure of your key number is "1." If it is "No," omit "1" from your key number. In the same way, if you answer most of the questions in Group 2 in the affirmative, the figure "2" is a digit in your key number; if most of these questions are answered in the negative, "2" is omitted, and so on with each group.

EXAMPLE

GROUP 1	GROUP 2	GROUP 3	GROUP 4	GROUP 5
A Yes	A No	A Yes	A Yes	A Yes
B No	B Yes	B Yes	B Yes	B Yes
C No	C Yes	C No	C Yes	C No
D No	D Yes	D No	D Yes	D Yes
E Yes	E No	E No	E Yes	E No
No	Yes 2	No	Yes 4	Yes 5

Key number = 245

To take other examples, if you answer "Yes" to the majority of questions in every group, your key number will be 12345; if "No," it will be 0. If you answer "No" to the majority of questions in each of the first four groups and "Yes" to the majority in the last group, your key number will be 5.

Key Number 14

You are yourself so gentle and retiring that you like a man who throws out his chest and crows. You would be a perfect wife for a show-off, for he would not get on your nerves. He, on his part, would never cease to enjoy your admiration. On the other hand, you would be the worst sort of mate for a timid, retiring man. The two of you would be tempted to hide in the woods and let the robins cover you with leaves. Whatever sort of husband you have, you make one demand—you must be all in all to each other. If he flicks an eye at another woman, you will start brooding. "All for love and the world well lost" is your motto, because you don't like the big, noisy, pushing world.

Key Number 15

When your husband leaves in the morning after putting his foot down on the new rug that you haven't got, you may wish you could write a novel on the hardships of married life; but when he comes home in the evening and telephones for the recalcitrant plumber in the kind of loud voice that even plumbers obey, you will call heaven to witness that there never was a finer man in all the world. You will fall in love with many men, especially your husband. Every few years you will rediscover him. Just think of all the pleasant honeymoons you can look forward to!

Key Number 23

Yours is a very interesting case, dear madam, because women of your type make such peculiar marriages, which often have an unexpected way of turning out well. Sometimes—indeed often—you marry a brilliant man, who may end in "Who's Who." Sometimes his brilliancy develops after you get hold of him, for you are the kind who brings out the best in a man. Moreover you make things pleasant for him while you are doing it. You do not make him famous against his will. Your specialty is to marry the kind of man who usually makes a difficult husband, and turn him into a blue-ribbon winner.

Key Number 24

If anyone doubts that you are a good wife, let him ask your husband. He will say you are the finest wife going, and you will back him up in it. The world may say you don't allow him enough free rein, but you don't know it—and (Please turn to page 158)

GROUP 1—[write key number here]→

1. Do you go over past controversies in order to assure yourself you were in the right?
2. Do you approve of "never forgetting a friend or forgiving an enemy"?
3. Do you dream of a time when you'll be in a better position than friends who've looked down on you?
4. Do you smolder a long time when you are angry?
5. Have at least three people insulted you within a year?

YES NO

GROUP 2—[write key number here]→

1. Are you undisturbed by rainy weather?
2. Is advice more important to you than sympathy?
3. Can you be happy without a bathtub?
4. Would you go Dutch treat to the theater with a poor young man?
5. Would you rather have some one else take the reins in an emergency?

GROUP 3—[write key number here]→

1. Are you often troubled by conflicting duties?
2. When you hear a criticism of anybody, do you immediately fear that it applies to you?
3. When you get a compliment, are you usually troubled because you feel you don't deserve it?
4. Is perfection your aim?
5. Do you plan your life a long way ahead?

GROUP 4—[write key number here]→

1. Do you hope your husband will always want to take you with him on his good-time trips?
2. Did you mind as a child if other children played with your dolls?
3. Would you prefer to be the only love of your husband's life?
4. Do you prefer a dog that likes you alone to one that likes everyone?
5. If you married a widower who had loved his first wife, would you be jealous of her?

GROUP 5—[write key number here]→

1. Do you wish people wouldn't give you presents?
2. Do acquaintances bore you by talking about themselves?
3. Do people try to prevent your having a good time?
4. Are most people difficult to get along with?
5. Do you always come out at the little end of the horn?

CARLOTTA, sipping iced tea on the veranda of the hotel, listened as the orchestra within played the first few whining bars of the "St. Louis Blues."

"Wow! St. Louis Blues," exclaimed Billy Trent, throwing his cigarette away. "Come on, Carlo—let's dance."

There was a monotony to the melody, a wild recurrence that made you a little nervous. A fascination, too. Carlo wasn't sure that she liked it. There was a sweep of lawlessness in the rhythm that urged you to dance with a disgraceful abandon. Carlo knew that the old cats of the hotel were watching her; but then, they always watched her. Their glances had never spurred her on before; but with the beat of the St. Louis Blues in her ears, it suddenly seemed that it would be fun to shock them. Billy and she edged slowly across the dance-floor. He was very close to her. The cats were watching intently. Carlo didn't care. Had Billy kissed her full on the lips at that moment with all the gossips looking on, she would not have cared.

*"St. Louis woman with her diamond rings,
Tied him right to her apron-strings—"*

Billy sang the words as he danced. Carlo had never heard them before. A sudden depression came over her. Those were sad words. A song didn't have to have ballad lyrics to be sad. The most tragic thing in the world is sorrow behind a screen of levity.

"St. Louis woman—"

They were back at their table now.

"Baby, you sure threw a mean shimmy," Billy applauded. "How you can dance!"

"Thank you." She did not meet his eyes as she spoke. She was gazing across the lawns without seeing.

"What's the matter, baby? A penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking of that song." Carlo turned dream-filled eyes upon her companion. "Those two lines you sang—I'm thinking of them."

"What about them?"

"That St. Louis woman, she would be tall and slender. Straight as a knife. Her eyes would be very black and brilliant, and I think they would slant a trifle. Her smile would be sweet, Billy, very sweet and treacherous. Her fingers would be slim, and they'd be a beautiful shade of brown, and simply loaded with paste jewelry."

"What are you talking about, baby?"

"Just listen: There'd be a handsome high-yaller boy, and a pretty brown girl who loved him. She'd lose him, Billy; she couldn't hold him against the lure of that love-wise St. Louis negress with her diamond rings."

"Hold everything, baby. Hey—"

"No, listen, Billy: The little brown girl would follow them in time, and there would be a dark, hot Missouri night when she would find them together. There would be a razor, red and tell-tale, Billy, a little brown hand that had—"

"Oh, for God's sake, Carlo, you're insane. That isn't what's meant in the song."

"But that's the way I see it."

They looked at each other in silence. Their eyes were sullen and defiant. Their attitudes suggested that a crisis had arisen.

"You don't understand, Billy; you're too thick."

"Is that so? Well, you're crazy. What do you think of that?"

He glanced over at the little face across from him. He saw a pink, angry flush under her deep tan, the little red mouth set in a hard line. Her gray eyes flashed with rage. Even at that moment he took time to tell himself that she was the best-looking girl at the shore.

Carlo glared back at him. Her anger was feigned—not for Billy's benefit, but for her own. She was trying to hide from herself that she was disappointed in him. He was so good-looking, such a jolly companion. Why couldn't he understand her feeling about the St. Louis woman?

St. Louis Blues

By Viña Delmar

The sensational success of "Bad Girl" was a triumph for the new realism of Viña Delmar's writing. It is realism based, not upon report of tawdry details, but deep appreciation of character.

Illustrated by William Meade Prince

"Come on," he said after a moment of deadlock. "Get your bathing-suit, Carlo; let's swim."

"Can't you ever rest a moment, Billy? Must you always be doing something?"

"Sure. Why not? Come on. Don't sulk, baby; I'm wild about you. I hate to see you sore. You know what I asked you this morning coming home from the tennis-court?"

"Don't talk about it now, Billy. Give me a chance to think."

"Oh, you and your thinking! Say, your father likes me, and your brother is my best friend, and if you'd admit it, you know you love me. Say yes, Carlo."

"How can I when you don't understand me even a little bit?"

"Oh, are you going to bring that stuff about bloody razors up again? You're a fine one, you are."

"But, Billy, I'd like you to understand."

CARLO, having dinner with Dr. Leonard Hale, looked out the window and sighed.

"What is it, Carlo?" He was so attentive, so quick to miss her bright smile.

"Nothing, nothing at all," she assured him hastily. She must not make him feel that she was bored. He was such a charming person. Not like Billy, of course. Dr. Hale was one of the older men. He must be every bit of thirty-two. She thought of him as her father's friend and liked him as such—but of course one acted dignified with him and refrained from being human.

"I see your father," he said after a moment. "He's watching the men fishing. See, he's drawn up his car right there by the board-walk steps."

"Oh, yes."

Silence again. It was hard to talk to Dr. Hale. He was nice-looking, too, but so settled. Still, one had to say something. But what?

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"Gosh, Carlo, how you can dance!" Billy's applause almost made her forget that pain. Around the room again—smiling into Billy's eyes—clinging to him now and then!

He had been watching her. Tennis, fishing, dancing, swimming, boating. He had perhaps even noticed the tired droop of her shoulders at times. Billy was so very alive.

Dr. Hale smiled at the surprised look on her face. Such a pretty little face in its frame of demure, taffy-colored curls.

"Oh, yes," he answered the look. "I dance at odd times. When a very young lady has thrown away an evening to dine with me."

"Oh, listen," said Carlo sharply. "It's the St. Louis Blues!"

"Yes."

"I see pictures with that song, Dr. Hale."

"Pictures? What sort of pictures?"

"Sure I won't bore you?"

"Oh, do tell me. I'm consumed with curiosity."

"Well, I see the St. Louis woman, a tall, slim, handsome negress stealing away a fickle high-yaller boy. He loves her sophisticated charm and he is dazzled by the paste jewelry that she wears. He leaves a little brown gal for

her, and she sings with the half-humorous pathos of her race the St. Louis Blues. In time she follows him, and there's a dark night in a gas-lit café when a razor flashes suddenly, and a little brown gal gets her faithless man."

Dr. Hale smiled. "And," he picked up Carlo's story, "nobody could find it in their hearts to snitch on the poor brown gal. She was never caught, but she went mad from her worry about ha'nts. And when she sang those two lines again, it was not merely a recital of her woes but an explanation to God of her crime. She became known as Mad Hannah in the neighborhood, and when she finally died—"

"You understood, didn't you, Dr. Hale?"

"Yes. I wish you could understand, Carlo."

"Understand what?"

He would not tell her then—but later, under the moon, he did. They stood together on the close-cropped green lawn of the hotel. Carlo felt the salt breath of the evening on her cheek and saw the bar of silver upon the ocean. It was all very beautiful.

"Oh, Carlo, Carlo darling! I love you, sweetheart."

His voice was warm and musical with sincerity—but Carlo could

The orchestra began to play for the dinner dancing. Carlo sighed again. She was wearing a white georgette frock with a wide skirt. When she danced, it floated out gracefully and showed a lacy beribboned dream of an underskirt. There would be no dancing with Dr. Hale.

At that moment he smiled at her. An amused, boyish smile as though he had read the thoughts in her mind.

"You know," he said, "your young cavalier, Mr. Trent, just looked in here, frowned at me and disappeared."

"Oh, really." Carlo's tone was not convincing. There was not the light scorn in it which she had intended.

"Would you like to dance?" asked Dr. Hale. "Or would it be a treat for you to sit quietly for a time?"

see the dance-floor of the hotel from where she stood. The orchestra was playing St. Louis Blues and Billy was dancing with a fat-faced red-head from Baltimore.

"Carlo, have I a chance?"

The sound of the ocean pounding upon the beach and the tang of the salt air were destined to linger with Carlo forever; but at the moment she pulled eagerly at Leonard Hale's arm.

"Get me in there quickly," she ordered, breathlessly. "And if you *can* dance, dance as you never have before."

IT was only a few months afterward that the cards were sent out:

*Mr. Rutherford Santrey
Announces the marriage
of his daughter
Carlotta Marie
to*

*Mr. William Hayes Trent
October Tenth Nineteen Twenty*

Billy and Carlo took an apartment in the newest, grandest building that Billy could find. Carlo thought it foolish to take seven rooms for the two of them, but Billy was insistent.

"You have to have room, dearest," he protested. "You can't throw a really good party in less room than this."

Carlo had not figured on the parties. Her brow was puckered with misgiving.

"You'll love this place," Billy went on. "See, in this room we'll have bookcases built and that will make it awfully cozy."

The bookcases were never built. Billy had really meant to order them but he never got around to it. Besides, they were home so rarely. Billy liked Carlo to meet him downtown for dinner; then there was perhaps a show afterward, and you know how you're always running into people. Billy saw somebody he knew everywhere he went. Everybody liked him. He and Carlo were invited everywhere.

She was not like Billy. She could not forget that he had to be up at nine the next morning. She could not forget that she had promised to visit her father that evening. Things troubled Carlo. Billy never thought, so he was never troubled. He lived too fast to think. He was too active. There was not a spark of meanness in his character. He was just going too fast a pace to notice details along the road.

At nine o'clock the alarm went off. Billy jumped from his bed and raced like a fiend with his bath, shave and dressing.

His breakfast was bolted. His little roadster leaped toward the office with Billy watching for policemen all along the road. His day at the office was one long effort to catch up with yesterday and perhaps do a little something that would make tomorrow easier. Dinner with Carlo. Some place where they could dance. The theater and afterward a look in on somebody or other. Bed between two and five A. M.

Carlo had somehow thought marriage would be different. She had counted on a little home life. It would be nice if she and Billy sat and talked some evening, or read. But he was not contented so. If they had been invited nowhere and were tired of the theater, Billy telephoned people. He could collect a dozen guests in fifteen minutes. Carlo was a perfect hostess, people said. They talked then of Billy. He was a good scout, a great fellow.

Once a month they had dinner with Carlo's father. Billy was very nice to Mr. Santrey but it gave him the fidgets to sit there talking. He would look at his father-in-law and think for five minutes of something to say. He would say it and then feel that he had done his share toward making conversation. Perhaps now they would let him play the new records. He would dance by himself, looking very ridiculous, Carlo thought. He could not sit quietly. She would go dance with him so that her father would not think him an absolute ass.



"Would you like to dance?" asked Dr. Hale. He smiled at the surprise in her face. "Oh, yes, I dance," he answered the look.

Sometimes Dr. Hale was there and he would watch Carlo and Billy dancing. Billy would put on a record of St. Louis Blues and Dr. Hale would look into the fireplace, and for a while he too would find conversation difficult.

"There never was anybody who could dance to a blues number like you," Billy would exult. "Let's play it again."

Mr. Santrey and Dr. Hale would look sympathetic and amused. Carlo felt embarrassed for Billy's shallow enthusiasms. To defend him she too would rave idiotically.

"St. Louis wom-an"

He had never understood about the faithless yaller boy. She couldn't make him see her pictures. But she loved him. He was so sweet and good. If only he didn't run panting through life. If for a moment he stopped. But he'd never stop. And she couldn't, for she knew that if she did, he would pause only long enough to make sure that she was comfortable; then he would run on again. . . .

When Carlo knew that she was going to have a child, she was not dismayed. She wanted to have a child, but Billy must not be at all inconvenienced. That was important. The idea had to be presented to him cleverly decorated.

"I thought for the summer," Carlo said, "we'd take a real big house at the shore. A place with plenty of guest-rooms. I want a place close enough so you can commute, and it won't be inconvenient for people to reach us. How does the idea strike you?"

"O. K." That would be fun, throwing parties at the shore. A midnight dip with a whole gang of people would be great; Carlo did get the best ideas.

Carlo went to the shore, found a house and leased it before Billy could change his mind. Blessed house in which Billy could throw his parties. Had he voted against the shore, she would have been sunk. She could not have gone dancing with him throughout the summer, and she knew by now that Billy had to

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"I don't mind men swearing," he said; "I swear myself at times. But I hate to hear a woman swear."

"What makes a man swear, Daddy?"

"Why, they swear when they have no words with which to express their feelings. They swear when something gets too much for them."

"I see," said Carlo.

Her eyes were circled with misty gray shadows.

"You must get more sleep, young lady, and do less gadding about."

"I don't gad about now, Daddy."

"No, but you always have a house full of people. What is Billy thinking of to let you go on this way?"

"Daddy, Billy is the sweetest, dearest man who has been born since you were, and I love him—but Billy isn't thinking of anything. He can't think."

"I was a fool to let him—"

"No, no, Daddy. If you'd said we couldn't marry, I'd have run off with him. I loved him then and I love him now. I'm happy, but oh, Daddy, I know now what Alice felt like when she was running with the Red Queen."

CARLO'S baby was born on a Saturday night. The house was crowded with week-end guests and Billy never remembered having had a better time in his life. The doctor told him not to worry and he obeyed the doctor. No use in paying the man a big price and then not following his orders.

It was a little girl who came into the huge, third-story room that night. Billy was pleased when the nurse called him and told him.

"I'll get them to drink a toast to the flapper right away," said Billy, starting for the stairs.

"You ought to go see Mrs. Trent first," the nurse reproved him.

Billy, contrite and ashamed, went to Carlo. She was very white and quiet, but she smiled reassuringly. He dropped to

his knees beside her and kissed her hand.

"The doctor said you didn't have a bad time, Carlo."

"It was all right, Billy. The nurse will show you the baby if you like."

He saw the baby and a moment later rejoined his friends in high spirits. First there had to be a toast to the baby, then one to Carlo, next to the doctor; the nurse mustn't be excluded, and how about a small, thoroughly pious toast to the man who would baptize the child?

After the toasting, Billy led his friends on a raid of every really fine garden in town. Carlo had to have flowers at once.

"Do you know a doctor named (Please turn to page 138)

Excitement

By Margaret Culkin Banning

who brings to you, in this fascinating novel, a clear understanding of new elements in the social life of our day.

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

The Story So Far:

IT had been Clem's thought, Janis Ware knew, which had made her one of his wedding-party. There had always been sentiment underneath everything else in her older half-brother Clem. He wanted some one of his own family at his wedding, and he had liked her best, always.

So she had come, lured more by that sentiment than by his promise of a gay time—the promise which his fiancée Angelica Baldwin, in her off-hand note of invitation, had carelessly accented. Yet the week had indeed been gay, and Clem proved the same beloved Clem.

Angel Baldwin had been engaged before but had always shied away from marriage at the last minute. Now she was to leave all this and go with Clem to the inland city where his work was to take him. Clem answered one who doubted this eventuality:

"Sure we are. We're going to have a house and lot and a bunch of baby-carriages. Aren't we going to have a flock of kids, Angel?"

"Oh, quantities," said Angel. "Who doubts it? Boys and girls and twins!"

Then there were Angel's hard-working business-man father, and her much-divorced-and-remarried stepmother Sally, who was even now contemplating still another shift of partners: Lord March, an Englishman of good position, attracted her now!

And there was Ben Towne, a young man who pleased Janis very much and who devoted himself to her; and on the glamorous evening before the wedding he kissed her unrebuked.

But only a little later Janis learned that Ben had been engaged to Angel Baldwin before Clem—was told that he still loved her. Shortly afterward Ben, smiling, breaking through the crowd, saw Janis. She turned and left the room, but not swiftly enough. By the great west staircase he caught up with her.

"Janis—what's the matter?"

"Don't you touch me," she said furiously. "I'm no proxy!"

And when back in her native Midwest city of St. Anthony, a letter from him came to Janis, she returned it unopened—though later she learned that it contained the news that Towne had taken a position with a St. Anthony law-firm and would shortly arrive.

Clem and Angel came on from their honeymoon, took a fashionable house—and proceeded to disturb the social serenity of the city. For Angel was a very charming but notably unconventional person.

"I'm going to give a real party for you," promised Janis' Aunt Esther, with whom she lived. She leaned toward Angel. "I'll ask interesting people."

"Not those people who travel with their acts," said Angel, "—not the one who wrote a book and the one who plays the piano. Let's have nice dumb people who drink fluently."

And to Clem one evening Angel protested:

"Isn't there some way we can keep it for ourselves?"

"What, darling?"

"Marriage," she told him darkly. "I hate sharing it with so many people. I hate being another wife, another bride, another homemaker. Do I have to go through all the motions? Make a home—a nest?"

Janis meanwhile was herself a center of interest. Ben Towne arrived and sought to convince her that his interest in Angel was over. Tony Elliott, an attractive young native of the town, was another suitor. And West Sicard, a distinguished man she had met on Long Island—a man in whom his wife Lise was not deeply interested,—sent Janis frequent gifts of books. It was while glanc-

ing over an advertisement on the jacket of one of these one day that Angel turned to Janis:

"This seems to be a nice little manual," Angel observed.

"On what?"

"On being an expectant mother. Did you know I'm one of those?"

At a house-party, after one of the cocktails which were so destructive to Janis' inhibitions, Ben Towne refused her request for another.

"He's not always like that," she said to Elliott. "Ben can make love beautifully."

"Can he?"

Ben had turned and was staring at her incredulously.

"When I was on for Angel's wedding we had a red-hot time, didn't we, Ben? Remember the night down by the ocean? It takes an ocean to get Ben loving."

There—that was over. (*The story continues in detail:*)

JANIS woke slowly, trying to piece today and yesterday together before she opened her eyes, to see if she liked the pattern they made. The sun streamed through the windows, and she could feel its warmth on her closed eyelids and hear a dozen noisy birds outside clamoring for the best places in the two old maple trees by the sidewalk. It was certainly spring and a good job of it this morning. She lay very still and was glad about spring. It started off in such a forthright way, without any hang-over. In a minute, just as soon as she had her mind sorted out, she would do that too. She would get up and begin a day that would be completely on its own. Yesterday had to be scrapped and forgotten, now that she came back to remembrance of it. It had been a flop of a day.

Of course, she thought, there isn't any sense in being fussy about being kissed. When you wash your face and use some cold cream, you're just as good as new. But you aren't. You aren't quite as much yourself as you were. You've been chipped off in places. Tony was very squashy. She couldn't possibly marry him. When you get right up close to marriage, all the imperfections show. Like a bad complexion! In spite of the way they criticized Angel, her marriage was the happiest one Janis had seen. They cared so splendidly for each other. Angel shouldn't play bridge for two and a half cents with that crowd. She hadn't that kind of an income and everybody knew it. She didn't realize yet that she was living in the kind of place where they watched what you did with your money and thought they'd a right to. Ben Towne certainly got what he wanted when the Fairburn outfit took him up. Funny how she used to lie here in this very bed and suffer over that time Ben made love to her—and now he didn't even disturb her. One did get over men. . . . It wasn't supposed to be decent to admit that—not in Cora Fairburn's crowd anyhow. . . . She must get up and see what she had to do today. She ought really to go to work. If one didn't have work to do, everything ran to men. She wished she had something to do. She wished she knew how to do something that had to be done and that there was no one else in the world to do it.

She heard the door creak cautiously.

"Come in. I'm awake," she called.

Aunt Esther, in a yellow jersey that was no respecter of persons and molded one figure as abruptly as another, came in.

"Do you want your breakfast brought up?"

"No," said Janis, lifting slender arms high above her head with



There was Angel, laughing down at them. There was something intimate and relaxed in her manner, a beauty which seemed more than one of figure or feature.

sudden energy. "I'm getting up. No crumbs on my pillow this morning. It's altogether too nice a day."

She went to the window and leaned out, green pajamas balanced on the sill.

"The lavender tulips are all out!" she exclaimed in delight. "There's a stunning lot of Darwins in that old round bed, where the callas used to be. Nice-looking delivery boy on that truck.

electric in the street."

Janis sighed. "What's she after at this hour—a worm?"

"I haven't any idea."

"Will you hold her for a few minutes? Do an Horatius-at-the-bridge till I get dressed."

"We have so little in common," said Aunt Esther, "your Aunt Catherine and I. We seem to belong to different worlds."

He likes them too. Or maybe it's me he's approving of." She gave him a gay glance that was just less than personal and went to the dressing-table for a comb.

"Aunt Esther, I think I'll find me some rough work." "Rough?"

"A job—a reason for being—an industry."

"Well," said her aunt with interest, "of course that's the modern idea. I've been thinking of it for myself. Your grandfather left me provided for—or so he thought. He did not realize that the modern woman needs more than an income that she has no hand in making. Somebody at the Woman's Club was talking along those lines. I thought of looking for a secretaryship—in some interesting office. What were you thinking of?"

Janis looked at her aunt. The lines in the other woman's face, the folds of her neck, were pathetic against the dandelion-yellow of her dress; and the jaunty cut of hair that had been often dyed, and the new philosophy!

"You and me both," she thought with a little twinge of apprehension. "Marriage—or here we are!"

But aloud she said, pushing the thought away: "I didn't have anything really definite in mind. I was just feeling that I can't sit around forever. Next fall, anyway, I must do something. What's the paper you have there?"

Aunt Esther unfolded it.

"That's what I wanted to show you. I came across it last night. It's not a local paper, but I buy it at the news-stand every week because I'm reading a story that's running in it. And I came across this quite by chance."

She flattened the sheet down in front of Janis, and Sally Baldwin's pictured face, beautiful even in cheap reprint, stared up at them, with headlines above and a column of news below.

"Oh, what a shame!" cried Janis.

"Did you know anything about it?"

Janis shook her head. She was rapidly reading.

"I knew there was some disagreement about Lord March at the time of Clem's wedding. Angel wasn't keen about having him there. He's one of those tall thin Englishmen who look as if they'd been made after their own caricatures, and he didn't have much to say. But this is all cooked up about Angel's father. Mr. Baldwin cared about Sally—dreadfully. You could see it every time he looked at her. It's she who wants the divorce, no matter how they fake it."

"She's had plenty of marriages," said Aunt Esther, "according to that. She's a greedy one. It says he's her fourth!"

"She's different from anyone else you ever saw," said Janis. "She doesn't put herself out for anyone, and it always has to be her way, but you don't mind when you're with her. She's ruthless but she's generous. She was the one who gave me that gold necklace you like so much. Sally's very beautiful. It isn't any wonder about all the men. She's rich, too. One of her husbands left her a lot of money. I don't see why she does this."

Aunt Esther regarded the newspaper.

"I suppose they'll copy that in the papers here," she suggested.

"I hope not. It gives such a false idea of the situation. It's a wrong slant on Angel, too. Just the thing some people believe already, that she has that kind of flagrant, care-for-nothing background. And it isn't true. Mr. Baldwin is one of the finest gentlemen—the natural kind—that I ever met, and this stuff sounds as if he were a rake."

A doorbell whirled somewhere.

"That's the front door," said Aunt Esther, and looked out of the window. "It must be your Aunt Catherine Winter, Janis. I see her

The maid announced that Mrs. Winter was downstairs, and Aunt Esther, with the touch of defiance in her manner which seemed to announce that personal defense would soon be in order, said she would be down immediately. Janis, slipping out of her bath and into her clothes hurriedly, found time for another glance at the paper. She was holding it in her hand when she went downstairs. Mrs. Winter, as was to be expected, was in command of the situation, and Aunt Esther was looking older and more bizarre than ever against the staid adequacy and restraint of her sister-in-law's dark morning clothes.

Mrs. Winter was cordial to her niece.

"I hope you're not getting tired out with all this running around," she said.

"It just sets me up, Aunt Catherine."

"I hear that Tony Elliott has become very attentive to you. Is there anything to that story?"

"I've heard it," said Janis disturbingly.

Mrs. Winter became judicial.

"Tony's very well off. But he's said to be quite dissipated."

"Very," agreed Janis. "He really ought to drink in the Olympic games. He could beat anyone."

"Of course a young man is often a little profligate just because he has no anchor," said Aunt Catherine, "but I think there's good blood in that family."

"He should have a blood-test," said Janis. "I think that would be a grand idea. Imagine all the men who want to marry you going around with little pieces of cotton sticking to their cars!"

Mrs. Winter did not smile. She thought few things funny, and irrelevance or fantasy not at all amusing.

"I dislike this fad for making a joke of everything," she replied coldly. "I notice it in you more and more, Janis, and I cannot say that I think it is improving. No doubt it is the influence of Clem's wife. That sort of thing may be all very well in the kind of atmosphere from which she came, but—"

"But around here we don't rise from sea foam," said Janis, into the pause.

Her aunt, somewhat puzzled as to whether that was agreement or contradiction, gave one more hypercritical glance at the yellow jersey worn by Aunt Esther, whom she knew to be two years older than herself, and took up a simpler subject.

"How is Clem's baby?"

"Very successful."

"I hope Angelica isn't going to leave him too much to a nurse. There's no one who can take the place of a mother to a child. But what I came in to say—and I have only a minute—is that I think I shall give a reception, and have you and Angelica receive with me. Your Uncle Will thinks I should do something for Angelica. And I really think that there are a great many people, especially the older women, who haven't met her yet. I was rather planning on a week from Friday as a good day, and I thought I'd speak to you first, since I was passing. It will really be very nice

for you, Janis. Of course you have been going about a great deal, but there has been nothing really formal done for you since your mother's death, and we may as well kill two birds with one stone."

Janis looked dubious. She knew those receptions of Aunt Catherine's, with the pompous dining-room darkened and candle-lit, the shapely ices and overtrimmed cakes and salty almonds, and



crowds of women drawn together in a noisy chattering purposelessness. They were traditional affairs with the women Aunt Catherine knew. Friends of the same generation and exactly

the same social rating would be asked to pour tea and coffee, one at each end of the dining-room table, which would be massed with roses. The roses, slightly wilted, would be sent later to the Episcopal Hospital, and still another bird killed with the useful stone. Aunt Catherine could imagine no higher compliment and no greater patronage than to give such a party for her niece and Clem's wife, who had no real claim upon her. Janis knew that. She knew, too, that Angel would probably make no bones about refusing to stand in line with Aunt Catherine for several hours, and smile at women whom she did not know or want to know. But deflecting Aunt Catherine was something of a problem.

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"It isn't really necessary to do anything like that for Angel—to go to all that trouble," she protested, "and certainly it's not necessary for me. I'm no débutante."

"Yes," said Mrs. Winter, "it ought to be done. Your uncle feels as I do. As a matter of fact, I have to do some entertaining this fall anyway, and it is just the opportunity to have you both

"Angelica should be careful," Mrs. Winter answered tartly. "Newcomers are always very much in the public eye. She should remember that. People are very tolerant. But there is no necessity for laying herself open to criticism."

"How do you mean?" asked Janis.

"Mrs. Osterman told me that Angelica was smoking in the theater lobby the other night between the acts."

"She doesn't think anything of that."

"She should. People get a wrong impression. It doesn't do Clem any good. There's a good deal of talk. Angelica hasn't returned many of the calls made upon her, has she?"

Janis knew only too well that it hadn't occurred to Angel to return any calls—or to see many of the people who came and were fended off by a housemaid.

"Don't you think making calls is pretty out of date?"

"Some people expect it," insisted Mrs. Winter. "At any rate Angel certainly needs a little guidance. That's one reason I intend to entertain for her. Meeting people in my house that way will give her some idea of what may be expected of her."

"She probably can't manage it just now."

"The baby's more than a month old. And she's going about a great deal already."

"I know. But"—Janis fumbled for reasons—"she has things on her mind."

"Her father's being divorced," said Aunt Esther. "It's in that paper."

"Divorced? Her father? Why?" asked Mrs. Winter in a crescendo of questions.

"It's just sensational stuff," said

Janis, rather frowning at Aunt Esther. "This story is probably all wrong."

"In that paper?"

There was no use in trying to conceal it. Janis gave the paper to Mrs. Winter, who drew her eyeglasses from the black moiré silk bag she carried.

"She's a beautiful woman," remarked Aunt Esther suddenly, "of the new school. Many husbands."

But Aunt Catherine was not listening. She was staring.

"This woman," she asked incredulously, "—is this woman Angelica's mother?"

"Her stepmother," explained Janis. "Why? Do you know her?"

Mrs. Winter gave a queer little laugh that seemed to be derisive.

"I knew her, as everybody else knew her, in the Twin Ports," she said, "at one time."

"When?"

Neatly Mr. Flax put two and two together. This was the Baldwin girl, the one who was always in the papers for running away from some arranged marriage.

meet people as you should. It's necessary that Angelica should. Her husband has a responsible position. She seems to confine herself to a rather narrow and conspicuous group."

"Angel likes interesting people," said Aunt Esther suddenly and irrelevantly, "interesting people."

There was a suggestive accent.



"This woman," said Mrs. Winter, tapping the paper, "was the girl who married Peter Bayne and made so much trouble for the family. Years ago. It must be. I never forget a face."

"Sally Baldwin's face isn't easy to forget."

"That was the name! Sally Shendon. She was a Swede girl that old man Shendon picked up. He was the one the Shendon mine was named after. Very eccentric. He couldn't read or write and was very queer. No one knew why he took this girl. She was only a child, and she lived with him when she was growing up, and was always very wild. She got hold of Peter Bayne, and his family was broken-hearted when he married her. From the start, of course, people knew what was bound to happen."

"What did happen?"

"She ran away with some French painter who had come there to paint old Judge Murray's portrait. The one that—well, you wouldn't remember. Peter Bayne killed himself about a year later, and his family never got over it. They had done everything they could for the girl, and that made it even harder to bear. The Bayne girls had tried to teach her things. It was a terrible scandal."

She read the rest of the column in the newspaper.

"I see she's kept right on as she began. She must be forty-five or fifty now, too. And now she wants an English lord. Angelica's father doesn't seem to be any better than his wife, either. I begin to understand certain things in Clem's wife. A coarse influence always shows."

"But Sally Baldwin isn't coarse. She's very sophisticated and very delightful."

Mrs. Winter spoke with authority.

"My dear Janis," she said, "you can't tell me anything about this woman. I know her story. I know her background! She was utterly ignorant and always man-crazy. When she married Peter Bayne, he couldn't take her out to dinner with his friends because she didn't even know how to eat properly. The Bayne girls had to teach her everything, and they certainly got small thanks for it."

Janis recalled the last time she had seen Sally at dinner—remembered her beautiful hands and lazy, provocative ways and disillusioned smile. She could see Sally's table, with the high glass finger-bowls of different colors that were rainbowed in the light, the lace, the silver, the rare china. But it was no use to try to explain to Aunt Catherine that twenty years had changed Sally



beyond recognition. Aunt Catherine didn't accept the changes or regarded them as superficial. She felt immeasurably superior to anything Sally might ever achieve or be or do. Aunt Catherine had a ten-room house, an electric coupé for her own use, a black semi-evening dress every other year, and a cashmere kimono; and from the height of those possessions and the assured position they indicated, Sally Baldwin's model gowns and imported automobiles meant nothing desirable to her—and never would.

Sally was a nobody who had acted very badly and been a disgrace to the Bayne girls. Janis did not know the Baynes, who lived in Twin Ports, which had been Aunt Catherine's maiden home. But she could guess at them. It would not make any difference to them, either, that Sally had her portrait in the Luxembourg or that she might marry her English nobleman or that she could entertain twenty people at dinner after ten minutes' consultation with her butler. It would not change their opinion of the girl who had deserted her husband and run off with a painter, of the girl who had to be taught table-manners after she was married. And in spite of the incongruities of the pictures in her mind, Janis could not rid herself of the feeling that there was something sound in Aunt Catherine's attitude, something that she herself was kin to.

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"Drive my car, will you, West?" Greenough asked. "I'll drive Larmont's for him. He let his chauffeur go home, and that seems to have been a mistake."

Janis did not like the feeling. She wanted to deny it, to fight it off.

"But all that was long ago, Aunt Catherine. She's had a great deal of experience since then. She's changed."

"She looks just as she used to," remarked Mrs. Winter. "I knew her instantly. There's that same look in her face—a bold look. No doubt she has had experience—and money. A woman of that type always attracts money."

Good fortune was going to count against Sally. That was quite clear.

Janis laughed. "Well," she said, "it doesn't really matter."

Mrs. Winter was unwilling to go as far as that.

"Not directly," she said judiciously; "yet of course the connection is there. It is natural enough to want your connections to be a credit and not a scandal."

Her eye, roving for a moment, casually included Aunt Esther and the yellow dress.

"I suppose this thing will get about," she added. "However, I shall not allow it to make any difference in my plans for the reception."

It did not seem the moment to thwart the reception plans farther. Janis listened to some further details and promised that her Lenox plates and all her tea forks and spoons would be at her aunt's disposal, as well as the chased crystal vases which had been a wedding present to her mother and always served at family parties.

It was only after Mrs. Winter had left, with her color heightened by the excitement of carrying a reception and the revelation about Sally Baldwin in her mind at once, that Janis began to find her opinions loosed and coming freely into words.

"They don't talk the same language!" she exclaimed to Aunt Esther. "Sally doesn't believe people like Aunt Catherine exist."

Aunt Esther looked modern and wise.

"I have always believed that your Aunt Catherine had a repressed nature," she said, "starved emotionally. Sexually."

Every time she said something like that, Aunt Esther was delighted with herself. It made her feel younger. It paid off Mrs. Winter, who would never have used such terms.

"Well, something's wrong with her," said Janis, "though I think that's rating her a little high. (Please turn to page 104)

The Ringer

By Albert Payson Terhune

SEVERAL magazines formed the base of the little heap of mail on the veranda breakfast-table at the Place that morning. The Mistress and the Master glanced over their letters in desultory fashion, while they ate and chatted.

Now and then the Master would toss a morsel of buttered toast to Lad, the big mahogany-and-snow collie lying on the stone floor beside his chair. The dog scorned to beg; but when something was given him from the plate of either of these two human deities of his, he accepted it with quick relish. Since puppyhood his place at mealtimes had always been on the floor at the Master's left.

Coming to the end of her handful of letters, the Mistress picked up and opened the topmost of the magazines, riffling its pages with no special interest. It was one of the many illustrated dog-periodicals which keep breeders all over the country in touch with one another and with events in the canine world.

"There's a double-page advertisement of the Kingcroft show here," she said presently. "They seem to be trying to make it a second Tuxedo show. This ad says it is to be 'the biggest and most important of the autumn outdoor shows, with the largest premium list on record' and—"

"Most of them have 'the largest premium list on record,'" returned the Master idly, as he tore open another letter. "And I've seldom read of one of them that wasn't due to be 'the biggest and most important,' ever. Anyhow, it won't do us any good. Laddie, here, is the only Sunnybank collie that isn't dead out of coat just now. The rest of them look more like picked chickens that have been sleeping in ragbags, than like show-dogs. It's funny how a collie's looks are made or ruined by the condition of his coat. In full bloom, he's the handsomest dog on earth. Out of coat he looks like a scarecrow."

He stooped to toss Lad another crust of buttered toast, his eyes running appraisingly over the dog's massively graceful body with its wealth of burnished fur.

"If I could borrow Laddie's coat and put it on Bruce or on Treve or Gray Dawn," he mused, "I wouldn't be afraid to show any of the three in the stiffest competition anywhere. Lad, old boy, we promised you, two years ago, that we'd never take you to another dog-show, when we found how you hated shows and how hideously wretched it made you to go to one. Well, we're silly enough to keep our word, even to a fleasome and toast-crunching collie. But—I believe we could clean up with you at Kingcroft, just the same, Laddie."

The big dog was eying the man, with head on one side, his tulip ears up, his deep-set dark eyes alight with puzzled eagerness to understand. His plumed tail thumped the veranda floor vehemently at each mention of his own name.

"We can't even go to the show ourselves, I suppose," went on the Master. "We won't be back from our Canada trip by then. It—"

"Why, here's a frontispiece picture of Laddie!" broke in the Mistress. "A splendid one! How did they ever get it, I wonder. Look!"

She handed the dog magazine across the table to her husband. Its front cover was adorned by the tinted photograph of a magnificent collie. At casual glance, and even on closer inspection, it was a more than tolerable likeness of Sunnybank Lad.

Having won, with "Lad" and "Gray Dawn" and many another collie, many a championship, Mr. Terhune tells, in this story, something of the great shows and of an extraordinary adventure.

Illustrated by Charles Sarka



It had his coloring and markings and his great shaggy coat and his classically chiseled head and even his elusive expression of blended mischief and sternness.

The Master stared at it, blinking. Many a photograph had been taken of Lad, but none in this particular pose. He opened the magazine to the table of contents. Then he grinned ruefully.

"No," he said, "it isn't Lad, though it's a better likeness of him than any we've got. Listen: 'Frontispiece, Brightcliff Bandit, owned by Cassius Malachi Hogan of Delmond, Iowa.' I read about Bandit in the Kennel Gazette last month. He's been doing a lot of winning in the Middle West this season. He must be within a point or two of his championship by now. And it isn't even queer that he looks so much like Lad. He's Laddie's half-brother. They had the same dam. Lots of times, I've seen stronger family resemblance among dogs than I've seen among humans. You remember Hogan, don't you? He ran out here to look at the Sunnybank kennels, when he was East, last spring. He—"

"Of course I remember," said the Mistress. "I asked him to stay to lunch; he broke one of the rock crystal goblets. Indeed I do remember!"

"I had forgotten the broken glass," rejoined the Master. "But I remember he made such funny sounds over soup that Laddie began to growl at him. Lad thought Hogan was trying to tease him. A sweet guest, as I recall it. Most of the dog crowd who drop in here are mighty good fellows. Perhaps that's why Hogan's visit stands out so in our memories."

"Probably. The dogs didn't like him, either."

"Well, anyhow, he's got a grand dog, if this picture is telling the truth. We need more collies like Lad and Brightcliff Bandit—American-breds with clean, strong bodies and clean, strong heads—not spindly imported weaklings with toothpick noses and receding back-skulls. America breeds better collies, today, than all Europe. Lad and Bandit are a proof of it. Well, since we aren't going to be at the Kingcroft show, we won't meet Hogan again. We'll be in Canada before he strikes this part of the country."

But on the very eve of the Canada motor-trip and about a fortnight before the forthcoming Kingcroft show, a visitor dropped

has a way of disappearing when strangers call on us. I'll see if he's still in earshot."

"I liked him when I saw him, the other time I was here," explained Hogan. "He made a hit with me. Then less than a month later, I saw Brightcliff Bandit. He was the image of your Sunnybank Lad. I bought him, and I've been making the round of the summer shows with him, in the Middle West. He lacks only another three-point show to win his championship. But three-point shows for collies aren't very common, in summer, out there. So I've brought him East, and entered him for Ridge-wood and Cornwall and Kingcroft. One of those is dead-sure to be a three-pointer."

The Mistress had taken a silver whistle from her girdle. She blew on it. In response Lad came cantering up from the direction of the lake. Lad did not like strangers. And at a glance this particular semi-stranger had impressed him unfavorably. (Which had no bearing whatever upon Hogan's character, either for good or bad, as there is no more arrant lie than that a dog can size up the nature of any human at first sight. Lad did not care for Hogan's type; that was all.)

He had betaken him toward the lake, in quest of an evening-swim. But the Mistress' whistle had recalled him before he could reach the water. Up the porch steps he bounded, and stood expectant before the woman who had summoned him.

There he posed, in the fading daylight: statuesque, magnificent, his burnished coat in fullest bloom. Hogan eyed him with keen appraisal, then nodded.

"A grand collie!" he vouchsafed. "I've seen few finer. I don't mind confessing he's even a shade better in coat and head than my Brightcliff Bandit, though the two are alike enough to be twins. Ten times as much alike as most dog twins, at that. And they're both in full coat, when nearly every other collie is bare; that's another likeness; are you showing him at Kingcroft?"

"No," said the Mistress, "we never show him nowadays. He hates it so. Besides, we'll be in Canada at the time of the Kingcroft show."

"I'm glad," answered Hogan. "Not that I dodge ordinary competition. But I feel easier about Bandit's three points, now that I know Lad won't be against him."

As he spoke, he walked across to the collie and laid a hand on the silken head. Very gravely and very determinedly Lad drew away from the caress. This man was a guest, and as such, had the privilege of trying to maul and pet him. But Lad's was also the privilege of avoiding the alien's touch. Thus, with what courtesy he might, he turned from Hogan and lay down at the Mistress' feet, his back to the visitor and his tulip ears pressed close to his skull. Lofty disapproval and aloofness were in his every line.

Hogan laughed embarrassedly; but the laughter did not extend to his quizzical eyes. He made no further attempt to touch the unwilling dog, though a dozen times during his brief call he chirped to Lad and spoke to him. To none of these advances did Laddie pay the slightest heed.



Inset above, is Sunnybank Thane, the latest of Mr. Terhune's collies to win a championship—he won no less than thirty-five "Firsts" and "Specials" in the shows last fall.

in at Sunnybank early one evening. The Mistress and the Master were sitting on the porch, watching the afterglow's last faint ashes-of-roses fade out from the lake's waters.

A car came around to the front of the house, disgorging a thick-set man in the flashiest of sport suits. There was light enough for both host and hostess to recognize him as he ran up the steps toward them. The unexpected guest was Cassius Malachi Hogan.

"Hello, folks!" he hailed breezily. "I'm showing at Cornwall tomorrow, and I thought I'd run over to say howdy, and have another look at that big collie of yours, Lad—the one that looks so much like my Bandit."

"Lad was here a minute ago," said the Mistress, after she had greeted the visitor with what cordiality she could muster. "He

"Do you people happen to know Rufus G. Belden, of the Beldencroft collie kennels, at Midwestburg?" asked Hogan as he rose to take his leave.

"Only by name," replied the Master. "I've seen his dogs, once or twice, when he sent them East to the Westminster show at Madison Square Garden, and to the Interstate. He used to send them by a Scotch kennel manager of his—Jamie Mackellar, a good little chap that I took a liking to. He used to show a glorious old collie, a dog named Lochinvar Bobby. But I haven't seen any of that outfit in a couple of years. Why did you ask if I know Belden?"

"Because I've got a bet with him," expounded Hogan. "My Bandit beat his Beldencroft Sahib at the Cleveland show; and Sahib beat Bandit at the Cincinnati show the next week, under a bum judge. That started it. Belden and I got to chewing the rag about our two dogs. Presently Belden went up in the air and said Bandit could never beat Sahib except under some judge who liked me and didn't like Belden. I told him that was all rot. Nineteenth of the collie judges are square, even if not all of them know their job. But when Belden once gets an idea, it sends roots all through him and stays with him forever."

"Do you mean—"

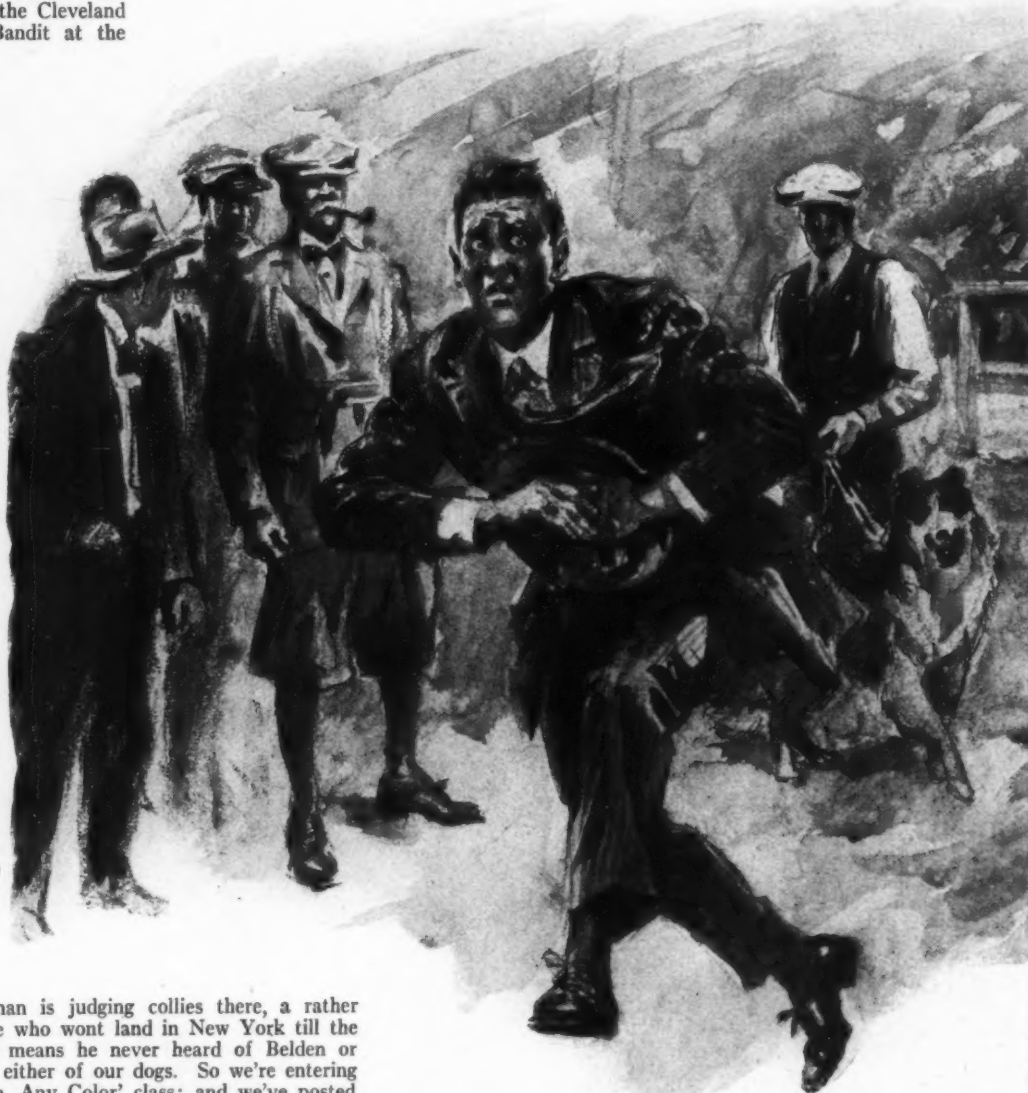
"I mean he thinks the judge was competent and on the level in putting Sahib over Bandit, but that the judge who put Bandit above Sahib was a crook. It wound up by his offering to bet me an even ten thousand dollars that Sahib could beat Bandit under any competent judge who didn't know either of the two dogs by sight and who didn't know either Belden nor me. I took the bet—and I know I can win it. We decided to bring both dogs East to the Kingcroft show. An Englishman is judging collies there, a rather famous British collie judge who won't land in New York till the week of the show. That means he never heard of Belden or of me and never heard of either of our dogs. So we're entering both of them in the 'Open, Any Color' class; and we've posted our certified ten-thousand-dollar checks with *Field & Fancy*. I brought Bandit along East, a month early, to get him acclimated. Not a bad notion, either. Sometimes a high-strung collie gets to moping and goes off his feed, the first few days in a new part of the country."

"I didn't know people made such enormous bets on a dog-show decision," commented the Mistress. "Ten thousand dollars is—"

"Is chicken-feed, to Rufe Belden," finished Hogan. "It's a bit more than I can lose with any great comfort. But I figure I'm not taking any risks. Bandit's the better dog, any way and every way. In Europe there are much bigger wagers, sometimes, on one dog winning over another. And we have some pretty stiff bets on the same thing, here in the States. Well, so long, folks. Wish me luck! I'm glad your dog isn't entered against Bandit at Kingcroft. But I wish you could be there to see me clean up, over Sahib."

"Laddie," said the Mistress, bending down above the huge collie, when the guest had gone, "I don't blame you for not wanting him to pat you. He's an abhorrent sort of person, isn't he? I don't know why I dislike him, but I do. I'm sorry a beautiful dog like Brightcliff Bandit should have such an unpleasant man for an owner. What a pity great dogs can't have great masters!"

In the preparations for their lazy Canadian motor tour, the Sunnybank people all but forgot Cassius Malachi Hogan; nor did he call again on them at Sunnybank. In a dog-paper they read that Bandit got "Winners" and "Best of Breed" at both the



Ridgewood and Cornwall dog-shows, and that the former exhibition was only a one-point show for collies, while the latter carried two points. Bandit still lacked his second and final "three-or-more-point show" which the American Kennel Club rules demand for a championship. But Kingcroft promised to bring out at least three points for collies, perhaps four or even five points.

The Mistress and the Master set off for Canada in due course, leaving Lad lonely and miserably unhappy, as always he was during their few absences from the Place.

Meanwhile, Cassius Malachi Hogan was also undergoing a minor quota of unhappiness. He had established himself at a sporting roadhouse near Paterson, where accommodations for dogs were

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advertised. Every day he groomed and exercised Brightcliff Bandit, and conditioned him for the coming Kingcroft match against Belden's renowned Sahib. But as time went on, a chronic melancholy began to oppress Hogan's buoyant soul.

Certain stocks in which he had a purely marginal interest took to wabbling in a highly erratic way that called for the eternal putting up of more and more margins. A real-estate deal on which he had counted vastly, back at home, fell through. That ten-thousand-dollar wager with Belden began to look bigger and bigger to Hogan. Its winning would do much to haul him out of the temporary financial hole wherein he was floundering. But its

Bandit had slain the memory of the plump tips lavished on the food-preparer. Three days before the Kingcroft show, the climax arrived.

Stung by a fresh demand from his brokers for margins, Hogan strolled out, at breakfast-time, to superintend the feeding of Bandit. At the same instant, the youth-of-all-work was starting for the roadhouse's kennels with a pailful of food for the dogs. He dumped a quantity of the provender into a tin dish and stuck it into Bandit's yard. The collie was hungry after his long early-morning run, and began eating with avidity. As Hogan came up, the dog was crunching blissfully at a bone. The sound made

Hogan spring forward and snatch the bone away from the astonished dog.

That peculiar crunching is well known and dreaded by all dog-men—for that especial sound is made only when a poultry-bone is champed through. And poultry-bones are potential death to all large dogs. These bones, crushed between strong jaws, break up into needle-like slivers which are prone to thrust themselves through the stomachs or throats or intestines of the eaters.

The youth had eked out the breakfast-pail's contents by dumping into it some of the table-scrap from last night's roadhouse dinners—scraps including a quantity of chicken-bones.

By rare luck and swift action Hogan was able to yank the half-crushed mouthful of bones away from his dog before Bandit had time to swallow any of them. Wheeling, he flung the unsavory wad of chewed bones full into the slack-jawed face of the youth. In practically the same set of motions—his temper going to pieces all at once—Hogan drove his thudding left fist into that same slack-jawed face, sending the boy rolling over and over in the muddy yard, and he yelled lurid curses at him as the victim crawled to his feet and slunk into the house.

Followed a wrathful dialogue with the roadhouse's proprietor, in which the vials of Hogan's wrath were scattered over the whole establishment. The scene ended with the proprietor ordering the sobbing and raging handy-boy to get his things together and clear out. Then, somewhat mollified, Hogan prepared a new dish of food

for Bandit. After which he went indoors to his own breakfast.

He sat long over his meal, and over the financial pages of the morning paper, which brought him scant ease of mind. By the time he finished breakfast and strolled out again to Bandit's kennel yard, the slack-jawed boy had departed. But the boy had had a full half-hour in which to do other things—things to ease his aching chin and his loosened teeth and to sate his impotent hatred against the man who had hit him and who had made him lose a good job.

Bandit trotted forward to greet his owner as usual. But Hogan halted as though stricken to stone and peered in dumb horror at his dog. The slack-jawed youth had worked fast and to much purpose.

(Please turn to page 140)



In the wink of an eye Lad turned. Ever-obedient, and suddenly remembering his own black wrongs, he flew at the terrified Hogan.

losing would come unpleasantly close, just now, to wiping him out.

With ever-increasing care and skill he groomed Bandit's splendid coat. With equal care he supervised the collie's meed of daily exercise and of ring-rehearsals. Nervously he watched Bandit's diet.

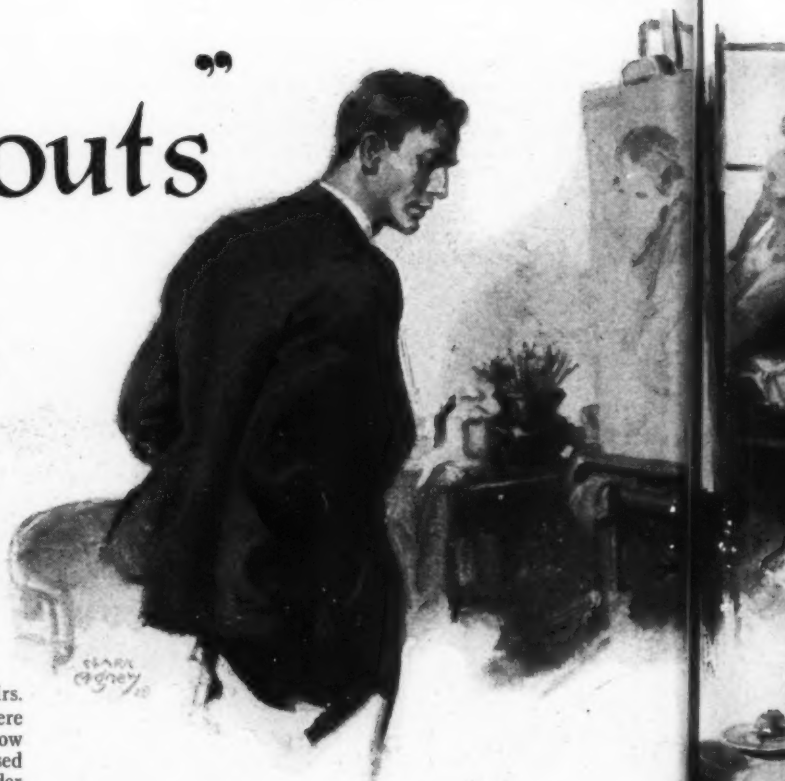
The feeding of the dogs boarded at the roadhouse was in charge of a slack-jawed youth who was also handy-boy around the inn itself. Hogan's liberal tips made the lad's slack mouth gape with joy, but Hogan's eternal nagging as to proper food for his dog made the same slack mouth curl with annoyance. Man and boy were not on overfriendly terms, as the date drew near for the Kingcroft show. Hogan's chidings at ill-cooked fare for

"Good Scouts"

By
Katharine Brush

Illustrated by Clark Agnew

The distinguishing mark of the younger generation today is not rebellion so much as "disillusionment with their own rebellion." The author of "Glitter" clearly perceives this.



LAST night's lipstick was still on the mouth of young Mrs. Avery Brett when she woke; and last night's cocktails were torture inside her temples. She had fought against waking. Now that the fight was lost, she lay as motionless as before, with closed eyes. She wondered what time it was, but she did not wonder much, and to look and see would certainly not be worth while. The time didn't matter. Nothing at all mattered at all on a morning like this—except possibly ice-water. . . .

"Avery?"

"Mm!"

"Get me some water?"

Young Mr. Brett emitted a moan. "Somebody get *me* some!"

After an interval he stirred in his bed, and sat up. And swore expertly. "Head," he added in explanation. "Help! How many did I *have*?"

Ann Brett did not answer. She did not know. She did not know how many she herself had had, but she knew it must have been a great many. She lifted her lashes heavily, and gazed down the quilt. There beyond the end of it noon was blazing in, between taffeta curtains that were, she perceived, the wrong green. Quite the wrong green.

"What I want to know is," Avery was saying, "what was it all *about*? Do you remember?"

His wife had thrown a white bare arm across her eyes. Below it her painted mouth curled a little, like a poppy petal withering. "Nothing," she said wearily. "It's never about anything. Is it? We just—do it."

"Mm," said Avery. "We—and several million other people."

"That doesn't justify us."

"No. I suppose not."

They were silent a moment. And the little clock on the table between their beds was very loud.

"Well—" said Avery, as one changing the subject. He swung his feet to the floor and with them groped for slippers, while his arms sought, backward, the sleeves of a dressing-gown. He rose, shrugging it on, knotting the cord. A large young man, broad of shoulder, and personable, with brown curly hair.

"I'll get you that water, shall I?"

"Please. With ice."

She lay still when he went, but her grim mind followed him through the rooms beyond. She knew so well how they looked this morning. The studio, littered with ashes and glasses and half-eaten sandwiches, with bottles, and phonograph records, and cards. . . . Who had won that last double-rubber, anyway? And in the kitchen more glasses were standing, dozens, with cigarettes drowned in their dregs; and the sink would be full of orange-pulp, and lemon-skins, and forks, and the shells of all the countless eggs Bill Cleeve had taxied out to buy, for scrambling, at three A. M. . . .

"Let me *die*!" thought Ann Brett.

She pulled herself upright and sat in bed, with her arms crossed

on her propped knees. Soon she violently sneezed; and this reminded her that the room was cold, its windows all wide open. In mules with clattering satin heels, and a peach-colored velvet robe, she went about closing them. And when it was done she sat down before her dressing-table mirror and stared at herself—at her mouth, at her skin, at her eyes. Especially the eyes.

She was still intent upon them when Avery entered; bearing water in a tall amber glass. "I had to *wash* one!" he announced indignantly. "And there's not a particle of ice in the place! Where's that idiot maid?"

"She left," said Ann. "Don't you remember?"

"When?"

"Last night. In the midst of things. Corralled me in the hall and said she was leaving. I told you, at the time."

"Leaving—why?"

"Why do they all? Sooner or later."

She still stared at herself, her chin on her hands; and though Avery had set the glass down at her elbow, she made no move to take it. "Fools," she said softly, and caught her breath. "Oh, we're such *fools*!" She shook her mused dark head, and tilted her face so her fingers hid it. "I sound 'morning-after,' and probably that's all it is—but oh, Avery, *why* do we do it? Night after night. What does it *get* us?"

Avery looked uncomfortable. He sat on the edge of his bed, regarding his outstretched slippers, and scowling slightly. "Nothing, of course," he said.

"Then why don't we *quit*?"

Avery's big shoulders lifted, and fell.

"We're 'good scouts,'" he said somewhat bitterly, after a while.

"Professional good scouts. Every son-of-a-gun who wants a party heads for this place like—a like a homing bird."

"I know," sighed Ann.

She took her hands from her face—dropped them, inert, on the cool plate glass. "And look what it's doing to us."

"We're all right," Avery said—but without conviction.

Ann's tired voice went on: "We had everything. Youth, and brains, and ambition, and talent. . . . We thought we were going to be world-beaters, didn't we? Remember when we were married, all the—castles in Spain? And look at us. Look at your work. You used to paint for the joy of it, and everybody thought you showed the most marvelous promise. Now you paint when you have to, to pay the butcher. Or the bootlegger. You paint for pay—commercial art—you, who could do *anything*! And then you sit back, satisfied—till we're broke again."

The room was quite still.



Avery began to rove the room. Ann watched him. . . . There was that quart bottle; he kept passing it—when he saw it, she almost said, "Ah-h-h!"

"And I," Ann continued, by and by. "I never play any more; I only bang ragtime. I haven't practiced—since I can remember. Every day I say, 'Tomorrow I will,' and then when tomorrow comes I'm tired, or there's a crowd, or I have a hangover—"

In the mirror her face was drawn, and her eyes were big and dark, haunted with the ghosts of dreams. "And once—I used to think I'd—*be* somebody." She made a little hopeless, helpless gesture with her hands. "Like you."

The scowl between Avery's brows was definite now. He did not stir or speak.

"And I'm losing my looks," Ann said starkly, after a pause.

That roused him. His head jerked up. "Don't be silly!" he protested.

"But it's true. I look—thirty, already. And I'm not quite twenty-five. Oh," she cried out in sudden panic, "Avery, let's do something about it! Let's—"

She had almost said, "—go on the wagon," but she checked the words. They were familiar words, and threadbare, a sorry family joke. "Let's *really* do something," she substituted.

"I'm willing," said Avery, low.

She turned in her chair to scrutinize him, and saw that he was in earnest, thoroughly in earnest now, as she was. His eyes were fixed, alight, and the line of his chin was hard. She had forgotten he could look like that.

"You're right," he said. "You're perfectly right. We're—throwing ourselves away. And for *what*? For a bunch of crazy fair-weather friends that don't mean a damn' thing. People that if we never saw again, it would be too soon. I tell you, Ann,"—he was telling her now, in an argumentative voice,—"*it's* not worth it! And it's very damn' near high time we cut it out!"

"That's what I think," said Ann.

"Well, *let's*, then!"

Ann nodded.

"We mean it," she said, "this time. Don't we? Oh, Avery, I'm so glad!"

They discussed it at length, sitting side by side on the edge of Avery's bed. They had had their last drink. From this moment on, neither was to touch a drop—for a year at least. They would notify all their friends. "And we won't even serve anything," said Ann, "when they come. Think of the money we'll save!"

Gravely they took up the question of light wines and beers, and voted no. "We might as well make it a teetotal job," Avery said.

One of them mentioned New Year's Eve, which was imminent, and they decided to spend it with Avery's Methodist mother in Upper Montclair. They grew, as these plans matured, exceedingly pleased with themselves, and a (*Please turn to page 134*)

The Girl from God's Mercie

By
William Byron Mowery

Illustrated by
Frank Schoonover

Here follows the most impressive climax in all this moving novel of the modern Far North—a novel written by a man who has himself lived the life of that far and changing frontier.

The Story So Far:

WHEN Frances Barton first met Clarke, she was traveling north by airplane beyond the northern Manitoba railway terminal—journeying to meet and marry Harl Armstrong, a reindeer ranchman. Her life had been only too eventful: Born in a North Woods Indian village,—where her mother had been abandoned by the fur-trader with whom she had eloped,—Frances had been running wild with the Indian children after her hapless mother's death, when she was discovered by the missionary "Bishop" Barton, who had taken her home to his wife. After his death, years later, Armstrong, to whom she had become engaged, sent her to Illinois to college while he made his daring reindeer venture in the White Wolf Hills. And this had been a hard pull for Armstrong; for he had the burden of repaying an insurance company money collected by his worthless and faithless—and now divorced—wife under the supposition that he had perished in the Arctic. And now, in spite of the strong ties that bound Frances to Harl Armstrong, and in spite of the scientist Stanley Clarke's preoccupation with his collecting expedition to this Hudson Bay country, a flame was somehow kindled between Frances and Clarke.

Armstrong was waiting to meet them at Kez-Etawney at the end of the airplane flight where the canoe voyage was to start, and they found he was threatened by serious trouble among his Indian helpers. And that evening when the party was returning from a fishing excursion, Armstrong's half-breed major-domo Paul Groudin drew him aside and sought to plant in his mind suspicion of Clarke and Frances.

They found at Fort Kinlay the factor Hubbell, his assistant Radisson St. Cyr, and "Lucky" Avery, an airplane pilot recuperating from wounds in the North. The place was aquiver with excitement over a dance to be held that evening—and over the presence of the renegade subchief Bull Back-fat and his band of brutal outlaw Indians. Sure enough, the chief soon asked for trouble by preempting a narrow sidewalk ahead of Mrs. Avery. Harl Armstrong promptly knocked him down; and when his braves cocked their rifles, Clarke bluffed them back with an automatic.

That night Frances' last dance was the Lady's Choice and she

Unscathed, Stanley reached Harl, lifted him bodily in his arms, and stumbled back into the storage shed.

chose Stanley Clarke for partner. But after she had gone to her tent, and Clarke was walking alone outside, he was set upon by Méti Paul and four Indians, carried bound into the woods, and was about to be murdered when he was rescued by Armstrong and St. Cyr. After that—both Clarke and Frances felt they owed Armstrong too much to allow their own feelings to interfere with his happiness. And the following evening, at God's Mercie, a clergyman read the marriage service for Harl and Frances.

Next day, however, when Armstrong and Frances had set out with their Indian and 'breed helpers for Harl's ranch, Clarke learned that Harl's rebellious men were plotting against him. At once Clarke posted after to warn and aid them, and overtook them at their camp that night. And next morning his message proved only too true—for in the night the Indians, except loyal old Winter Sun, had deserted after smashing their boats.

They decided that to push on to Harl's ranch would be a risk less than the up-river journey back to God's Mercie. But they were followed and repeatedly attacked by Bull Back-fat and the Indians to whom Méti Paul had deserted. Now at last, after savage fighting and hazardous shipwreck, they sighted, low and hazy in the far distance, the White Wolf Hills. Hurrying on till twilight, they stopped at the mouth of a small creek; and there, in a luxuriant little glade of poppies and moss and soft lush grasses, they made their last camp. (*The story continues in detail.*)

CROUCHED on one knee while he headed the motor-canoe out over the White Wolf Lake, Stanley was gazing ruefully across the smooth waters to the northern shore. There Harl's ranch had nestled in the lee of the shepherd hills; there was Trail End, the goal of their long journey. The Mother of Rivers had brought them to their destination; but what a homecoming for Harl—a blackened, fire-swept desolation overhung by a pall of smoke!



In the middle of the canoe Harl sat staring across the lake, silent, his face as hard and gray as stone. He had taken the blow without a word, but it had staggered and dazed him. A great wave of pity for him swept through Stanley. Harl was sick at heart; his fighting courage seemed broken; he seemed a man who did not greatly care to live. Again, as during their first meeting at Kez-Etawney, Stanley was struck by that sense of the tragic clinging to Harl Armstrong. In everything he did, Harl seemed to be hounded by unmerited disasters and singled out for blind crushing accidents.

When Frances first glimpsed the blackened shore and realized that the ranch was destroyed, she burst into tears, overwhelmed by the ruin of all Harl had built up in those lonely years of work. But she checked herself and crept up beside Harl and slipped her small hand into his. Something of the harshness left Harl's face as his fingers tightened upon hers. The thought came to Stanley that this disaster, calling out the noblest in Frances, would draw her nearer to Harl and help her through the bleak months ahead.

He was tempted to speak to Harl and remind him that with the power of money behind him he could build the ranch again and build it even better than it was. But he kept silent. That morning Frances had had a word alone with him; she had told him something surprising and alarming about Harl. In the light of what she said, Stanley judged it wiser to efface himself completely, what time he still was with them.

With the canoe dancing steadily closer, the details of the destruction began to unfold. The whole shore, from landwash back to the hills, from the White Wolf River to a creek a mile west, had been swept by fire—so recently that clumps of grass and

vetch still sent up wisps of smoke. The corrals had been pulled down, the poles flung in heaps and burned. In the stone inclosures the great stacks of native hay, laboriously harvested by cradle and hand-rake to tide over the perilous March thaws, had been burned. The fox-runs and sheds housing the precious vixens and their black consorts had been demolished, and the animals—a fortune to Harl—had been killed or turned back to the wild.

Most pitiful, most infuriating of all—scattered over the blackened pasturage lay grotesque huddles of slaughtered reindeer. In a frenzy of killing, the Indians had shot scores of the meek defenseless animals, had trapped entire bands in the suffocating flames, had driven others into the lake and speared them. Straight ahead, at the wave-edge, lay a magnificent white bull caribou, old Skuli's saddle-animal, with a Tinneh spear thrust through him and carrion gulls pecking at him.

And the home to which Harl was bringing Frances, the house he had built of fragrant spruces and pines rafted down from the timber country, was a heap of smoldering ashes and charred black stones. . . .

A pistol-shot inland Stanley saw a small igloo-shaped structure of heavy rocks and massive logs, built partly below ground level. Of all the buildings on the ranch this one alone had escaped destruction. Stanley guessed what it was and why the Indians had not ventured near enough to fire it.

He said to old Winter Sun quietly: "That must be where Tyece Harl keeps his dynamite, his 'earthquake sticks!' Did he keep his gasoline drums there too?"

Old Winter Sun nodded. Stanley thought: "It's eighty-odd miles to Avery's place. We've got no wind or current to help us, but if we had a drum of gasoline—if it's safe to land here—"

He studied the shore cautiously, suspiciously. A rock ravine four hundred yards east from the storage-shed was the nearest covert where men could be in ambush. That was too far for effective shooting, and he believed the cowardly subchief and his men would never try to attack across that open, fire-swept level.

On east across the pretty White Wolf River, the Indians had burned the snug cabins Harl had built for them, and at the edge of a dank marsh area they had pitched their leather tepees. A dozen of the slaughtered caribou had been dragged ashore and flensed, and several fires kindled. But the feasting orgy had got so far and no farther—something had stopped it, something had happened. A strange sense of gloom seemed to hang over the



whole encampment. A few yellow crackies slunk between the tepees and fought at the carcasses. Not a woman or a child could Stanley see. Nearly a score of men wandered about at the camp edge, beating drums and throwing dust into the air.

Old Winter Sun's eyes narrowed as he studied them; and finally he grunted: "Huh! They drive devils away. They beat *sowyunga*—throw dust in devils' eyes."

Stanley failed to notice the remark. He was thinking: "Bull Back-fat has probably been reinforced by some of Harl's Indians. With a dozen canoes after us, we might never reach Avery's place. But if we had a drum of gas, we'd skim away from them; we'd be out of danger once and for all."

He asked old Winter Sun, whose judgment he knew was good: "Do you think it's safe to land here and go up to the shed?"

The old Indian studied the rock ravine and the long distance of level ground. Finally he nodded, confirming Stanley's own judgment. Without hesitation Stanley drove the canoe into the shallows. . . .

Harl stood up in the boat, gazing around him at the smoldering heaps of ashes and charred stones which once had been his home and corrals and ranch buildings. For a reason which no one but himself could understand, the blow at first had nearly broken his will to fight on. It seemed to him he was confronted with the symbol of failure and defeat. Since boyhood his life had been a struggle against disasters, and sometimes he had wondered whether it was meant for him ever to rise above them. This question, however fatalistic to others, had been very real to him. And it seemed answered now: he had pinned all his faith to his ranch; now it lay in front of him, ashes and ruin.

But his reaction had set in; his courage was rising again. He was whispering to himself: "They've done their worst now. It can't stop this work of mine. I won't be alone this time; Frances'll be here."

He began planning swiftly, thinking of hard practical things.

"They probably killed all my home herd; it was handy here, and small. But the big east herd is half a day's travel away, and the north herd is thirty miles back in the hills. It isn't likely Bull Back-fat's had time to destroy them. They'll break and scatter; I've got to save them."

He thought: "Bull Back-fat has had free rein here with my Indians, but now I'm back. They've killed and burned and destroyed, and their genius for that must be near satisfied. They burn out quick at anything, like a kid dropping a toy. If Stanley and I had half a dozen men on our side, we'd whip the whole pack; we'd knock 'em all into line—"

Of the men working for him, he knew there were seven or eight who would jump to him if they had a good chance. They were the younger men, youthful and plastic enough to have felt his influence and been shaken free from primitive tribal ways. With his herds scattering to the winds, hours were precious; it was his business to give those younger men a chance to throw in again with him. He decided to go up to the storage shed and palaver them from there.

As Stanley grounded the boat, Harl said: "I'm going up there with you."

Stanley turned, puzzled. "But why? It'll take me just a minute to get the drum. You'd better stay here with—"

Harl said: "It's safest for us to keep together. We'll all four go. There's a couple extra rifles in the shed; we'll all be armed then."

Stanley looked at him sharply. Harl's act seemed inexplicable. What was his motive in wanting to go up there? Stanley glanced questioningly at old Winter Sun. The old Indian nodded curtly that there was no danger.

As they stepped ashore and started for the storage shed, Stanley walked a little apart, studying Harl, uneasily trying to read the man's mind. Frances' words that morning, confiding to him that Harl felt the truth between them, had opened an abyss at Stanley's

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The old Indian opened the motor to a throbbing hum; he skimmed out from shore, leaving the paddle craft helplessly behind.

Against the other wall a splendid musk-ox robe was spread over a low earthen shelf; and on the robe lay several *pacquetons* of tightly-baled furs: mink, fisher, cross fox, martens as light as bank-notes, one huge wolf skin snow-white from nose to tail, and dark Keewatin otter so rich and soft and beautiful that Stanley lifted and touched and stroked them. He remembered that Harl, who had to watch his dollars, had mentioned holding back these precious furs till fall in hopes of a higher price that would clear him of trade debts.

Harl had scarcely noticed the furs; he had gone to the east door and was standing there, look-

ing out; but Frances came and touched Stanley's arm and suggested:

“Don't you think we could take these with us, Stanley? They're light, and they are worth so much. Méti Paul or the Indians might steal them before Harl can get back.”

Stanley nodded, and together he and she hastily began tying the *pacquetons* into larger bundles for carrying. When they had finished, Stanley straightened up and said:

“Harl, we're ready. Hadn't we better be leaving now?”

No answer came. He whirled around. The doorway was empty.

“Good heavens! What—where—” In astonishment Stanley leaped across the dim room, with a foreboding of disaster clutching at him. At that instant a warning yell from old Winter Sun came to his ears. He reached the door. He saw Harl standing in the sunlight a few yards outside. On the east, at the ravine edge, several younger Indian men had climbed out into full view, and Harl was making signs to them for a palaver.

“Harl!” Stanley's voice was sharp with anger. “Get back here, for God's sake! What are you—”

His sentence was cut short by the bark of a rifle, thrice repeated. A bullet whanged past his throat and splatted into the wall opposite. One hundred yards west of the ravine, from the hiding of a fire-charred boulder, a tiny cloudlet of white rose up, where an Indian marksman had lain—where old Winter Sun had spotted him and yelled warning.

Harl staggered at the bark of the rifle and caught at himself, his right leg giving way. He braced himself by a magnificent effort; he turned; he tried to make it to the door. But his leg crumpled; he went down to his knees. . . .

The Indian marksman sprang from his hiding—a demoniac figure blackened with soot and ash to the color of the fire-blackened earth—and scurried back toward the gully. It was a fatal mistake; he was caught in a swath of death,—cut down by the bullets

of his own confederates,—and fell in a tumbled twisting heap. For Stanley had leaped outside, flinching at the deadly sing-song whining past him from a dozen rifles farther down in the ravine. Unscathed by this distant fire, he reached Harl, stooped, lifted him bodily in his arms, and stumbled back again into the storage shed, with those rifles snarling at him in a fury of disappointment. . . .

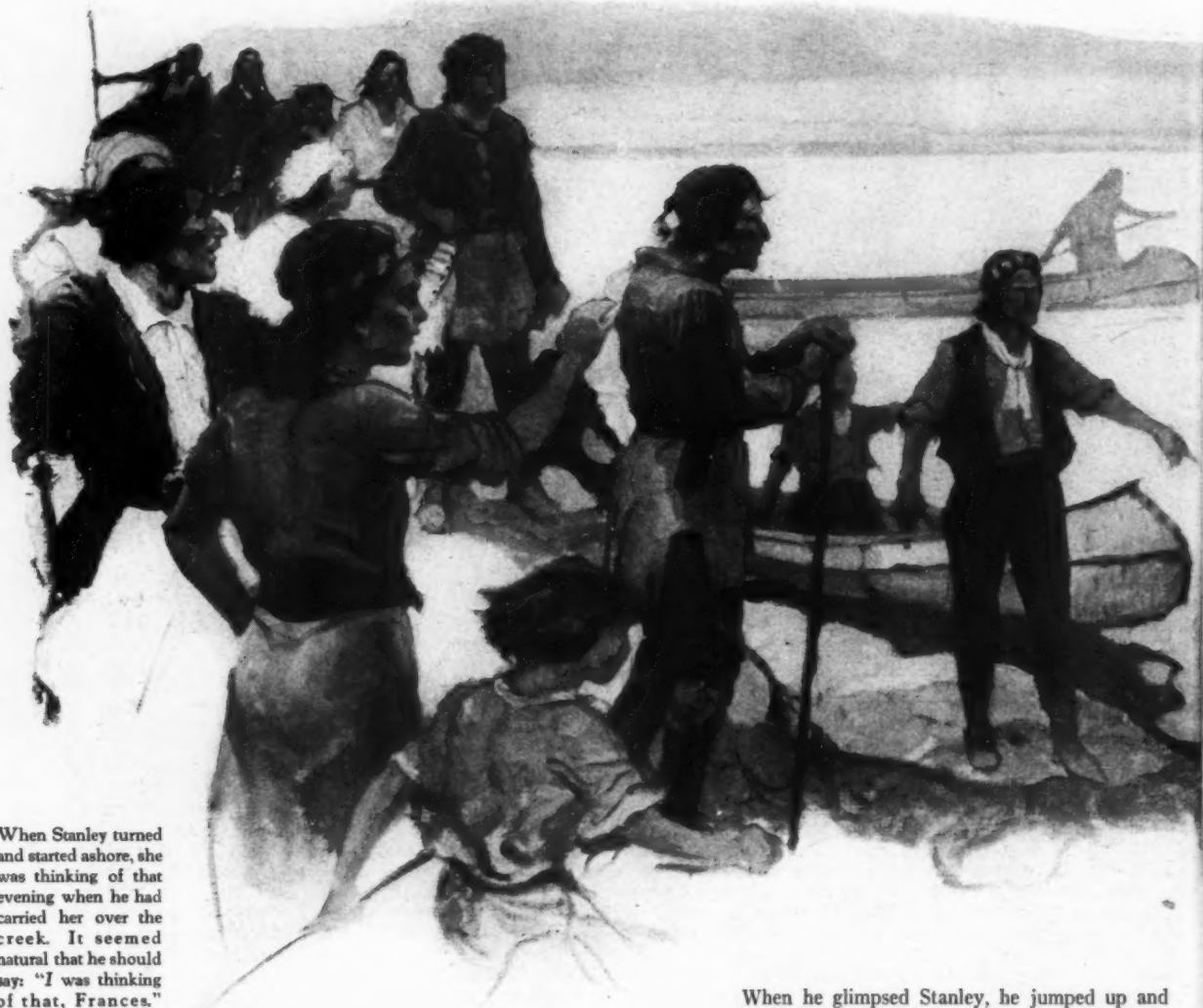
The shooting died away raggedly. In the silence old Winter Sun was shouting again, but Stanley scarcely heard him. Harl was limp in his arms, gasping—a man hard hit. Carrying him to

can stop it easily. . . . He'll have to lie quiet, . . . There's a bolt of cloth in those trade goods—"

With quick skilled fingers he pressed above the wound, locating the right spot; and when Frances had knotted a tourniquet, he applied it, tightened it.

It was not until then that he paid any heed to Winter Sun's shouts. Aware of them now, aware something more was wrong, he stepped over to the west door and looked down toward the lake.

Old Winter Sun had shoved off and started the motor, and forty yards offshore he was driving the boat in short circles.



When Stanley turned and started ashore, she was thinking of that evening when he had carried her over the creek. It seemed natural that he should say: "I was thinking of that, Frances."

the bench while Frances flung the *pacquetons* aside, he helped Harl lie back on the musk-ox robe; and bending down, his voice jerky, he asked:

"Harl, where did they get you?"

Harl had covered his face with his hands. Slowly he took them away and looked up at Stanley. He tried to rouse himself and sit up; he managed to point to his right leg; but weak and groggy with pain and bullet-shock, he lapsed back, turning his face to the wall.

Stanley slit the trouser-leg and disclosed the wound. It was bleeding badly; the muscles were torn by the soft-nosed bullet, but the bone had not been shattered. It surprised Stanley, and brought a gasp of relief to his lips, to find the wound was not dangerous.

He turned to Frances: "We've got to stop that bleeding. We

When he glimpsed Stanley, he jumped up and gesticulated frantically. Glancing where he pointed, east along the shallows, Stanley saw the cause of his warning and of his strange maneuvering. From the mouth of the White Wolf River four leather canoes had darted out; they were laden with men, and they bristled with rifle barrels; they were skirling straight for the lone old Indian to capture the motorboat. Caught between this danger and the necessity of waiting for his party, old Winter Sun was in a desperate situation.

As he estimated distances Stanley saw it would be running a gantlet of death for him to carry Harl and try to make the boat now. And he knew that any rough exertion or jostling might start that fatal bleeding again. He could scarcely think what to do.

Harl called: "Stanley, take Frances and run for the boat. They'll cut you off if you don't. I can't make it. You and Avery can come back for me. They won't come into this place!"

Stanley did not even answer. If Harl stayed, they stayed with him.

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The thought flashed into his head that here in this little fortress, with Frances helping him, with dynamite, with rifles and cartridges now, they could beat off the Indians indefinitely. And he acted instantly on the thought. Jumping outside in full view, he waved old Winter Sun to swing away, to escape those canoes, to whip out upon the open lake. Then, repeating the command again and again, he made a sign to circle and cut east—east to Avery's place and bring rescue.

The old Indian understood, and opened the motor to a throbbing hum; and with little white spurts striking the water around him,

was kneeling beside him, caressing his forehead, whispering softly to him.

Stanley said encouragingly: "Harl, he slipped away from them; he circled east; he's heading for Avery's place. We're safe here."

Harl moved a little and looked up at him. "But I wish you'd gone—had taken Frances and gone, Stanley."

There was a curious note in his voice. Wondering at his pallor, Stanley bent to look at the wound. Harl tried to stop him.

"Don't—it's all right; let me lie quiet, Stanley. That's best—for me—now—"



he skimmed out from shore toward lake center, leaving the paddle craft helplessly behind.

Watching, Stanley saw him begin to veer, a thousand yards out, and swing around till he was headed straight east. The baffled canoes stopped pursuit and straggled back one by one to the mouth of the river. In a few minutes the speeding motorboat had dwindled to a small black object that finally vanished altogether; and Stanley's eyes, searching the mirrory water, saw nothing but a marsh harrier, with a limp white kittiwake in its talons, flapping heavily toward the great swamp-lands westward.

Then he turned and stepped out of the sunshine into the dim chill room.

Harl was lying very quietly on the musk-ox robe, no longer breathing heavily. Frances had made a pillow of her jacket and

Stanley said: "Frances, will you watch the rock ravine a few moments? Keep back, out of sight; don't expose yourself."

Gently overruling Harl, he examined the wound. The tourniquet had done its work; the bleeding had almost stopped. Reassured, he covered the wound again and drew a flap of the musk-ox robe over Harl to keep out the chill.

For the first time since he had whirled and seen the empty doorway, he was able to look back on what had happened. A question came to his lips: "Harl, why did you go outside and give them that chance at you?"

A nameless feeling swept over him that something was wrong beyond that wound of flesh and blood; and he looked at Harl narrowly. But Harl's eyes met his calmly, and Stanley for a little while longer was deceived.

Chapter Twenty-two

IN the rock ravine four hundred yards east, Méti Paul with a rifle in his lap crouched aloof from the Indians, watching them make their preparations for the attack on the storage shed.

With some of his men bringing logs and poles from the bridge that Harl had flung over the White Wolf River, Bull Back-fat was directing the others at a hurried task—building a shield which would enable his Indians to cross that deadly open ground in safety and kill the lone white man and seize the girl.

Méti Paul had no intention of throwing in definitely with either party—till he saw beyond all doubt which side was destined to win. He was too cautious, too superstitious. His luck seemed to be out. He had tried to split Tye Harl and the stranger Clarke. He had tried to kill Clarke. Above the Devil's Gullet at the *décharge* niche, he had strung taut wires under the water and shunted the motor canoe into the fearful *chute*; but even that deadliest and surest of traps had miserably failed.

If this attack came to nothing, he intended—the moment the Indians had broken—to kill half a dozen of them and so prove to the whites he had been loyal all along. If that proof did not convince, he had a certain weapon over them which they knew nothing about and which must insure his safety.

But if the Indians won, he intended to go with the pack to their camp in the *gros morais* and become their leader. Under the ignorant subchief whose thoughts ran to young *squaw-siches*, they had done only petty thievery—fur-path stealing, and dogs, and occasionally a girl from a Yellow-knife camp. Méti Paul harbored more ambitious plans. He knew of isolated trading posts west and south in that rich fur country; of *komatik* loads of precious peltry coming down from the Coastal hills; of lone trappers who hoarded their savings of years beneath the slab floors of their shacks. In a season he could make a small fortune, and when the Yellow-stripes got too hot on his trail, he would vanish.

Though he could understand Bull Back-fat's long hatred of Tye Harl, Méti Paul was entirely contemptuous of his infatuation for the white girl. He recognized it for what it was—an obsession, a poison in his mind that had mounted almost to an insanity. He had resolved, if the Indians won, to encompass Bull Back-fat's death in some neat swift manner, and send the girl out to safety. For one reason—if he should ever be caught, such an act would undoubtedly save him from the noose, while if he detained her, her disappearance would raise the hunt from Fullerton to the Rivière Mackenzie; the Yellow-stripes would fling out whole detachments after her, and the peltry business would be distinctly perilous then.

With this fur piracy in prospect, he was inclined to hope the attack would succeed; and he expected it to. An hour ago the Indians had been afraid of the "earthquake sticks," afraid of the strange white man's whispered magic, and daunted by the affliction which had struck their camp. But now they were flinging themselves into the preparations. The shooting of Tye Harl had worked a miraculous change in them. One of their number, their best marksman, had crept out upon the open ground, following a tiny rain-wash to the boulder, and had actually shot Tye Harl when he stepped out of the shed to parley with them. With their own eyes they had seen the Tye stagger like a buck hard hit, and fall, and be dragged into the shed, where probably he was dying. So their medicine must be stronger than that of the whites! The thought was a subtle encouragement, all-powerful in their primitive minds, or they would never have faced the "earthquake sticks" and a daytime attack.

Bull Back-fat was driving them to the work. He knew what it meant for the old headman to be clipping east in the *chug-chug* canoe; and he was wasting no time in ending this business. The craft would make the trip there in five hours at most. The roaring air-devil would return in less than an hour; it was swifter than Blue-Belly the fox, swifter even than Kir-i-loo the plover, and it carried a *rat-tat-tatting* death in its nose. He had to strike and be gone; when owl dusk came that evening, he must be far west of the White Wolf Hills, entering the oblivion of the great marsh country with his prisoner.

FROM the door of the storage shed, where he had been sitting through the blackest period of his life, Stanley looked across to the rock gully and saw a strange object, like a huge wooden shield, climb out of the ravine and appear in full sight on the open ground.

He was still dazed and numbed by his discovery of the minute before. In alarm at Harl's growing weakness, he had stooped down beside the bench and realized that Harl had been shot twice. Harl sent Frances away and whispered: "No need in her knowing—till

she must." And taking Stanley's hand, he laid it on his breast—and Stanley knew that Harl was fatally wounded, dying. . . .

"Keep it from her, Stanley. . . . She's suffered enough for me. . . . Let me slip away." And Stanley had kept it—because it was Harl's wish.

Yonder at the rock ravine the strange object began to move forward, advancing by short jerky motions; and now Stanley saw that it was a breastwork of logs, shoved along by poles or on small rollers.

Behind him in the room Frances was kneeling beside the couch, talking softly to Harl. Harl lay silent, his hand caressing her hair.

Stanley heard Frances coming up behind him, and she whispered: "Stanley! He's less conscious than he was. He's so quiet—and so terribly pale. Is there nothing we can do?"

Stanley shook his head. He tried to lie, to reassure Frances, but he could not.

Frances whispered again: "Stanley, why did he go out there? I can't understand it of him. It was like walking into his own death. . . . He must have been overwhelmed by all this destruction, and didn't realize—"

Stanley thought: "And you—you're asking that question too!" He felt that Frances was groping toward an answer which he was beginning to see more and more clearly. He tried to shield her from that appalling thought. "I think they must have lured him out by an offer to parley; I think he trusted them—or refused to be afraid."

Yonder on the open ground Frances saw the curious object, and she realized what it was. She pointed to it, and Stanley nodded that he too had seen and understood.

Clumsy though it was, the Indians were shoving it along at a quick jerky pace. There must be eight or nine men behind it to move it along so easily.

SEVERAL hundred yards north up the rock ravine four Indians had crawled from the gully and were creeping out across the level ground, taking what advantage they could of the tiny rain-washes and rocks laid bare by the gutting flames. They were nearly naked; blackened with ashes, they were so inconspicuous that Stanley wondered how Frances, who first sighted them, had ever happened to notice them.

He knew that the big muscular figure in front was Bull Back-fat, leading three of his chosen men. Frances whispered:

"Stanley, they're going to creep around to the west; when we're having to fight these others away from the door, they intend to come at us from the other side."

Stanley said: "I thought it was unlike that subchief to come up, even behind that shelter-work, when he knows I might be able to throw a lucky stick of dynamite. He's persuaded these others that there's no danger, but he himself is taking no chances." He drew Frances back a little way, bidding her: "Don't let those four see you. They're counting on taking us by surprise. Maybe they'll be a little bolder if they think that!"

Turning to the dynamite boxes, he drew two cartridges out of the sawdust packing, and opened the box of caps and fuse beside it. He was altogether inexperienced with the fearsome stuff; but studying it carefully a few moments, he went ahead. After testing a piece of fuse to make sure it was fresh, he cut two lengths from the coil, as short as he could light and hurl with safety. Then, gingerly "pulling" the caps between his teeth, he planted them in the cartridges and affixed the fuses.

"I'll take this side; I'll handle this pack over here. With the dynamite—if I'm lucky. You go to the other door with your rifle; you're as good a shot as I; you watch those four men. Let them get close. And then, then don't flinch—when it comes to pulling the trigger on them!"

He drew out the automatic Harl once had given him and handed it to her. "You ought to have this, Frances. If they put me out of it, don't let yourself fall into their hands!"

Frances knew, far better than he did, the actual future he was asking her not to accept. Stanley's words brought her a memory, which all the years since had not veiled, of squalid leather tepees on the shore of a Great Barrens lake, of a camp hidden deep in the heart of the illimitable muskeg, of that primitive existence of brute hungers and cruelty and degradation of which she had once been a part.

Stanley turned away and stepped over to the rough couch.

As he bent down, he saw how fast the minutes had gone, and how very few remained. He knelt and gently took Harl's hand.

"Stanley, they must be going to attack; I saw you there. . . . The dynamite and rifles—"

"No, they're still hiding in the ravine. (Please turn to page 145)

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Handwriting Reveals What?

A surprising statement by David N. Carvalho, rising from his long experience as expert in the greatest handwriting cases, both civil and criminal, which ever came to trial. And the story of one of his best bits of detection.

By
Claire Carvalho
and
Boyden Sparkes

GRAPHOLOGY was a word abhorrent to David N. Carvalho. This was so because he was annoyed frequently by persons who could not see the distinction between his position, as an expert on disputed documents, and that of the corps of character-readers who based their guesses on the handwriting of their subjects.

"Your outstanding character-trait," he wrote in reply to one of the many women who submitted a specimen of her handwriting with a request for him to judge her character, "is gullibility. I know this is so, not from the fashion in which your letters are formed, but from the fact that you have offered to pay me for doing the impossible."

Until the end of his life my father continued to deny that character was revealed in handwriting. Every case that he handled professionally seemed to me to bear out his contention, and yet the superstition persists and grows. Even when his bloodhound instinct had helped to point unerringly to some person as the author of a crime involving writing, he was often enraged by some loose-thinking person who would assume he had tracked down the criminal because of a hidden flaw of character betrayed by the culprit's penmanship.

That which his talents permitted him to do best was never demonstrated to better advantage, I think, than in the investigation which began when five hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds disappeared in 1922.

Officials of a national bank in New York held a most solemn conference on a day late in April of that year. Word had come from a bank in Lynn, Massachusetts, that a half-million-dollar bundle of bonds expected from the national bank in New York had not been delivered. The records of the New York institution indicated that these easily negotiable securities had been sent by mail.

Big banks today are always insured against such losses as this one, but there is no form of insurance-protection against the wear and tear on the nerves of the executives in a financial institution that has suffered from such a raid. Unspoken fears restrained the tongues of the bank officials. At Lynn another and a similar conference was in progress, and in various insurance offices there were other meetings.

Who was liable for this tremendous loss? One group of insurance companies was liable if the package of bonds had been abstracted from the piles of outgoing mail in the shipping department of the bank itself. Another group of insurance concerns was liable if the theft had occurred while the registered bonds were in the custody of the post office; and yet others if the

theft had occurred in the Lynn bank. Not one of the responsible officials in the two banks, in the insurance companies or in the post office could rest happily until the time and place of the pilferage had been established.

Then the bank in New York City received a surprising message from the Shawmut National Bank of Boston. A piece of registered mail had been received there

which was puzzling the Shawmut officials. It was contained in one of the long heavy manila envelopes of the bank in New York. It had been sealed in the accustomed way of the New York bank, but all that the envelope contained was a thick bundle of waste paper with the approximate dimensions of a packet of bonds.

Here was something tangible! The question of insurance-company liability was still to be determined, but there was no banker who was not then convinced that the thief, or at least one of the thieves, was a person who had access to the most carefully guarded precincts of the great national bank in New York City. If this mysterious criminal could take half a million in bonds, why not a million? Or ten millions? The imaginations of bankers are torturing things to their owners at such a time.

Gerald Chapman and his partner "Dutch" Anderson were alive and free in that year, and there were other fearsome figures of the underworld who had been preying on the lines of communication that link the treasures of bank vaults into one reservoir of wealth. Had this pair, or some like desperadoes, corrupted one of the employees of the bank? Was there an undetected flaw in the mechanism that had been so carefully designed and perfected during the years of the bank's existence?

The newspapers published information about the loss of the half-million-dollar bond shipment on their first pages. The newspaper reporters were told that the writing on

this bogus bond-envelope was the solitary clue by means of which the investigators hoped to discover the identity of at least one of the partners in the enterprise. It seemed to be a very slight clue. What could be done with that envelope?

This question was asked by the reporters who had gone to question a lawyer representing Lloyds, the organized liability market of London.

"The envelope," he said, "has been placed in the hands of a handwriting expert."

The expert was David N. Carvalho, but I do not believe there were many persons who had much hope that he would be able to name the thief. By that time it was an accepted theory that



DAVID N. CARVALHO AT THE
AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.
From an old tintype.

the thief had prepared the hoax package for the Shawmut National as a substitute for a genuine package which had been so addressed. It could reasonably be supposed that the thief had been hurried when the fake envelope was substituted on the mailing tables for one of the many envelopes prepared for the registered mails. If he had made a mistake, it had not mattered much to him because the package he had taken was equally rich in spoil.

There were more than three hundred employees in the bank, but my father asked for extensive samples of the handwriting of all of them. Naturally some persons there were more liable to suspicion than others by reason of the opportunities their work gave them to be in the vicinity of the mailing-rooms. Even so, everybody's writing was collected. By submitting their own, high executives of the bank felt that they would make other loyal employees less sensitive when they found out that they had been tested.

It required two days for my father to make his comparisons. A great many investigators, private detectives, post-office inspectors and others were waiting to carry out the assignments that would be given to them as soon as Carvalho made his report.

An important thing to the persons directing the search for the missing bonds and the thief, or thieves, who had taken them was to keep secret the nature of my father's report until they had a chance to "cover" all of the suspected person's associates.

"The man who wrote the address on the registered envelope sent to the Shawmut National Bank," said my father in his report on this, "was * Philip B. Starnes."

Starnes was believed at the bank to be above suspicion. He had been hired as a guard because he had been able to convince one of the bank officials that he was accustomed to fire-arms. He had been in the army; he had been a cowboy, a fur-trader in Alaska; and finally he had been clothed in the authority of a State policeman in Arizona. Some of this man's superiors in the bank had enjoyed listening to him tell of his adventures. Starnes, they thought, was a kind of Zane Grey hero brought to Wall Street. When they saw Bill Hart with his long upper lip, his scowl and his ivory-handled forty-fives strutting across a motion-picture screen, they thought of their own private Western hero, Philip Starnes.

For a time some of them refused to accept Carvalho's judgment, but a half-million dollars is a lot of money, so Starnes was kept under the eyes of detectives whom he supposed were merely fellow-employees. In such a big bank not all of the vice presidents, even, really know each other. Outside the bank other detectives were making inquiries about the associates of the sus-

* The actual names have been changed, as the principals have served their sentences and are living.

pected man. They discovered that he was living at a house in Forty-ninth Street, a typical outmoded brownstone residence.

Among the other persons living with him there were a Mr. and Mrs. Louis Brevart. Brevart was a former employee of the bank. His wife was a singer whose appearances had been made under a stage name.

The investigators discovered at once that two days after the theft of the bonds, Brevart had left town. Now they had two persons to watch, Starnes and Mrs. Brevart, and a third one to find, the missing husband. Something like instinct told the detectives that when they found Brevart, they would also find the stolen bonds. It was about this time that Starnes mailed

a letter to St. Augustine, Florida. It was addressed to Brevart, but hours before it was delivered, that gentleman had acquired a shadow, what private detectives speak of as a "tail." His hotel room was searched, but nothing was found which by any stretch of the imagination of his stalkers served to link him with the robbery.

One evening a few days after Starnes escorted Mrs. Brevart to the Pennsylvania railroad station. There are a great many ticket-windows there, but quite often there is a line of travelers waiting to be served before each window. The man who stood in line behind Mrs. Brevart had seen her buy a ticket to

A search twenty the steel keys safe-deposit fiably so, t St. August resulted in safe that detectives. for the of Brevart (four hund bonds.

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August 2, 1912.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Theodore Roosevelt

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON.

Philip B. Starnes
May 1895

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ing the tree and I shall
ly and sincerely yours,
Nathan Nelson

"A signature is a detached part of the man."

Savannah, Georgia. It was assumed then that she was planning to join her husband in that city. Still no move was made. Always the directors of this secret hunt kept reminding their subordinates against frightening anyone of the three who were being shadowed.

When Mrs. Brevart several days later boarded a train for Savannah, six detectives were fellow-passengers, but she was totally unconscious of them. Brevart greeted his wife when she stepped from the train in the station at Savannah. They went directly to the Savannah House, where Brevart wrote on the register "Mr. and Mrs. James Lindley."

In New York other detectives had been watching the apartment recently deserted by the couple and which was still occupied by Starnes, the hard-working bank guard.

Ink-stains on a blotter in that room had been examined by my father under a powerful glass which disclosed to him something which, when held before a mirror, cast a reflection of this significant phrase, "throw away the key to the safe-deposit box." Beyond doubt this was part of the message contained in a letter from Starnes to Brevart. If the bonds were already in a safe-deposit box, no good purpose would be served by longer delay in making arrests.

Accordingly a message was telegraphed to the chief of the group that was watching the couple in Savannah. Quite promptly after its receipt the half-dozen men who had traveled southward with Mrs. Brevart burst into the room shared by the woman and her husband.

Erratic Poe's methodical handwriting — and the fine careless script of powerful Grover Cleveland.



A portion of one of Mr. Carvalho's work-sheets, juxtaposing the conceded and questioned handwriting for comparison. In this study he followed William James' principle: "Increasing the number of 'points' involved in a difference may excite our discrimination as effectually as increasing the amount of difference at any one point."

A search of Brevart's clothing resulted in the finding of about twenty thousand dollars in bills, and a key, one of those long, flat steel keys such as are given to the holders of private safes by safe-deposit companies. The detectives were confident, and justifiably so, that the key fitted a lock in one of the strong-boxes of a St. Augustine safe-deposit company. An exchange of telegrams resulted in an almost immediate identification of the particular safe that Brevart had leased before he had been found by the detectives. An order from a Florida court was sufficient authority for the opening of the box. In it were found a passport for Brevart (indicative of his intention to leave the country) and four hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth of the stolen bonds.

There was now no use in delaying further the arrest of Philip Starnes, who was giving painstaking attention to his work in a cage in the bank. But Starnes had been hired because of his skill with firearms; he was a two-gun man, and because of his duties in the bank, his hand was never more than six inches from the hard rubber butt of a pistol. His arrest was, as one of the bank officials said, "a ticklish matter."

It was accomplished, however, with absurd ease. The former Arizona policeman was asked to leave his cage to attend to some work. Unsuspectingly he walked out of the cage, and as required by the rules of the bank, closed the grilled door behind him, snapping the lock. His guns were inside! The next thing Starnes knew, he was looking into the barrels of several revolvers, and when he heard a sharp command he lifted his hands awkwardly above his head.

After hours of questioning, but only after he had been convinced that his accomplices were under arrest and that the major portion of the stolen bonds had been recovered, he consented to tell all about the robbery.

He told a vice president of the bank that the robbery was his own scheme. He had lived with the Brevarts for six months and had broached the subject to them only when he had made sure that they would be sympathetic with any proposal which promised sudden and abundant riches. The actual robbery was to be a one-man job, but he needed assistants who would secrete, and later dispose of, the bonds he planned to take. His plan for getting the bonds was in no way complicated.

Although it was no part of his duty to touch the securities over which he kept guard, he showed such eagerness to advance himself in the bank, such willingness to perform any slight task that was offered, that he found a way to touch them. The mail clerks found him likable. He had served in France. They enjoyed his

casual references to his adventures in the army that put down the Philippine insurrection following the Spanish-American war; they gasped at his thrilling little anecdotes of fights with bandits along the Mexican border when he served in the Regular Army there; they grinned appreciatively as he gossiped of fur-trading adventures in Alaska and of violent experiences in the police of Arizona, or sang a verse of some cowboy ballad. Moreover, they were glad of his assistance in putting stamps on the sackfuls of registered mail that left the bank at the close of each day's business. They were no more suspicious of him then they were of themselves, and bank employees generally are as impersonal in handling the wealth of the institutions they serve as if the crisp paper were so much ordinary merchandise.

Starnes went over the plan in his mind a score of times before he actually prepared his substitute package. He needed that, so that the number of registered shipments would correspond with the record of the outgoing mail. Then with his back to the other clerks he slipped one of the fat envelopes into a deep pocket inside his waistcoat and placed stamps on his previously prepared envelope containing waste paper. That was all there was to it, he asserted in his confession.

Mrs. Brevart confessed, too. She told of carrying some of the bonds that were unaccounted for to the offices of a Broadway diamond-dealer who had promised to find a customer for them. In a dark hallway near that man's office, she said, she had been robbed, but had not dared to complain to the police. Altogether the detectives recovered about four hundred and forty-three thousand dollars' worth of the stolen securities, plus the twenty thousand dollars found in the Savannah hotel.

Starnes and Brevart pleaded guilty to grand larceny in the first degree and were sentenced to serve from four to eight years in Sing Sing. Mrs. Brevart was allowed to plead guilty to the lesser charge of receiving stolen property. She was sentenced to serve from one and a half to three years in Auburn Prison. She fainted in the court-room, but after being carried out became hysterical. She tried to stab herself with a hat-pin, but was disarmed before she had injured herself.

"Identity," said my father later, in a discussion with me, "was the all-important thing to be determined in that case. That envelope and the standards for comparison which were given to me contained for understanding eyes the name of the culprit; but there was nothing in the guilty man's penmanship which suggested that he was a criminal character. His identity was all the detectives wished to learn. They knew he was a criminal before they knew his name."

(Please turn to page 130)



Cousin Douglas gave a joyous "Hoot!" and fell out of ranks. Mr. Glencannon, not to be outdone, fell out of the carriage.

By
Guy Gilpatric

In Such Happy Circumstances

A Story of Scotch and Spanish

Illustrated by August Henkel

THE *Inchcliffe Castle*, Para to Naples, stuck her rusty bow around the bend of Andalusia and ambled into sheltered waters across which sprawled the purple shadow of Gibraltar. Behind the Rock the sun had climbed an hour high; but Britannia's Lion, in its towering majesty, shut off all except a few ambitious rays which leaked around its edges, and framed it in a pinkly glowing aureole.

The full moon, on the other hand—it would have been your left—swung over the white houses of Algeciras, in Spain, and sinking lower, paved a baleful pathway beyond Trafalgar for the wandering footsteps of Admiral Nelson's unquiet love-sick ghost.

In this strange and lovely moment of borning day and dying night, the *Inchcliffe Castle's* anchor let go with a shocking clatter of chains, a vulgar display of sparks, much profanity from the fo'c'stle head and even more from the bridge. The profanity was that of some religious men, which is the kind that blisters paint.

The anchor caught in the mud, jerked loose once or twice, stirred up many bubbles and an evil smell, and finally hooked a fluke. Mr. Montgomery, hanging over the bow and seeing the chain stretch taut, waved his hands with the weary yet triumphant gesture of an orchestra leader bringing the Ninth Symphony to a glorious close.

Captain Ball, on the bridge, heaved a stertorous sigh. "Ring off the engines," he directed; and somewhere down below, the telegraph jingled. Suddenly, disturbingly, the decks ceased to throb and the stanchions to tremble. After eighteen pulsing days, the ship seemed no longer to be alive. Silence, torrents of silence, poured in from all sides. And just then the sun, conquering the

traditionally unconquerable, scaled Gibraltar's heights and sent the night, its moon and its lovely mystery scurrying away into Africa.

"Hell's bones!" remarked Captain Ball, unbuttoning his overcoat and taking a cigar from his nightshirt pocket. "What a trip that was!" Resting his elbows on the bridge rail, his eye traveled aft over the battered gear and salt-streaked superstructure which told of a rough and troublous passage.

Mr. Glencannon, the Chief Engineer, appeared on the deck below. At the heels of his oil-soaked carpet-slippers toddled a jet-black female Scottish terrier with barrel chest, stump legs, and whiskers such as one associates with natives of Aberdeen. Mr. Glencannon strolled to the rail, spat over it, and considered Gibraltar at length—meanwhile wiping his face with a handful of greasy waste. Then, lifting the dog, he placed her forepaws on the rail.

"Mary," he said, "this is Geebraltar, an heestoric port. I'll first deereet your attention to the street which runs peerpindicular to yon wharf. If ye'll note the fourth—no, the fufth—building on the left, ye'll be notin' a pub which sells the finest whusky south of the Firth o' Clyde. And then, on the nuxt street, over toward the naval coal docks, ye'll see a sma' house wi' a red roof. That's a pub called 'The Royal Oak,' after an old ancient freegate ship which— Oh, a vurra gude morning to you, Captain Ball!"

"Good morning, Mr. Glencannon!" The Captain nodded over the canvas splasher. "How are you and Mary this morning—fit?"

Mr. Glencannon shook his head dolefully. "As fur my ain puir health, the less said the better. But Mary, the little lass, is ailin' sore. I was aboot to crave yer kind permeesion, sir, to take her ashore to a veterenary, and get him to preescribe. The Second

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Engineer can take charge while we're coaling ship, as weel as not."

"Right-o," agreed the Captain cheerfully.

"Thanks kindly, Captain Ball," said Mr. Glencannon, setting Mary on the deck and deftly brushing up her coat. "The lass and I are grateful. We are indeed. Come on, sweetheart—we'll ha' a bit o' brukfust, we will, and then Papa'll put on his new uneefurrm, and dress his ain little lass in her tartan collar, and hoot!—ashore for a romp we'll go!"

"Oh, now, my eye!" exploded Mr. Montgomery, the mate, who had joined Captain Ball upon the bridge. "Did you ever 'ear such blithering tosh in all your life, sir? Mr. Glencannon mykes a bit of an ass of 'imself over that dog when 'e sets 'is mind to it, 'e does!"

Captain Ball crinkled the corners of his eyes as do men who weren't born yesterday. "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Montgomery, it's like this: I know as well as you do that he's going ashore to get drunk. Mr. Glencannon has his weaknesses, as who of us does not? Scripture says that to sin is human, and though Mr. Glencannon drinks a full quart of whisky every day, and be damned if I haven't seen him drink five quarts, we must remember to let he without sin cast the first stone—particularly when he's the only engineer on the high seas who can handle our rusty old tubercular junk-pile of a blank-blanked engine."



"Tak' a gude look at this, Corporal!" roared Cousin Douglas, "while yurr still alive to see it!"

some respects, as the Laird's Selected Relics, Clammarty Royal Tartan Blend and Dunleven Particularly Choice. But none of them, of course, could compare with Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch—most gorgeous of all liquids that ever dripped golden from the nozzle of a still to mingle its perfume with that of the heather in the cold Highland mists.

Now, like Duggan's Dew, Mr. Glencannon hailed from the town of Kirkintilloch, in Dumbartonshire; and the picture on the label made him first happy, then sentimental, and finally homesick. A great grief overcame him; tears coursed his cheeks as he contemplated that label, and he was weeping copiously when he finished the bottle. "Look," he sobbed, hoisting Mary to the table. "Gaze, lass, upon the dear fameeliar scenes o' your childhood! 'Tis there that our mothers live. Ye played there as a bairn, and so, alas, did I—" And Mary, falling into the spirit of the occasion, tilted back her head and gave vent to piercing wails. Mr. Glencannon purchased six cases of the whisky, ordered five to be delivered aboard the ship and the sixth to be stowed in a cab. The cab proved to be a spidery victoria driven by a Spaniard in straw hat, short jacket and baggy trousers. Mr. Glencannon and Mary scrambled aboard with the godspeed of the publican and some assistance



Cousin Douglas, standing in the carriage, jumped into the air so mightily that the vehicle broke into two distinct halves.

"Well, all I can say is, God 'elp the Rock of Gibraltar!" grunted Mr. Montgomery, only half convinced. "'Ere 'e comes now."

Mr. Glencannon, brave in his best white cap, the four gold stripes of his rank, and the medal awarded him for saving a German's life by mistake, stood at the foot of the companion and invited bids from the yammering bumboatmen to take him ashore. He cut the lowest bid in half, kicked away the nearest competitor, who had sought to seize his arm, and made the trip to the Com-

mercial Wharf for thrupence. With Mary frisking at his heels, he passed through cobbled streets lined with whitewashed houses labeled, for example, "Sgt. Major Alfred Hoskins, 67th Rgt. R. G. A.," and "Non-Com. Married Quarters—No Loitering."

The latter sign he felt to be distinctly offensive in its insinuation. "Ha' no fear!" he muttered toward it. "I've better to do than loiter aboot with the wives o' the Royal Garrison Arteellery!" And forthwith he turned into an establishment the window of which displayed a spirited lithograph of the Relief of Lucknow, depicting several bottles of MacCrimmon's Very Old Liqueur Whisky being put to good use by the beleaguered defenders in the foreground.

He found MacCrimmon's Very Old to be distinctly creditable stuff—as good, in some respects, as the Laird's Selected Relics, Clammarty Royal Tartan Blend and Dunleven Particularly Choice. But none of them, of course, could compare with Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch—most gorgeous of all liquids that ever dripped golden from the nozzle of a still to mingle its perfume with that of the heather in the cold Highland mists.

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from various bystanders. "Where to, Capitán?" inquired the Spaniard.

"How in the hell shud I know?" replied Mr. Glencannon. "Must I act as guide to ye, on yer ain native heath?"

"But I come from La Linea, señor," protested the Spaniard.

"Vurra weel—let's go there, then." And with Mary perched on the seat beside him, Mr. Glencannon dropped off to sleep.

They had clip-clopped out of the streets of the town and were

well in sight of the Neutral Strip—a barb-wire belt of land which separates Spain from the Crown Colony of Gibraltar—when the driver reined in his nag. Mr. Glencannon, opening his eyes, saw that they were halted at a house before which paced a sentinel in the uniform of the Royal Garrison Artillery. A sign on the place read "*H. Q. Frontier Guard. Passes for Spain.*" Across the road, under the flat face of the Rock, stretched a field filled with hurdles, water-jumps, cricket greens, polo goal-posts, and airplane hangars. Upon this field troops were playing football.

The driver dismounted, entered the house, and shortly emerged with a little green slip which read: "*North front. Permit until first evening gunfire. John Cochrane, Chief of Frontier Police.*"

Mr. Glencannon was considering this suspiciously, and was just about to ask Mary what country they were in, when a disturbing

clump of sixteen hundred hobnailed boots, the rhythmic swish of eight hundred tartan kilts! The Dumbartons—the great and glorious Dumbartons!—were marching by! Wheeling smartly before his very carriage, they deployed into the field.

They were going to play football, and so they weren't carrying their rifles. Numerous sporting majors, captains and subalterns had turned out with the team, and they swung along with their walking-sticks beneath their arms and banter upon their lips. And over all there was a friendly, comfortable smell of venerable Scotch whisky upon the soft Iberian air.

Mr. Glencannon was sniffing deep when suddenly he and Mary beheld a sight which transfixed them. It was the regimental mascot—the handsomest, whiskeriest Scottish terrier in the whole wide world—a rakish, swashbuckling lad wearing a tiny Highland



Despite Mr. Glencannon's scandalized protests, Cousin Douglas strode across the arena. "Ye lout, ye!" he shouted,

sound came from the distance. At first he thought he only imagined it, and instinctively he glanced at Mary for confirmation. But, yes—her ears were cocked; her tail was wagging; and she was craning her neck around the side of the carriage. It was the sound of bagpipes; and they were playing "*Piobair o' Lochaber.*"

"Losh!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon, lurching to his feet. "Why, it's the Argyll and Dumbarton Highlanders!" Mary showed her front teeth in a broad smile, and then her entire perfect set in a series of joyous barks. Her little hairy forepaws pattered on the cushions, and she wriggled with excitement. For there, down the long white road, was the head of the approaching column—kilts and sporans swinging to the time, white gaiters slogging up and down, tartan ribbands aflutter on the pipes, and the bass-drummer with his leopard-skin apron whirling his sticks cross-armed, overhead and behind him in the wild inimitable Highland manner! It was the Dumbartons, beyond a doot—and Mr. Glencannon's own Cousin Douglas was pipe major of the regiment!

Nearer and nearer they came—the shrill chant and basso drone of the pipes leaping into the air and echoing against the great gray face of the Rock above the plain. Then came the muffled

bonnet cocked over one ear, the silver-and-cairngorm badge of the Dumbartons pinned to the side of it. And he toddled along with a man who stood full seven feet high—a giant with a chest the size of the *Inchcliffe Castle's* main boiler, and great hairy knees like the oak trees worshiped by the Druids of antiquity. This giant—there could be no mistaking him!—was Mr. Glencannon's own Cousin Douglas.

Mary cast virginal modesty to the winds, and shrilly yapped her admiration. Cousin Douglas, spotting Mr. Glencannon, gave vent to a joyous "Hoot!" and promptly fell out of the ranks. Mr. Glencannon, not to be outdone, promptly fell out of the carriage.

"Heigh-nanny, lass!" said the terrier with the bonnet, swaggering up to Mary and kissing her full upon her luscious black lips without so much as a by-your-leave. "I'm Jock o' the Dumbartons, senior dog o' the regiment. Welcome to Gebraltar!" Mary stood blushing, eyes downcast but heart throbbing wildly. Mr. Glencannon and Cousin Douglas were slapping each other on the back, saying, "Weel, weel, weel, I'll be domned!" and repeating it over and over again.

"Losh, Cousin Neil, and it's gude to see you!" roared the giant at length. "When did we meet, the last?"

"Let me think, let me think," said Mr. Glencannon, closing his eyes and grasping the carriage lamp for support. "Why, o' course—it was nineteen-fifteen, when I was second on the transpoort takin' ye oot to G'llipoli."

"Thirteen years ago—ah, to think of it!" sighed Cousin Douglas, and the sigh was as the sound of a locomotive plunging into a tunnel. "Weel,"—and he wrinkled his nose, smacked his lips, and cast his eye on the case of whisky partly concealed by the carriage rug,—weel, it's customarra in such happy ceercumstances—"

"I was about to suggest it!" hastened Mr. Glencannon. "Coachman, I'll thank ye for the loan o' a corkscrew."

"Dinna trouble yersel," said Cousin Douglas, seizing a bottle and smiting it so lustily against his palm that the cork leaped

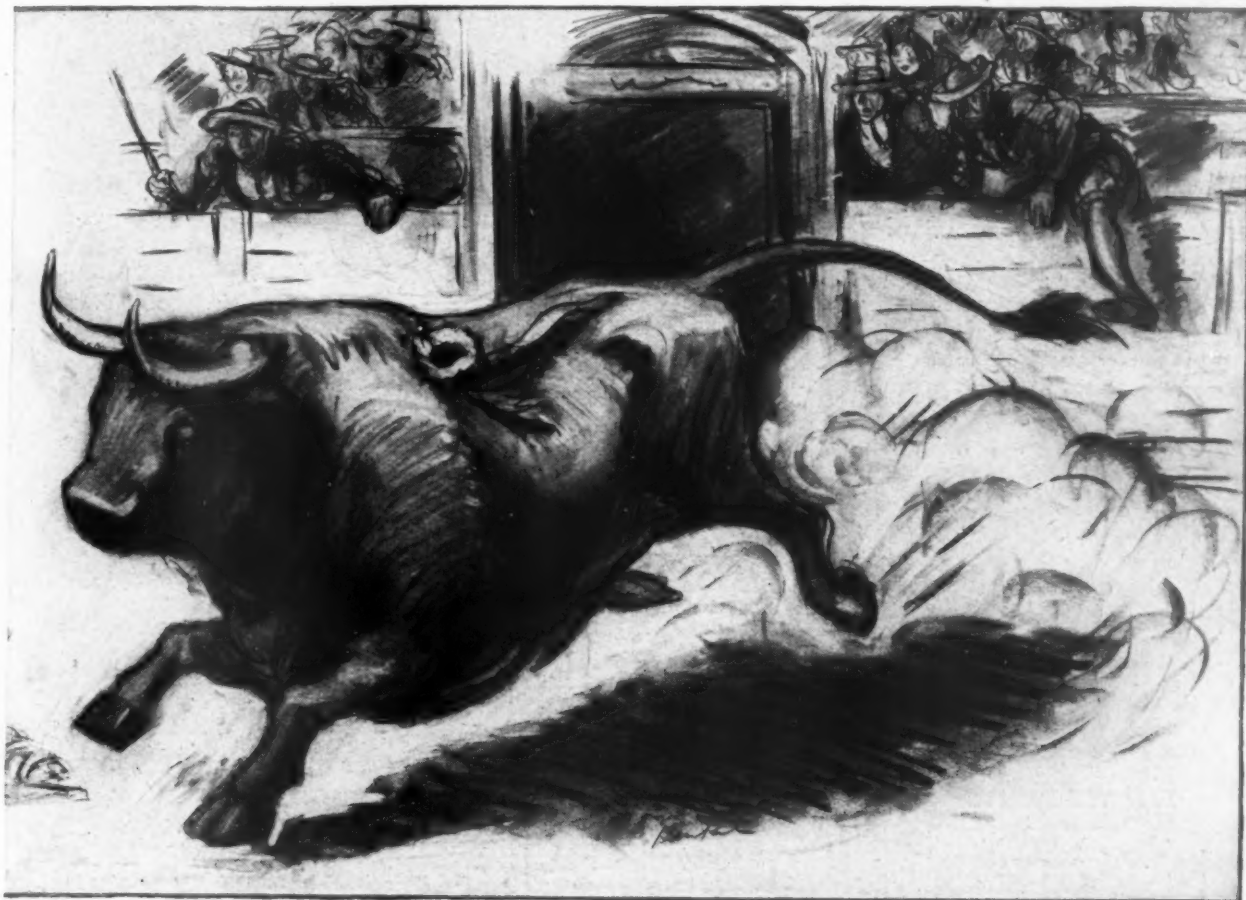
to play the 67th Arteillery—attendance optional. My time's my ain till evening gun. So, carra on, coachman!"

The driver beat several clouds of dust out of the hide of his nag, and headed for the border. At the British side they were halted by a Highlander who blanched perceptibly as he recognized Pipe Major Douglas Glencannon.

"I'll thank ye for a look at your passes, gentlemen," he said, saluting.

"Tak' a gude look at this, Corporal MacClintoch!" replied Cousin Douglas, extending a fist the size of a hoof, and quivering it threateningly beneath the guardian's nose. "Tak' a varra gude look, while yurr still alive to see it!"

"Thank ye," said Corporal MacClintoch, backing up a trifle, and saluting again. "Yurr passes are sateesfactorra."



shaking his borrowed sword. "A back-knifing Spaniard—that's what ye are!" El Maquina bellowed, and charged.

out as from the choicer vintages of Rheims. "Come, Cousin Neil, do we mount yon carriage, the twa o' us, an' go see the bull-fight over in Spanish Town. 'Twill be better than the futball. But feerst, let us drink a drap to our happy meetin'. Here—I'll open another bottle so we'll each have one!" He tilted his own quart beneath his bristly red mustache; and when he took it down again, lo, it was only a pint.

"Haw!" he snorted, closing his eyes ecstatically and holding the bottle at arm's-length. "'Tis the Dew o' Kirkintilloch! I dinna ha' to look at the label—I recognize the way it treeckles doon an' cozeys my sluggish liver! 'Tis a happy meetin', Cousin Neil—a happy meetin' indeed!"

He climbed aboard the carriage, which groaned in every joint and took an alarming list to starboard as he settled into the seat. Mr. Glencannon was about to join him, when he saw Mary and the mascot joyfully gamboling across the troop-filled field.

"'Tis a' richt, perfectly a' richt," Cousin Douglas assured him. "Let the little tykes frusk about while the lads are playin' futball. I'll tell MacPheerson and MacColquhoun to keep an eye on them, and leave them with Corporal MacClintoch at the Frontier guardhouse. Ye see," he explained, "we're off jutty today

They jogged across the Neutral Strip—a stretch of meadow in which the kine of Castile and Britain browsed in sisterly contentment—and paused again, for inspection, at the Spanish Customs. The *aduanero* was a fat gentleman in a blue uniform and a sword left over from the American War. "Have you tobacco or spirits?" he asked in perfect English.

"I dinna ken your lingo," replied Cousin Douglas, smacking a fresh bottle against his palm, and watching the cork sail into a roadside cactus. "Drive on, gilly!"

The coachman was plainly troubled. "Tell heem you have no the tobacco, no the alcohol," he whispered.

Without removing his feet from the opposite cushions, Cousin Douglas leaned halfway across the road and seized the *aduanero* by the throat. Dragging him to the side of the carriage, he shook him playfully.

"Pass!" gurgled the guard, retreating into his hut and swallowing diligently. "Vaya con Dios!"

The driver clucked to his horse, and five minutes later they turned into the main street of La Linea de la Concepcion, headed for the bull ring. Evidently, from the cheering, the *corrida* was already in progress.

(Please turn to page 136)

IN TUNE WITH



U. S. Official Photograph

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

is a South Carolinian who was graduated from Princeton in time to learn to fly and serve with both the British and American air forces in France. He was one of the leading combat flyers on the Western Front and now is the most vivid and realistic narrator of adventures in those strange strata of the air through which men flew to fight each other.

He wrote "Nocturne Militaire," "Leave Me With a Smile," "Above the Bright Blue Sky" and, most recently, the story printed upon another page of this magazine, "Sky High." Incidentally, between stories, he runs a cotton mill, a farm and a large peach orchard—and builds and flies airplanes. A war-time photograph appears above.

WALTER LIPPMANN

is the author of one of the most important books of recent years—"A Preface to Morals." It is a book most decidedly of the moment. He observes: "What most distinguishes the generation who have approached maturity since the debacle of idealism at the end of the war is not their rebellion against the moral code of their parents, but their disillusionment with their own rebellion." And he examines in a most reasonable way the difficulties of those who have thrown away that code to find anything really satisfactory to themselves in the new freedom.

Mr. Lippmann, whose picture appears below, is an editor of the *New York World*, and author also of "Public Opinion," "Men of Destiny" and other important books.



Photo courtesy Macmillan Co.



Photo by White, N. Y.

LILLIAN TAIZ

grew up in a little candy and stationery store of her father's in Philadelphia; and it was when she was eleven and gallantly attempting an aria from "Aida" in a school entertainment, that she attracted the attention of the principal, who took her to Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. At his advice she studied languages and singing; and after her graduation from high school, she worked as a stenographer until she had saved money enough to make a start in New York on the stage.

Her first part was in "Crowns;" then she played an ingénue part with May Robson in "Something Tells Me," and understudied Vivienne Segal in "The Clinging Vine" and Anne Harding in "Stolen Fruit." A small part in "The Jazz Singer" suddenly developed into a leading lady's rôle for her, and she played opposite George Jessel for two seasons; that led to her becoming the prima donna of "Spring Is Here." A recent photograph is reproduced above.

OUR TIMES



Photo by Mitchell, N. Y.

JANET BEECHER

star of "Courage," which has proved one of the substantial successes of a difficult season, comes of a family that has been famous in this country for nearly a century.

She is a descendant of the great preacher Henry Ward Beecher, whose eloquence stirred America in the days when "abolition" was leading to war; and it was Beecher's sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, who fanned the flames of feeling with "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Janet Beecher came to the stage sponsored by David Belasco, and scored her first success in "The Concert" with Leo Ditrichstein; and then she played opposite Lyn Harding in Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure," in Avery Hopwood's "Fair and Warmer" and in that particularly appealing drama of Clemence Dane's, "A Bill of Divorcement."

Miss Beecher—whose picture is reproduced above—is a sister of Olive Wyndham, who before her marriage was one of our leading players.

R. C. SHERRIFF

The signal success of the English war play "Journey's End" rises from its portrayal of character and emotion so sincerely and realistically that Broadway acclaims it as loudly as does London.

The play verily rises from reality. It was written up from letters dashed off from the trenches; a relative of Mr. Sherriff's put them in sequence; and it then occurred to him to make the narrative into a play, though he had never had any instruction whatever in play-writing.

He produced, however, so honest and vivid a drama of men under fire that it is today the biggest success in New York, as it is, also, in London.

Mr. Sherriff—whose picture appears below—is just thirty-one, and before he wrote this play was an insurance broker.



Photo by Vandamm



NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer recently complained of the over-seriousness—or in other words dullness—of much of the writing praised by the critics. As he is in the front rank of our novelists, his comment has unusual authority.

Few writers, indeed, do succeed in being amusing and at the same time substantial; of these few Mrs. Putnam is one of the most pleasing. For first of all she entertains you; then you realize that beneath the laughter is vivid character-drawing and comment upon the manners and morals of our day.

We will print, shortly, some short stories by this author of "It Pays to Smile" and "Say It With Bricks" and "Easy." A recent photograph, taken at Monte Carlo, appears above.

His Way with Her

A Love Story by Frank R. Adams, who wrote "Help Yourself to Happiness"

Illustrated by R. F. James

FROM the time he was sixteen on up, the reason for the existence of Harvey Squibb was a member of the human race whose name was Pamela Bond.

A man of Harvey's size and meager attainments had a lot of nerve to pick out a high-powered special job like Pam as the object of his devotion, but save for his presumption as a picker, he never exhibited any nerve at all. Harvey was not conceited or in the least confident of himself, and he looked it.

Harvey wore spectacles which were the most conspicuous things about him. Back of their black rims there was nothing noticeable. The eyes were a kind and faithful gray, but they would never arrest a wildcat about to spring and cause him (or her, more probably) to slink back into the cage. His mouth was generous, but it wobbled a bit when he delivered an ultimatum or even when he asked a question of a policeman or some other formidable person. And he was about Napoleon Bonaparte's size. That isn't so good unless you happen to have a Napoleonic spirit inside it.

Harvey's spirit had only recently transmigrated from the convolutions of a garden- or angle-worm.

Pam was two years younger than Harvey and the most puzzling combination of old and new girl to be found either side of the Mississippi. It is to be presumed that she had heard of naughty stories, cocktails, cigarettes and all that sort of thing which tradition has wished on to the present girl generation, but her spirit was still a limpid, placid thing which might just as easily have animated a body that busied itself over spinning-wheels, rose-geraniums and ginger-cakes.

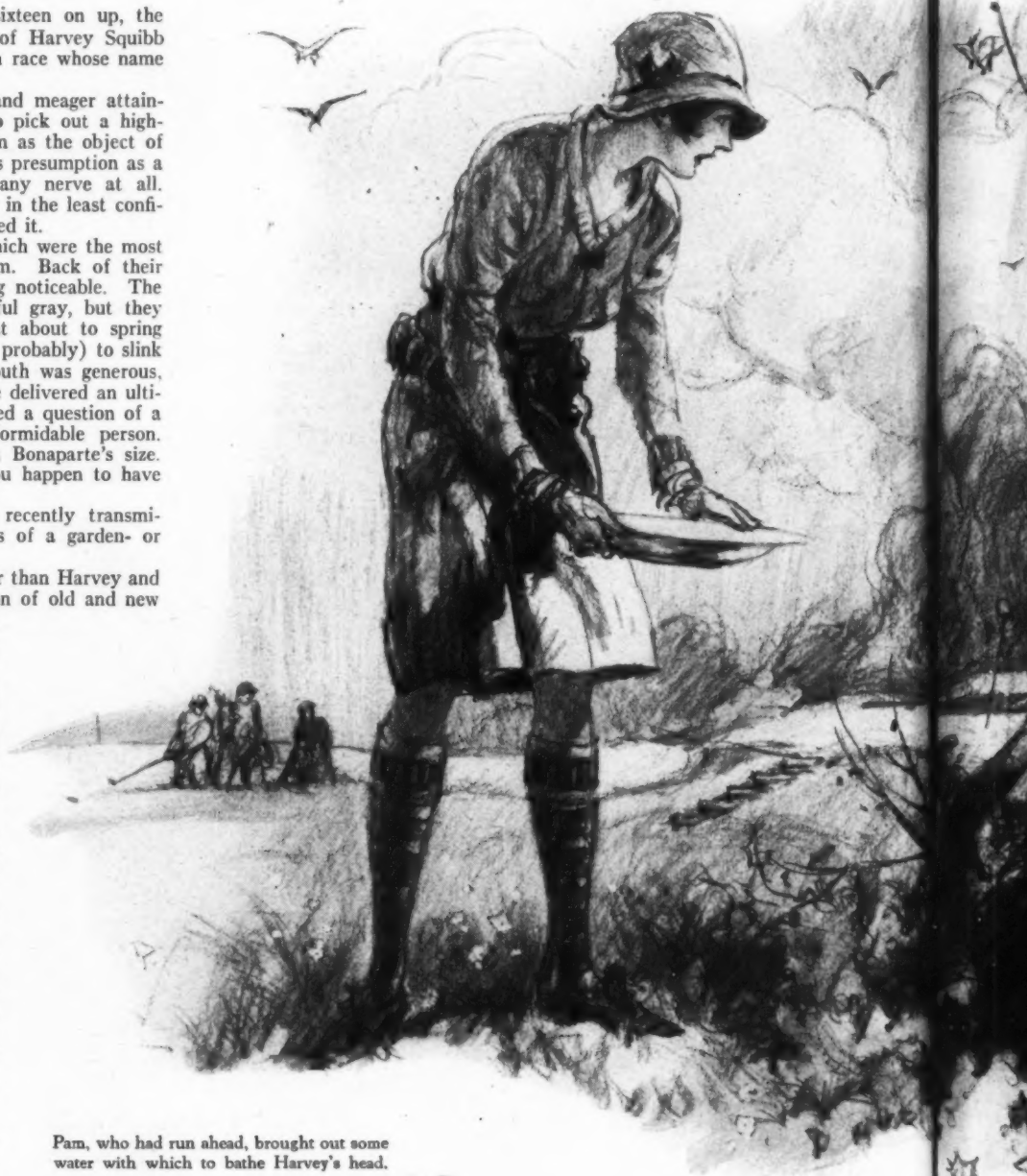
Pam was little, too,—just exactly Harvey's height,—and perfect. At a great distance, a very great distance, you might have called her plain—heaven knows she didn't have one really good feature; but she was surrounded by a happy aura that extended for quite a way around her, and once you entered that circle, you were doomed. Then you thought her the prettiest, daintiest thing your heart ever hungered for, and she just naturally ruined you for every other girl you had ever known before or were apt to know afterward.

The details that brought about the disconcerting impression above noted were ordinary—just nearly black hair, not very abundant and not wavy, nice but not startling brown eyes, a sweet mouth, a slightly dark complexion that hid the marvelous fineness of her skin. Her hands and feet were small and finely modeled, rather in old-worldly fashion. You couldn't somehow imagine her

Pam, who had run ahead, brought out some water with which to bathe Harvey's head.

ever wearing many rings, very sheer hosiery or extremely high French heels. Come to think of it, she would not have looked out of place with hair piled high on her head and powdered, and wearing a graceful hoop-skirt and pantalettes.

Harvey Squibb took her to the first dance she had ever attended. She lived next door, and his mother did most of the arranging, or it never would have happened. Besides, she was awfully young and completely overwhelmed by the honor that was being done her.



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It was thus breaking her in early which put Harvey more or less at ease with her—at ease, that is, by comparison with the way he felt toward every other girl he knew. He had a very happy time with her then, and for two years or thereabouts: at the end of that period Pam turned sixteen, her charm became more clamorous, and everybody noticed it. She suddenly grew overwhelmingly popular. Harvey was only one of the revolving swarm that milled around her, and he gradually became shunted to the outer circumference of the circle.

And it wasn't really Pam's fault, either. What can a girl do with a man who wont come right out and say: "Damn it, darling, you've got to go with me to the Billsticker's Ball or I'll give you a bish in the boom"? Harve never asked for anything, and he always got more than that.

But the more aggressive fellows were bound to beat his time. When a young woman is invited to go to a dance, you can't expect her to call you up on the telephone and say: "If you aren't going to invite me to the party Thursday night, do you mind if I

go with Bill Spivins?"

Not this day and age!

Harvey was a poor fish—but a nice clean poor fish—with adoration for Pam in every wag of his faithful little fins and tail. If he had any jealous pangs, which, of course, he must have had, he didn't beef about it. Most of Pam's suitors were so used to having him around that they didn't mind making love to her right in front of him.

Besides, Pamela took all masculine adoration as such a matter-of-course joke that Harvey was never continuously disturbed by any one rival. Young men came and went—but Harvey hung around forever.

Until the advent of Kellogg Spayne. . . .

Pam was nineteen, nearly twenty, when the Spayne disturbance took place. In other words, whatever may have been her charm before, it was then multiplied by *n*. She was more adorable than she ever had been, and no beholder could imagine any way by which she could become more adorable even if she lived several centuries more. The Old World flavor still persisted—that and a certain trustfulness in the way she looked at you made you want to die for her at least once per day.

Everybody felt that way about Pam, but Harvey, of course, the most.

Into this atmosphere of idolatry burst Kellogg Spayne with a harsh cynical guffaw and a ruthless masculine tread. He was large, good-looking in a strictly he-way, brawny, big-fisted and oh, how he hated himself!

But he held the Pamela combination. Something about his personality was the key to her existence. Kellogg Spayne simply walked away with Pamela's young affections. She existed when he was away,

but when he was near, she lived the thrilling life of a barnacle clinging to the keel of a racing boat. In Kel's presence Pam knew what it was that inspired the romances of *Camille*, *Du Barry*, *Zaza* and all the other ladies who loved so abundantly and recklessly.

Frankly, Pamela didn't give a damn about what happened if she could only be with Kel.

Harvey Squibb knew all about the affair, not only because he had eyes and could see, but because he also had ears into which



But he never dropped off. He never will. Pamela was and is the center of his universe.

His rôle in the Pageant of Pamela, or whatever one chose to call the continuous entertainment which went on wherever his idol wended her way, was the ignominious one of fan-bearer, lost-glove retriever and escort for Mother or unattractive girl friend. Pam never left him out, but for some reason or other he never found himself leading the orchestra—second fiddle was the height of his attainment.

Pamela herself poured the tale of her conquest. She had been humbled so far from her usual lofty and icy throne that she gloried in her chains.

At first Harvey thought it was only an exaggerated case of a "crush" such as Pamela had accumulated once or twice before. But several months wore on, and the girl who carried his heart in her hands failed to recover. To see her watch out the window when she was expecting Kel, or even when she wasn't, the way she sprang to answer the telephone herself whenever it rang, and finally the light of adoration in her eyes when she saw him, turned her guardian suitor's soul pale green with anguish.

Because he knew Kellogg Spayne for what he was.

Kel was a lady-killer. He was the Alexander the Great among heart-breakers. There were no worlds he could not conquer.

And to Kel, Pam was only the most recent of a long line of flirtations. That knowledge was gall and wormwood to Harvey Squibb. What could he do? At least, he had sense enough not to knock his successful rival to Pamela directly. She would believe no evil of him, anyway, as Harvey knew from having heard her defend him against tentative criticism by her girl friends. To her notion, the fact that Kellogg Spayne did a thing made it right automatically. His power over her was nothing short of hypnotic. A good woman falls that way, all the harder because she has no background of bitter experience to inspire skepticism.

Those, then, are the people: Pam, Harve and Kel. Here is the story:

Pam, as mentioned, had been sought by many and her favors attained by none. Her lips had been kissed in childish games, but not by masculine admirers otherwise. Somehow a swain always lost his nerve before getting to that point. Perhaps the knowledge that he was foredoomed to failure made even the hardest adventurer funk the trial. One knew instinctively that Pam didn't expect it, and that her wishes were law to anyone laying claim to the title of gentleman.

Even Kellogg Spayne knew of Pamela's reputation. He had known Pam a long time,—a long time for him, anyway,—without having risked a fall. Some one had carefully explained to him that he was wasting his time in that direction, that, in the vernacular, there was "nothing doing."

Once Harvey had heard a bunch of men kidding Kellogg about it. But Kellogg had laughed.

"They're all alike, boys," the charmer had said. "And the higher they roost, the harder they fall. Just as a sporting proposition, I'll just bet anybody here a case of Scotch, which I can get for the bird who loses the bet, that I can kiss this girl Pamela Bond, before the dance is over tonight, and make her like it."

The conversation took place in the locker-room at the country

club, and some boulder with sporting instincts but certainly no sense of chivalry took him up on it.

Harvey didn't say anything—anything that he might have said would only have made him the butt of ridicule; but he took away with him a feeling of revulsion that amounted almost to nausea.

Later that feeling gave way to an indeterminate determination, if there can be such a thing. He knew he had to do something about it all, even though he had not the slightest idea in the



"You can get that way on champagne," Harvey suggested. "It isn't that and you know it," she replied. "Here, you can tell by my breath."

world what it was that he ought to do. For Harvey was not a go-getter. Ideas did not necessarily connote action, with him.

But he was actuated by a great and enduring love. And the thing he loved was in danger. All the rest of his future depended upon what he did on that occasion. To Kellogg Spayne the whole thing was an incident, a semi-serious joke: to Pamela and Harvey it was a tragedy.

For Harvey knew that the humiliation which would be put upon Pamela would be something from which she would recover only with incalculable difficulty, that the disillusionment when she found that her golden romance was a thing of tarnished brass would leave a scar on her sweetness which could never be obliterated.

Harvey went to the dance—as a stag, but he was used to that—and tortured himself by seeing how happy Pamela was at being with Spayne. She was more joyous than usual, more wistfully expectant. Even Harvey noticed it during the two dances which she had saved for him.

"I feel," she explained, "as if I were a fresh new butterfly about to try flying for the first time. Did you ever feel that way, Harvey?"

"I always feel that way, honey, when I see you." He made



no secret to her of his worship. For years it had been taken for granted, an accepted thing. "Perhaps you're falling in love with some one too?"

She refused to answer the interrogation-point in his voice. "Anyway, I'm so happy that it hurts. The only thing that makes me feel at all bad about it is that nobody else in the whole world can feel quite so absurdly gay as I do."

"You can get that way on champagne," Harvey suggested. "I've known a lot of chaps that—"

"It isn't that, and you know it," she replied. "Here, you can tell by my breath."

Yes, she dared hold her lips as torturingly close to him as that.

That's the hell of having a reputation for gentleness and forbearance.

But the temptation of her nearness and the speech she had made about being so absurdly happy gave Harvey the last spur that he needed to make him leap the fence from the level pasture-land of safe traveling to the rough moor of dangerous going which lay on the other side.

Unless he did something, her happiness was going to be smashed—would be sacrificed as a joke on the altar of a boor's egotism.

Well, then, he would do something. . . .

The page-boy whom he sent to find Spayne brought him to Harvey up in the board-room where the latter was waiting. It was just the place for a conference such as this promised to be, because it was in a secluded part of the club upstairs. And it had only one door.

Harvey closed and locked it as soon as his guest had entered with half-bantering curiosity. Kellogg did not sit down; he had an engagement for the dance just starting—with Pam, he added maliciously.

"Sit down, anyway," Harvey told him, as he pitched the key out of the window. "We've got quite a lot to talk about."

"Why, you little shrimp, you!" Spayne exclaimed, not quite sure whether to be amused or angry. "What do you mean by locking the door and throwing the key away?"

Harvey didn't answer for a moment. He wasn't quite sure himself what he did mean. At least it was difficult to put it into words.

Finally he phrased it. "I've decided that you're going to lose that bet."

"What bet?"

"You know very well what I refer to. It was first mentioned down in the locker-room this afternoon. I'm not enough of a bouncer to use a girl's name in such a connection."

An angry flush mottled Spayne's good-looking features. "Meaning by that that I am?"

"Exactly," Harvey conceded. "There is no question about it, as you have proved it time and again."

"You talk as if you were looking for a fight."

"I hoped you would tumble to that idea finally."

"But"—Spayne stopped in mid-sentence to laugh sneeringly,—"I can't scrap with an insect like you."

"Very well," Harvey declared, stepping closer to his tall adversary. "If you have any scruples about striking a man smaller than yourself, I'm sure I don't give a damn whether you hit back or not." Whereupon he hauled off and patted Spayne upon his good-looking nose.

It bled.

A blow upon the proboscis is one of the finest recipes in the world for making a man fighting mad.

"I scarcely thought," Harvey was continuing while Spayne looked around dazedly, "that a man who would take advantage of a helpless girl would have any scruples about beating up a chap just because he happened to be a little undersize and underweight. But perhaps you are not accustomed to dealing with men. Women, now, rarely do this."

"This," was a biff upon the right eye.

"Damn you!" yelled Spayne.

The first crack might have been a mistake, but there was no question about the second one.

"Good," acquiesced Harvey. "Let's go."

There were no rules nor rounds—nothing but just action. Fortunately there was little furniture in the room—the bill for damages included all there was.

The outcome was foreordained. Harvey had known what it would be when he started out. Therefore he was not terribly surprised to find out that after the ninth or tenth time he could no longer pick himself up off the floor and come back at the man he hated so whole-heartedly.

He had done pretty well, though. Spayne's dinner-coat was ripped up the back, and there was a big tear in the left sleeve (where Harvey had bitten him), and the collar and shirt-front were beyond description. A bloody nose, which the owner thereof is obliged to neglect, just naturally makes a dress-shirt resemble an ancient Navajo blanket.

Kellogg Spayne didn't look as if he had a chance of winning his bet until he had been through a couple of Turkish baths and an overhaul and refinish factory.

That's probably why Harvey grinned as he went to sleep there on the nice soft club floor.

(Please turn to page 114)

Mermaid and Centaur

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

The Story So Far:

JASON BRAFFORD had refrained from marriage because he had under his care his pitiful sister Rita, who from birth had been a bedridden cripple. Perforce he left Rita at home one evening when with his farmhands and their womenfolk he went to a carnival showing in the neighboring town. He was fascinated and stirred by the advertisement and the show of Zarna, the diving belle, and her trained seal Susanne. Intrigued by Zarna's beauty and determined to give poor Rita at least a glimpse of the carnival, he sought out Zarna after the performance and offered to pay her to visit his home.

And next morning Jason drove Zarna and the seal in his car out to the farm—while Zarna's carnival comrade the acrobat Captain Querl sulked scowling in his tent like another Achilles; and while the fantastically named Two Cents Tanner, a comely neighbor girl, who had been a somewhat special friend of Jason's, watched them with anxious perplexity as they passed.

Zarna was delighted with the farm; and the farmers—particularly Rita—were all enthralled with Zarna and Susanne. . . .

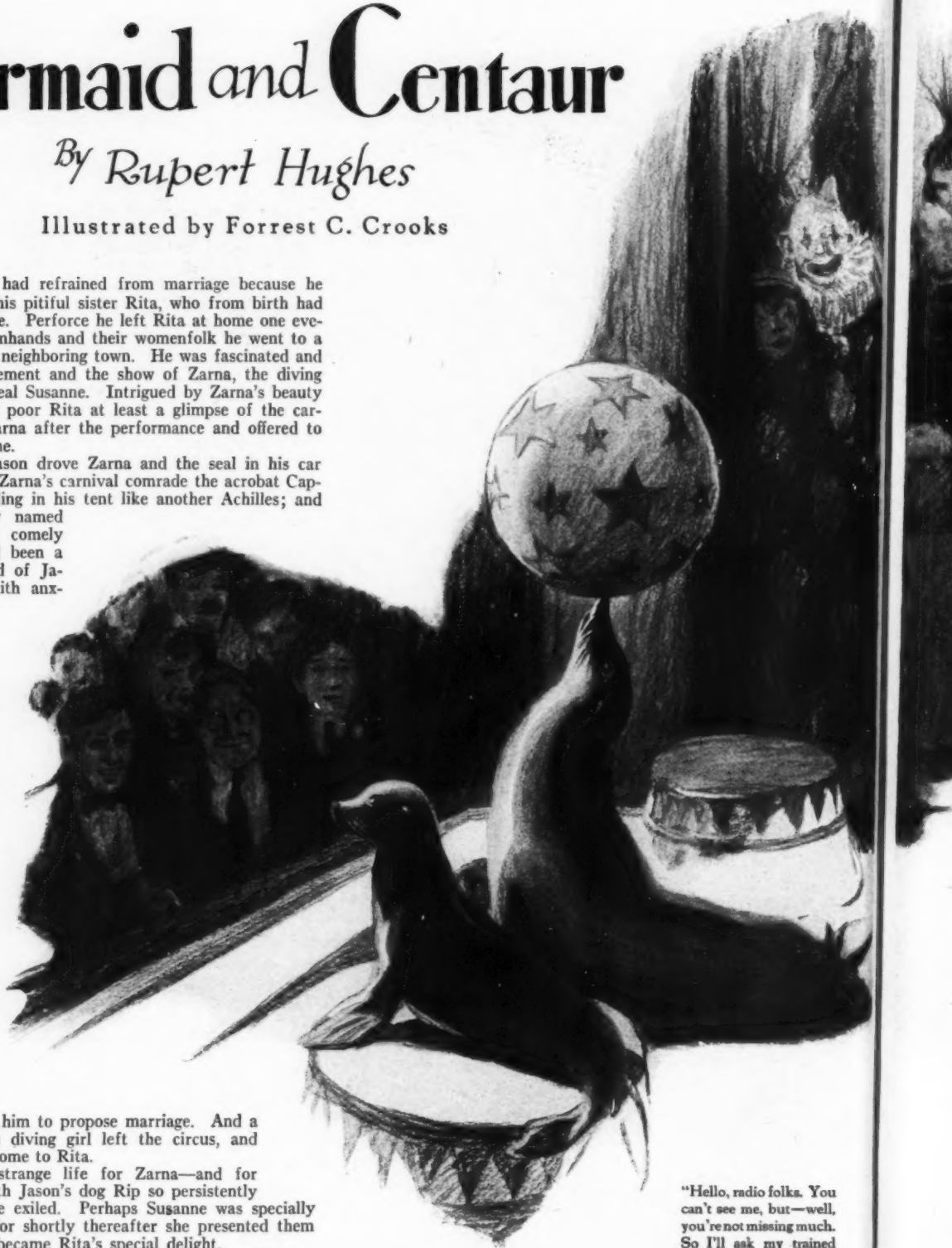
Jason went to the carnival again and again; Zarna revisited the farm—and among the orchard apple-blossoms Jason kissed her. . . . It was on Jason's next visit to the carnival afterward that Querl's jealousy of Jason flamed out in a furious attack and the men fought savagely. It was a drawn battle, and both men were badly battered before Zarna contrived to stop it. . . .

Later, while Zarna was dressing Jason's wounds, she led him to propose marriage. And a few days afterward the diving girl left the circus, and Jason brought his wife home to Rita.

It was a new and strange life for Zarna—and for Susanne, who fought with Jason's dog Rip so persistently that poor Rip had to be exiled. Perhaps Susanne was specially ill-tempered just then, for shortly thereafter she presented them with a baby seal which became Rita's special delight.

News came to Zarna that Captain Querl had been badly hurt in a diving accident. One evening shortly afterward she came upon Jason pathetically trying to learn to swim in the farm pond. Slipping off her outer clothing, she joined him. But the moonlight idyl soon turned to threatened tragedy, for stepping suddenly into deep water, Jason went down; and when Zarna went to his aid he clutched and bore her down with him in panic. Only because Jason lost consciousness first was she able to save him. And the humiliation of the episode added to the bitterness growing between them. And then at the county fair Jason failed to win his usual prizes, and the town jester commented on the fact that Zarna had exhibited no pickles or jellies or other house-

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"Hello, radio folks. You can't see me, but—well, you're not missing much. So I'll ask my trained seal Susanne to sing for you. —Susanne, sing for Radio-land."

wifely triumphs. He added a rough gibe at her carnival career—and Jason knocked him down. (*The story continues in detail:*)

FOR a moment Jason was in such a tumult of rage that when he felt his wife's arms about his neck, he thought her one of his enemies and tried to shake her off. In tearing her hands away, he wrung a cry of pain from her.

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As his mad eyes cleared, she looked through them into his soul. What she saw made her let go and drop to the ground. He was gentle again, and his hands patted her awkwardly; but she saw in his eyes the sick realization that his wife had brought him the deserved contempt of his neighbors.

She was a carnival woman from outside the pale of their civilization. She offended their ideas of dignity and decency.

Though he still accepted their ideas, he had let infatuation betray him, and he must defend her to the last. But he must defend her now as an outlaw sharing her guilt.

Two of Pedy's friends, keeping an anxious eye on Jason, helped Pedy to his feet and helped to brush him off as he drew his dusty hand across his red mouth while tears of shame reeled out of his little eyes.

Jason had always liked Pedy, and had laughed at all his jokes except this last one about Zarna.

The worst of it was that Pedy's joke was founded on fact. Zarna had kept Jason from doing his best as a farmer; she had brought defeat on the Brafford products; she had contributed to the county fair no evidences that she was a good farm

wife. Jason was groveling in remorse, and he could have wept with pity for what was in poor Ferd Pedy's big broken heart.

It was like knocking down a dwarf court jester. Jason was tempted to say:

"I'm mighty sorry, Ferd, and terrible ashamed of myself. If you'll knock me down and tromp on me, I'll be much obliged; for all you said was true."

But a decent man could never allow anybody to say anything against his wife. The truer it was, the worse it was.

Zarna understood all this. She knew what the people thought of her and her career, and though she despised them as much as they despised her, it did not change Jason's feelings toward them or her. She was finished with this town, and maybe with Jason.

By this time there was a big crowd around the group and a policeman broke through with rough talk and professional glares for everybody. His eyes grew very respectful when he saw the tall thin banker who had been one of the bystanders.

"What seems to be the matter, Mr. Cist?" he asked.

Mr. Cist answered with loathing:

"This hulking brute of a Brafford made an outrageous attack on Mr. Pedy, here. He ought to be thrown into jail for it. I'll be glad to be a witness against him."

The policeman turned to Jason. He had to reach up to put a constabulary hand on Jason's shoulder, as he demanded in a legal voice:

"Well, what you gotter say?"

"Keep your dirty hand offen me!" was all Jason had to say, and he tore it off with a downward jerk that swung the policeman round so that he faced Mr. Pedy. The law gulped, and finding itself facing the prospective plaintiff, said:

"How about it, Mr. Pedy?"

By the use of his own and two borrowed handkerchiefs Mr. Pedy had by now restored his face to fair order, save for the blood at his lip. He was a village *Falstaff* with the same suspicion of battlefield "honor," and he had had time to picture himself in court prosecuting a man who had knocked him over backward because he had made free with the name of the man's wife.

When he cast an uneasy glance at Zarna and saw the little thing edging between the big policeman and her bigger husband, he saw something that furnished better material for his famous sense of humor.

The impatient officer repeated:

"How about it, Mr. Pedy?"

"How about what, Mr. Lanigan?"

"How about this man Brafford attacktin' you?"

"What man Brafford attacktin' who?"

Lanigan gasped:

"This man Brafford—you!"

"Who—me? Him?"

"Say, Mr. Pedy, you been drinkin'?"

"Drinkin'? Hadn't you heard about the new law against it? Why, it aint been done for years."

Now the crowd that had loved to hear the town clown play with town dignity began to realize that Ferd Pedy was up to his old tricks. The wrath at Jason and the moral indignation began to melt into the favorite amusement of seeing authority flouted. Lanigan grew furious:

"Did or did not you attack Mr. Brafford? I mean, did or did—"

"No. Never!" roared Pedy.

"Never what?"

"How dare you accuse me of striking Jason Brafford? He is one of my best and oldest friends. —Aint you, Jason?"

Jason was as dazed as the policeman, and he said nothing. Pedy went on:

"I am subject to nosebleeds. Everybody knows that. I was talking with Jason, here, when one of my attacks came on. I was just goin' to borry one of his handkerchiefs when I tripped over one of my feet and fell down. I'll borry it now, Jason."

He reached up and took the fancy hand-

kerchief that Zarna had tucked into Jason's breast pocket. He held it to his nose. Lanigan jerked a thumb at the banker, who stood congealed with cold rage:

"But Mr. Cist, here, says that this man Brafford made an outrageous attack on you."

The crowd watched Pedy anxiously. How would he squirm out of this tight corner? He began to grin, to glance at Cist, to chuckle, to jelly-shake with laughter.

"Why, Mr. Lanigan, I'm supprised at you. Didn't you know that John Cist is the biggest joker in Midfield? Nobody ever takes anything he says serious."

There was a moment of horror. Mr. Cist was a dangerous man, and powerful. Nearly everybody owed him money, and it was no joke owing that razor-blade money. But the incongruity and utter falsity of Pedy's reply knocked them all as silly as he was. There was an explosion of wild hilarity, whoops and backslappings, and such a crepitation of the air that even John Cist was jarred out of himself. He began to grin painfully and laugh with the soft hiss of a tremulous snake.

At the sight of this miracle Lanigan began to smile tentatively. He scratched his head, murmured, "Hell!" and left the crowd. Cist walked away, shaking his head.

Jason, still out of it, stared in woebegone misery. But Zarna seized Pedy's fat hand and said:

"God, but you're grand!"

Pedy smiled pitifully at her and cracked another joke:

"I suppose old Cist will call my note at the bank, but it's worth it. I'm sorry I spoiled your nice handkerchief."

While Jason stood dumbly trying to figure it all out, Zarna picked up the dusty trampled copy of the *Billboard* and mumbled: "Do you want to see more of the fair, Jason, or are you ready to go home?"

"Let's go home," he said. The word had a wretched loneliness in it for both of them. On the way out, Zarna began with infinite difficulty:

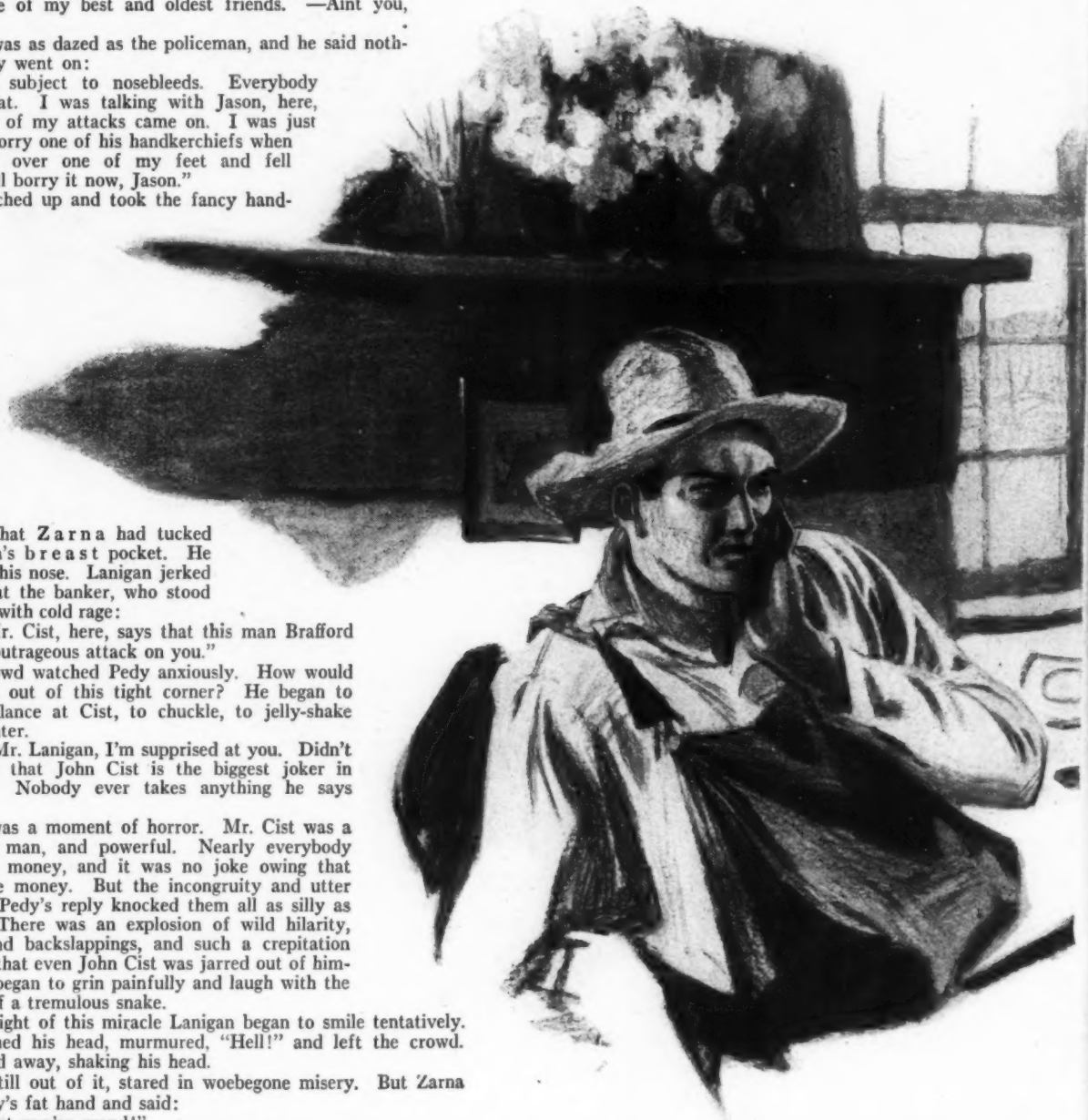
"It's all my fault, Jason, and I can't tell you—"

"I'd be just as much obliged if you'd never try."

So they never mentioned it again. So it gnawed away at both their hearts with a ratty secrecy. . . .

The habit of silence grew upon them. There was something about farm life and farm fatigues that seemed to make the habit easier. Mrs. Gumbert had told Zarna that one woman who called on her had not spoken to her husband for thirty years. Zarna had gasped:

"Well, why in heaven's name does she go on livin' with him?"



"Why, they're married!" Mrs. Gumbert answered, as if that explained everything. To Zarna it deepened the mystery. Yet here she was drifting into the same custom.

After all, what was there to say? When it was raining, any fool could see it and hear it without being told: "Listen at it pour?" When it was hot, it was no news to anybody. What Jason did in the field and what Zarna didn't do about the house could well enough be imagined.

And yet silences were torture. They roared in the ears. They resounded in the room like the torrents that sometimes hammered about the house and stitched at it as if the world were an immense sewing-machine.

From her cradle Rita's plaintive voice would come pleading for

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something to be said. She was mortally afraid of those silences, since they proved that her beloved Jason and her beloved Zarna were not happy. How pitiful it was that people could be unhappy in spite of the marvelous bliss of being able to rise and go about the world, walk and run and climb hills and be out in the rain and put hats on and take them off, and pick flowers and plow fields, harness and unharness horses, and ride in automobiles to town and back, to be looked at without terror or pity, and to be accepted as somebody! How could anyone be able to do such things and be unhappy, to grow tired even of talking about them?

Everything conspired to madden Jason, and he grew as savage as a hobbled bronco.

He and Zarna quarreled about the least things. The habit grew on them so that it became a need. Sometimes out of respect to Rita they would rise and go outside to quarrel, rather than deny themselves the exercise of their rancor. It was almost their only exercise when winter came and the weather imprisoned them in the same house. And the house grew smaller every week. . . .

The coops outside where Susanne and her son lived were not suited to them in the winter. These arctic animals had grown so habited to civilization of a sort that they were as sensitive to drafts and wet feet as city dwellers.

Susanne caught a bad cold and was doubled up and shattered with a terrifying cough. Jason was all sympathy for a time, but when her spasms began to break his sleep he sympathized with himself. It was his custom to destroy animals whose sicknesses were not promptly relieved.

He would not have dared to make such a suggestion to Zarna, but his impatience chilled her, and she decided that he was a heartless brute. When she insisted on moving Susanne into the house and setting her enormous coop in the spare room, sacred to distinguished visitors, Jason could not suppress his comments.

Zarna's answer was:

"If you can't stand Susanne in the house, she and I will go South, as we'd ought to."

This checked his protests, but his rage festered.



Lightning out of a cloudless sky could not have been more surprising, for she slapped him in the face with all the might of her powerful arm.

Both Jason and Zarna tried to find things to say for Rita's sake, but the very effort stifled them.

Even the neighbors had stopped coming. Zarna was glad that she had returned none of the calls first paid her, for she had suffered a complete ostracism after the news went round that she had forced her big lout of a husband to make a villainous assault on dear old Ferd Pedy, who had not only described Zarna to a T but had been noble enough to save Jason from jail by his Christian self-sacrifice.

In place of the grins that had met Jason since his marriage, he saw scowls everywhere when he went to town, so he went less often. The banker Cist pressed on him harder than on any of the other farmers, and he was made to sweat for necessary credit.

Then Prince grew so lonely outside that he made the night hideous with all the ululation of a gigantic pup deserted. He howled himself hoarse, and then, perhaps

from malice, as Jason hinted, or from catching his mother's cold, as Zarna insisted, he began to cough.

At this dreadful sound Zarna leaped from bed and announced that Prince could not be left to die outside in the snow. She ran out and brought him in and installed him on the old sofa in Jason's bedroom with good blankets for his bed.

This was, of course, ridiculous and outrageous and unbearable and unbelievable. Jason told Zarna so. She told him that if he

was brute enough to let the little seal die outside his window, he could go outside and die there himself.

Jason in wrath decided to sleep in the spare room. When he got there he found Susanne as indignant as any other lady at such intrusion on her privacy.

He went to the parlor and tried to sleep on the horsehair sofa. It was never intended to receive a sleeper of his length. It was never intended to retain anybody for long, and he slid off its glossy curves until he threw himself into a big chair and tried to sleep sitting up.

This was bad enough for one night, but the next night found Susanne and the Prince no better, and Zarna in a frenzy. Rita was so alarmed at Prince's hacking (Please turn to page 151)

Powder Costs Money

By Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by
Everett E. Lowry



To prove his miraculous powers, he found fifty cents in Gladstone's pockets. Most astonished of all at this was Gladstone.

STRAIGHT down Strawberry Street came the boom-boom-boom of a big bass drum. Back of and creating the booming came "Ducktooth" Carnes, the color of a dark night, and far too short and ugly for the long blue coat that flapped about his oversized heels.

In large letters on either surface of the drum was blazoned forth the public admission that Doctor Emerson read the future, located buried treasure and cured all incurable diseases.

And back of Ducktooth marched the eminent physician and seer himself, in complexion midnight's only rival, resplendent in opera hat, long-tailed coat and plus fours.

As the two-man procession crossed the railroad track and headed for the river bottoms, "Doctor" Emerson's protruding eyes roved from curb to curb, scanning the faces of the crowd of dark-colored admirers that began to line his way at the sound of the drum. But when his gaze fell upon the knobby-jointed length of Gladstone Smith, it roved no longer. Even a blind stranger could tell without his glasses that Gladstone had been born for what the Doctor had in mind. And in response to his beckoning finger, Gladstone slid into the street importantly. Old Doc knew right off when he saw a bright boy—

"Back up to de front end dat drum an' he'p carry hit!" ordered the great man. "Musician cain't do no good when he got to tote de inst'ment an' play hit too." Then, to the short and sweating Ducktooth: "Step on dem drumsticks, nigger! B'ar down on de drum! Mo' music an' less flats is whut us craves from you!"

Gladstone backed up and swelled with glory. An old dream was coming true. Out of all colored Demopolis, he was picked to help around a bass drum! Ducktooth reached up to new altitudes and showed what a boy could do when he didn't have anything to take his mind and muscles off his drumming. The

crowd's teeth gleamed like the keys on a baby grand piano, and its members began to move delightedly abreast of the drum. Here was something new and promising in town—old drum sounded good and read better—

To everybody but Latham Hooper, that is. Latham stood uneasily aside and watched the Doctor operate. The Doctor saw Latham but didn't pay any attention to him. At the rate he was going, he didn't have to. For by the time his drum and retinue had reached the alley back of Commissioners Street, his professional prospects had

never been brighter.

And there, merely to prove his miraculous powers, he found fifty cents in Gladstone's pockets. Most astonished of all at this was Gladstone, who was only rarely able to accomplish such a feat himself. Then, not content with miracles, Doctor Emerson cinched his reputation by diagnosing Gladstone's ailments publicly. "Is you ever felt hongry befo' an' after meals, tired in front of a job of work, sleepy right after you eats or de sun gits hot?" he fired without pause at his gaping patient.

"Sho is!" gulped Gladstone.

Doctor Emerson looked serious. Everybody looked serious—except Sim Silver, the undertaker, who brightened a shade too much for Gladstone's comfort.

"Hmmm!" Doctor Emerson shook his head gloomily. In no time now Gladstone saw himself playing a harp instead of a drum. "Inf'mation of de chromatic scale, complicated wid shootin' pains in de neck," pronounced the Doctor weightily.

"Wa'n't shot in de neck!" denied Gladstone under a misapprehension. "Dat ma'ied lady's husband aim low—"

The physician passed from diagnosis to treatment without missing a beat—or a cue. All was grist to the Emersonian mill. "Take dese heah three pills, an' you is free from scale or blight," he continued. "De fee an fifty cents fo' de cure—cash money."

Gladstone unhesitatingly followed directions, blinked, and shortly admitted: "Sho is feel better! Pay yo'se'f off wid dat fo' bits you finds in my pocket."

In the outskirts of the crowd Latham witnessed the cure of his witless cousin. Somebody was fixing to do a big business in Latham's home town. And all the business some one else did would come under the head of Lost Business for Latham. Every time this new negro gathered in another Demopolis dollar, there would be that much less left for Latham to harvest.

Besides, Latham had other plans for Gladstone. For Gladstone had an accident-and-health policy. Latham knew it, because he had sold it to him, on credit. Hence all that now stood between Gladstone



Ducktooth's audience craved information. "Huccome you shoots him?" they chorused.



"Whut de matter, Big Boy? Ducktooth find out whar at you is?" inquired the delectable Dora mockingly.

notion you's de toad's tonsils 'bout dat! Dat nigger doc's stringin' you 'long fo' extra mileage wid dat drum. You make mo' money havin' a accident, an' aint got to walk so fur on yo' feet."

"Hmph!" Gladstone revealed a further weakness of his, in turn. "Mo' women sees me wid de drum

dan c'n git close to accident. Deaf or blind, dem babies knows hit when I goes by now!"

"Yeah, an' how 'bout dem women's husbands? Reck'n Ducktooth c'n keep better eye on you too, when you walkin' in front him wid de drum."

"Dat runt?" deprecated the elongated Gladstone. "Dora 'low she wouldn't never ma'ied him is she know he gwine keep on growin' so close to de ground. 'Sides, she aint int'rested in him no mo' since she see me. An' boy, wait twel she see me wid dat drum!"

Latham continued to fail to share Gladstone's enthusiasm. Plainly, the only thing to do was to enlighten Ducktooth and let nature and bird-shot take their course. "Whut street you an' de Doc gwine split wide open tomorrer?" he questioned casually.

"Us gwine jar de money loose on Baptis' Hill tomorrer. Fo'tells de future, lo-cates buried treasure an' cures all diseases, de drum say. Doc sho perscribes a mean pill, too!"

"Whar at he keep all de money he take in?" "Been too busy wid de drum to pester 'bout dat. Heah him say jes' two things he aint got no use fo'—husbands an' banks. Ol' bank must bust in he face somewhars. Reck'n he done thunk up some other good place to keep he money since den. Doc sho is fine man: aint but one thing wrong wid him."

and cash money was an accident—a lack which Latham had already planned to relieve by arranging for an accident. It was scheduled to happen to Gladstone the first time that lengthy ladies' man should be detected by the jealous Ducktooth hanging around Ducktooth's alley in the hope of a flirtatious word with Ducktooth's personable light-colored, light-headed wife Dora.

As is customary in such cases, all Baptist Hill—except Ducktooth—already knew of Gladstone's activities in that respect. And it was in Latham's scheme that Ducktooth should shortly share the general knowledge. Following which, there must inevitably be a warm foot-race and the discharge of Mr. Carnes' ancient muzzle-loader in the fleeing Gladstone's general direction. And following that, Latham counted upon picking the insurance money out of Gladstone long before the doctors finished picking the bird-shot out of him.

Into which pleasing arrangement Doctor Emerson had now thrust his advertising campaign.

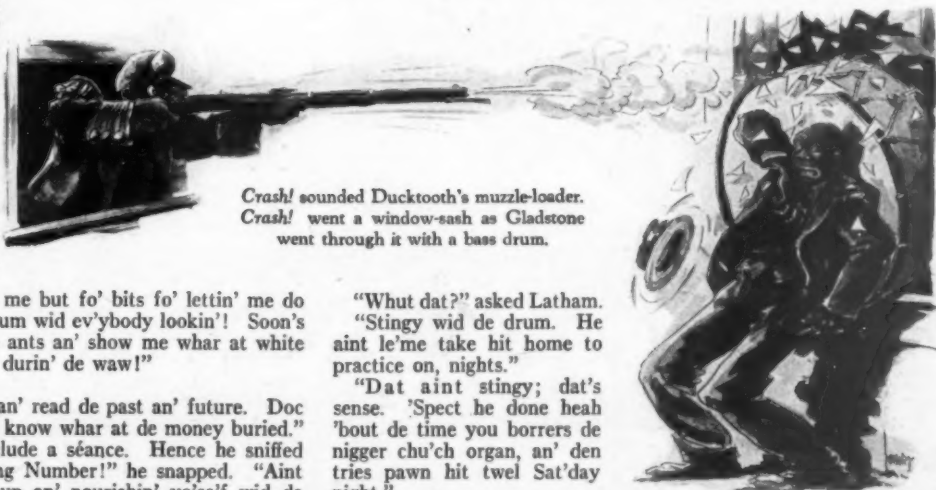
Disgustedly Latham slouched toward Sweet Papa's barber-shop on North Strawberry Street. There Gladstone would repair when he had finished bearing the drum. And there Latham would talk to him like a father.

But Gladstone showed up in no mood to listen to fatherly advice. Rather, he was inflated like an election stock-market, and bursting with big news.

"Dat Doc gwine le' me he'p carry de drum all day tomorrer!" he celebrated. "An' aint charge me but fo' bits fo' lettin' me do hit! Always is crave to lam a drum wid ev'ybody lookin'! Soon's gits me ten dollars, he gwine see ants an' show me whar at white folks buried two hund'ed dollars durin' de waw!"

"Gwine see whut?" "See ants. Th'ows a fit, like, an' read de past an' future. Doc have to see ants, he say, befo' he know whar at de money buried."

Latham's experience didn't include a séance. Hence he sniffed a high-class sniff. "Listen, Wrong Number!" he snapped. "Aint no use in you gittin' all swoll' up an' nourishin' yo'se'f wid de



Crash! sounded Ducktooth's muzzle-loader. Crash! went a window-sash as Gladstone went through it with a bass drum.

"Whut dat?" asked Latham. "Stingy wid de drum. He aint le'me take hit home to practice on, nights."

"Dat aint stingy; dat's sense. 'Spect he done heah 'bout de time you borrsers de nigger chu'ch organ, an' den tries pawn hit twel Sat'day night."

Gladstone couldn't wait around long enough to think up suitable repartee—not with a previous engagement with Dora already drawing near. . . .

At a table in the Carnes kitchen that evening, Doctor Emerson, minus his silk hat, stowed away greens and hog jowl like an ordinary mortal. Dora fetched food and felt funny. She was nervous on two counts. One was that the groceries might give out under his onslaughts; the other that she might be late in meeting Gladstone to ride the merry-go-round at Frog Bottom.

On the other hand, Doctor Emerson was a pleasant guest, openly admiring in his gaze, and unquestionably a "big nigger" in the highest circles.

SUPPER over, the gentlemen retired to the front porch to give Dora a free hand with the dishes. Dora immediately rattled a couple of them, and lit out for her tryst with Gladstone. On the porch conversation sprang up.

"How de drummin' go after dat long tall boy start totin' de front end?" questioned the guest. "I thought I heah you hit couple of extra flats on de high notes 'long late in de evenin'."

"Cain't reach dem high notes good," grumbled Ducktooth. "Dat Gladstone too long. Totes high. Women all time seein' somep'n in him; all I sees is too much of him. My wife aint got no time fo' him, neither. He aint been no 'count since he take out dat insu'ance, nohow."

Doctor Emerson's ears went up. Hearing money mentioned always affected them that way. "Huccome insu'ance?"

"Acc'dent insu'ance. Long's he aint got hit, is he walk in front of au-to-mobile widout lookin', whut happen is jes' whut he deserve—an' de town better off. But soon's he git hissef dis heah pol'cy, den hit's a *acc'dent* an' he git twenty dollars a week twel he well ag'in, no matter whut hit him."

Instantly Doctor Emerson scented possibilities. If Gladstone met with any accidents, a fast worker in finance ought to do well in his vicinity.

"You sho is a good picker 'mongst de women, Mist' Carnes," he switched the subject. "I not only aint never seed a better cook dan yo' wife, but she aint no trouble to look at, neither."

Ducktooth expanded—then contracted. "You said hit!" he agreed heartily. "But powder sho costs a heap of money."

"Huccome powder? Dime sto'es sells face-powder cheap."

"Taint de face-powder—hit's de gunpowder," corrected Mr. Carnes with a gesture toward a muzzle-loader of substantial gauge, standing beside his door. "Good-lookin' gal like Dora li'ble git mixed up an' step out wid de wrong one: acc'dent li'ble happen den to de boy whut she step wid."

An idea leaped full-grown from Dr. Emerson's powerful brain! An accident—to Gladstone! Twenty dollars a week—to himself! All that the "accident" required was arranging. And the "makings" were at hand, ready for his skillful touch! A hint here, an insinuation there; and it was done!

"Women's taste somep'n cain't nobody 'count fo'," he observed casually. "Good-lookin' yeller gal marry shawt boy wid long coat—an' *still* she aint sa'shied. . . . Sho is 'tractive gal, Mist' Carnes. . . . Den she staht traipsin' round—maybe—wid boy all laigs an' no sense. Women funny dat way."

Doctor Emerson paused. "Whut you say?" the dense Ducktooth jerked himself back from his post-prandial doze.

"Says li'l fine bird-shots—dey changes de course of true love widout stim'latin' de und'takin' industry unduly. Plenty of 'em, an' you gits action. Well, keep yo' eyes open an' yo' powder dry, Mist' Carnes. An' don't fo'git dat us gives dem Baptis' Hill niggers somep'n extra tomorrer in de way of plain an' fancy drummin'. Dey's bu'ied treasure to be foun', too—only ten dollars, in advance."

"Aint hit so!" murmured the dozing Ducktooth.

MEANTIME, on the merry-go-round with the attractive Dora, something was preying on Gladstone's mind. Gayety wouldn't last somehow. Elevation one moment, at the thrilling prospect of beating a bass drum all over Demopolis in daylight, was followed by gloom dark enough to match his face.

"Whut de matter, Big Boy? Ducktooth find out whar at you is?" inquired the delectable Dora mockingly.

"Ducktooth aint pester nobody! Whut botherin' me, gal, is *real* trouble. Is you ever git close to big money an' den cain't git no furder?"

"Been dat way ever since I ma'ies Ducktooth."

"I's talkin' 'bout raisin' money fo' 'vestment whar at I cain't lose. Doc Em'rson, whut me an' Ducktooth drums fo', adv'tises he finds bu'ied treasure. He say fo' ten dollars, in advance, he c'n

see ants an' come out showin' me whar at dey's two hund'ed dollars hid out. . . . Wuz I know anybody whut got ten dollars, I pay 'em back two fo' one, soon's me an' de Doc git de two hund'ed."

Gladstone left an opening at the end of his remarks which could have but one meaning. Dora didn't miss it.

"Ducktooth got ten-dollar bill hid in de barr'l of he gun," she thought aloud. "Savin' hit up fo' trip to Bumin'ham next month. He aint miss hit, an' us c'n put twenty back in befo' he miss de ten. . . . Dat Doc Em'rson sho is fine man. Class stick out all ov' him, aint hit?"

"Whut I cain't make out," detoured Gladstone, "is huccome smart good-lookin' gal like you take up wid li'l shawt runt widout no looks like Ducktooth."

"Ducktooth had money: I aint know I couldn't git hit," explained Dora comprehensively. "Don't you slip up none on fotchin' back dat twenty. Ducktooth cain't miss nothin' big as you wid dat bird-gun of his'n, wuz he git mad at you. . . . Aint dem shawt pants look classy on de Doc?"

"Honey, when you sees whut I gwine buy you wid dat two hund'ed, you cain't r'member is de Doc a vet'rinarian or choir-practice. Whar at I see you an' git de 'vestment money?"

"How 'bout tomorrer night, after you an' Ducktooth quits totin' dat drum all round town?"

"Suits me! Comes right in de back way at yo' house: you keeps Ducktooth out on de front po'ch whar at he cain't heah de cash register fixin' to make money fo' ev'ybody. He put out ten an' git back twenty: I puts out ten an' git back two hund'ed."

"Fix hit jes' like you say, Gladstone," enthused Dora. "Ducktooth sho feel good when he find he ten done growed. . . . Dat Doc Em'rson all broke out wid big words an' swell clo'es, aint he? Whar at he put all de money he make?"

"Aint know. Got some place whut aint nobody know 'bout. Dat huccome he so good at locatin' whut other folks hides out. Jes' natu'ally got nose fo' de business."

UP Baptist Hill next morning drummed Ducktooth, with Gladstone sweating on before. Dr. Emerson was no longer with them, but a new sign upon the drum's sides told where sufferers from pain or seekers after treasure might consult him.

"Tell de patients not come pushin' round befo' noon-time," he had instructed his drum-corps. "I got th'ow see-ance early an' find out whar at de two hund'ed dollars hid out whut Gladstone gwine lo-cate if he git hold of ten dollars in time."

Evidently the medico-medium got his answer early, for scarcely were the drummers out of sight before he headed for Ducktooth's alley, carefully polishing his hat.

It was nearing noon when he returned to his Commissioners Alley address, to find that narrow thoroughfare congested with the results of four hours' work with the drum. The Pied Piper of Hamelin had nothing on the perspiring Ducktooth. Gladstone fanned himself and figured for himself fifty per cent of the credit. Ducktooth eyed Gladstone sourly and wondered what-all Doctor Emerson had been talking about last night. Anyone with eyes knew that no woman would look at Gladstone twice. Ducktooth knew because he had to look at him over a bass drum all day! Besides, he carried the drum too high—old notes kept getting flatter all the time.

"Work fast wid de patients!" interrupted Doctor Emerson, bustling in upon them. "Organize 'em. Sees dem wid de most money firs'. Step on hit now—an' fotch de drum inside whar at I 'xamines de patients, fo' cash."

"Think dat ol' drum made out of 'possum gravy!" grumbled Gladstone. "Way he aint let hit git out he sight when he round heah!"

"Aint blame him," retorted Ducktooth acidly. "I wouldn't trust you wid a case of measles, if dey b'longed to me. All time gwine off wid whut aint b'long to you. Drums cost money."

But even the busiest day must end. In the gloaming three colored gentlemen, mutually and rightfully distrustful of one another, gathered about the drum in the consulting quarters of the eminent Doctor Emerson.

Unseen in the fast-falling darkness just outside, a fourth, Latham Hooper, held himself in the shadows, awaiting the chance to drop a remunerative—for Latham—word in Ducktooth's ear.

Inside, Doctor Emerson issued final instructions to his assistants. "Lock up dat drum good an' gimme de key—I be back later in de night," he snapped at Gladstone. "Dis my busy night."

Reluctantly Gladstone dragged his gaze from the noble rotundity of the drum. Old Doc never gave a boy a chance to take it out nights and give the women a treat. They sure would rally round thick if he owned that ol' drum. Boy with a drum like that could

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*Among the salads and ices,
serve bracing hot soup!*



Ask your grocer for
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Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
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Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef
(Okra)		

You enjoy all the cool, inviting summer foods, of course. But do you realize how much more enjoyable they are—and more beneficial—when you give yourself the benefit of invigorating soup!

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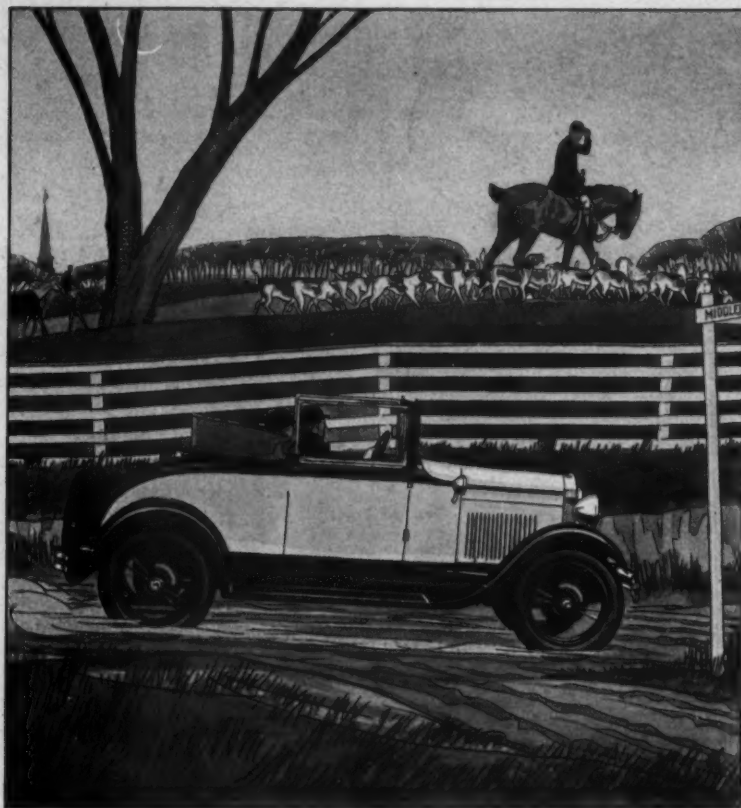
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SUPPER

GOOD PERFORMANCE WITH ECONOMY



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THE new Ford is more than a new automobile. It is the expression of an ideal—an ideal that looks to bringing the benefits of modern transportation to all the people.

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Figures from many sources show that the new Ford averages 20 miles per gallon of gasoline, with thousands of Ford owners reporting greater mileage on long trips. Oil consumption is also low. There is a considerable saving on tires due to special Ford design, the balance of the car, ease of steering and perfected wheel design.

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factory supervision of all service are additional reasons for the economy of the new Ford. This service begins with proper instruction when you buy the car and includes a free inspection and checking-up of important parts at 500, at 1000 and at 1500 miles.

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borrow a slip-horn and start a band and a couple of divorces—

"Step on hit!" thundered Doc Emerson. "Soon's dat drum lock up an' I gits de key, I got git gwine from heah. Got mo' business to 'tend to dan a one-armed man stackin' mothballs."

Gladstone locked, pouted and itched to be off on private business too. Everything was all set. Ducktooth was fixing to make a good investment and didn't know it. There was even time, if he worked it right, to stop off *en route* to Dora's for a bite of supper where another lady-friend cooked for the white folks. Moved by the latter thought, Gladstone detoured. And thus, unwittingly, did his appetite divert the appointed order of events.

"Pssst!" hissed Latham in Ducktooth's direction a moment later, as Gladstone disappeared. "You wants keep eye on dat long tall boy."

"Cain't see nothin' but him all day now," grumbled Ducktooth. "Packin' de front end dat drum too high fo' me all time! Whut you mean, 'Keep eye on him'?"

"Means is you never notice Gladstone all time got business up yo' alley when you aint? An' women all time fallin' fo' dat boy! Wuz I you, dat Gladstone'd have acc'dent right spang in front dat bird-gun some night whut take he mind off yo' wife fo' fawty miles."

Ducktooth swelled like a worried frog. Here was somebody else talking about the same thing. Everybody knew more about his business than he did. Doc Emerson had just been touching on it, too; the time Ducktooth went to sleep on him.

"Ne' mind actin' like you done e't dried apples an' drunk water," continued Latham easily. "Jes' look fo' yo'self. Wuz I you, all I do is hustle home and 'tend to my own business, promp'. Don't shoot twel you sees de whites of he eyes—den you cain't miss hittin' de right one whut done wrong."

"Take sevum peckerwoods, peckin' nights, to finish gittin' all de li'l bird-shots outen him, is I find dat Gladstone nigger dar now!" threatened the aroused Ducktooth.

Latham retrieved a total stranger's cigarette-stub from the sidewalk and lit it nonchalantly. Business was working out just right. All Latham lacked of having access to funds soon was for Gladstone to have an accident. And the accident was on its way to happen now. Couldn't but one thing improve it, and that was to be on hand to see it happen. In the grip of which appealing idea he shuffled forward into the darkness in the direction taken by the outraged Mr. Carnes—closely but not too closely.

BAPTIST HILL went about its regular business of love-making, chop-frying and crap-shooting. Peace and the pleasant odor of sizzling catfish lay like a benediction upon the land, a peace that was suddenly and rudely ruined by a report which split the welkin like that of a sixteen-inch coast-defense rifle.

Other noises followed, noises calculated to bring the populace swiftly to its feet and front doors. Mingled with the dry rattle of leaden hail upon roofs and window-panes arose the anguished outcries of some one devoting himself heart and soul to the rapid-transit problem. Dust spurted upward beneath a distant arc-light and traveled in a swiftly moving cloud, to the accompaniment of the plop of large and active feet.

Baptist Hill gazed and grew pop-eyed. The dust concealed some things and revealed others. Which deepened the mystery. Those who were deepest "in the know," socially, grew most pop-eyed of all. And their astonished exclamations were no explanation of an apparently terrific miscarriage of judgment on the part of some one. Yet from their actions it was clear that the fat was in the fire. So flagrant a reversal of form

as the running one revealed meant that henceforth one man's guess was as good as another's, that another choice bit of gossip had gone wrong, and that possibly an entirely new construction must now be placed upon what had previously been taken by the Hill as the simplest form of the eternal triangle.

All this while the speeding figure under discussion traversed six blocks, the river-side district, and ended public appearance by taking to the water like a side-wheel steamer!

QUESTIONS eagerly asked were variously answered. But shortly, out of the welter of interrogations there emerged the answer to one, at least. From up Strawberry Street came the martial sound of marching feet—two of them, size twelve and one-half. And down Strawberry Street strode a martial figure, reared backward until his long blue coat-tails brushed the ground behind him. Head up and his gun at "shoulder arms," its muzzle still reeking of gunpowder, marched Ducktooth, implacable avenger of his home!

But if Ducktooth craved admiration, his audience craved information. They had just seen Effect, and now here was Cause.

"Huccome you shoots him?" they chorused. "Huccome you shoots Latham?"

Ducktooth shortened by inches. "Shoot w-w-who?"

"Latham! Latham Hooper go by. heah so fas' jes' now us couldn't heah he feet hit de ground twel fo' minutes after he gone! Sho wuz stim'lated 'bout somep'n!"

Mr. Carnes' mental density and bewilderment increased geometrically. Something else was added to the long list of things he couldn't understand. His immediate confusion and further remarks were covered and lost in the prolonged whistlings of a passenger train nearing the Demopolis depot. "I aint look good," he finally made himself heard. "I wuz layin' fo' dat low-down Gladstone nigger, an' when somebody crope through de bushes 'side my house in de dark, I lets loose wid de bird-shots."

Which putting of his plight into words recalled to the palpitating Ducktooth a lot of personal unfinished business: There had been but one twenty-mile dash reported to him, and it was not Gladstone's. Therefore, while he was strutting in Strawberry Street his home was again unprotected, Gladstone still loose as a ladies' man in the land. Abruptly at the thought he turned back, re-loading as he ran.

Baptist Hill boiled afresh. This thing wasn't half over yet. And hardly had Ducktooth disappeared in one direction when Gladstone appeared from another. Gladstone had missed a lot—which was also the tenor of his complaint. Women was his subject.

"Through wid women!" he proclaimed to a listening world. "Say dey gwine be some-whar an' dey aint dar! Dey say dey gwine give you ten dollars, and closest you gits to gittin' it is heah de gun go off whar de ten done been shot all through de wrong nigger! Cain't find Dora; cain't find Ducktooth; cain't find Latham, cain't find Doc Em'rson—cain't find nothin'!"

"Keep on bellerin' round, though, an' whole passel bird-shots gwine find you," cautioned an auditor. "Ducktooth fixin' up acc'dent fo' you now. Dat huccome Latham git shot—"

"Latham?"

"Yeah. Ducktooth think Latham you. Latham crossin' Mississippi now, still thinkin' he's on fire. Ducktooth done reload' an' staht out lookin' fo' you now."

GLADSTONE shivered and shut up. Twenty dollars a week insurance benefits wouldn't do a boy any good after Ducktooth once let fly at him with that muzzle-loader—not to speak of the loss of a good job around a bass drum. Sure was time for a boy to

locate old Doc Emerson and get the next fifteen minutes of the future read right quick. Liable to walk around the wrong corner any minute now if he didn't. Meantime an alley entrance beckoned, and Gladstone made hurried answer.

Tense-nerved Baptist Hill, holding its collective breath and awaiting the further roar of Ducktooth's firearm, leaped apprehensively at the first volleying exhausts of the locomotive as the night train steamed slowly down Franklin Street. Gladstone himself did four fast blocks before getting under control. Which brought him to the rocky edge of the cut that held the tracks—and further insight into the duplicity of man! One look through the uncurtained windows of the train, and Gladstone perceived that he was without prospects, recourse or benefit of bigamy! Dark and filled solely with Ducktooth was the future now—for beside an uncurtained window, coyly, sat Dora! And beside her, possessively yet with a worried look, sat—Doctor Emerson!

The train and Gladstone's lumbering intellect gathered speed. While he had been polishing off that fatal meal in Hogan's Alley before meeting Dora and the lost ten, Doctor Emerson had been putting in the final successful touches on his conquest of Gladstone's affinity. No wonder he had been in a hurry! And while Latham and Gladstone were being exposed to heavy gunfire, Doctor Emerson was even then decamping with the cause of all the shooting!

Worst of all, the bass drum was probably in the baggage-car up ahead! Life held nothing but bird-shot. Gone was the drum; gone was Dora; gone was his pleasant employment with Doc Emerson.

THEN a truck in the next street back-fired and Gladstone tore down three fences—one of them barbed wire. Sim Silver finally halted him in Commissioners Street, a mile away, where his feet had unconsciously returned him to the scenes of his former triumphs with the bass drum.

"Ducktooth headin' dis way now," cautioned Sim. "He done found out he done shot Latham wid dat ten-dollar bill he wuz savin' up to go to Bumin'ham on, an' he fo' times madder'n he wuz when he find out Dora done gone. He think she go wid you."

Denials didn't appeal to Gladstone like distance. The only thing getting thicker was bad news. The canebrakes of the Tombigbee River bottoms sure were calling a boy. That, in turn, called for lunch. And it wasn't the first time Gladstone had risked his life for a meal. Up the street and adjoining Dr. Emerson's offices of happy memory was a barbecue stand that would supply his need.

But the proprietor of it met Gladstone's descent upon his wares with news that set Gladstone's heart to doing tricks and his eyes to rolling strangely. Things hadn't finished happening yet, it seemed.

"Dat Doc Em'rson round heah while 'go," volunteered the barbecue dispenser affably, "wid he coat tails standin' straight out in de wind behind him, he in sich a swivet. 'Low he blegged to git dat drum he lock up next do'. Den ol' train whistle, an' he drap de key an' gallop ol' groanin' like he feel pow'ful bad 'bout somep'n. Sho look worried—"

Gladstone was on his knees searching before the keyhole next door before his informant was half through. Just beyond that locked door lay the drum that should yet be his solace in the canebrakes! As his hand found the dropped key, his ears passed out more bad news. From the corner a block away came the sound of vengeful feet on the sidewalk.

Gladstone flung himself into a frenzy of unlocking. Nearer sounded the twelve-and-one-half feet. Tomorrow the niggers were either going to be saying, "Aint he sound noble?" or "Aint he look natural?" All de-

pended on whether he got the drum now before Ducktooth got the range!

Then two clicks—one as the key finally turned the lock, the other as Ducktooth pulled back his hammer and took aim.

And *Crash!* a second later sounded the roar of Ducktooth's muzzle-loader fired in anger.

Gladstone dived, snatched, and dived again. *Crash!* went a window sash on the opposite side of the room as Gladstone went through it with a forty-inch bass drum!

Gladstone's feet reached for the river road. Old canebrakes weren't calling half as hard as Gladstone was answering. Dora was gone; Doc Emerson was gone; two hundred dollars in buried treasure was still buried so far as Gladstone was concerned. But if his feet and the darkness held out, he had his drum!

Yet it was his feet that were his down-

fall. In the language of the stables—at twenty miles an hour and due to getting his shoes from two different white gentlemen of different sizes and tastes—Gladstone interfered. And thus, with his life and liberty still in the balance, a speeding shoe caught on a slower calf, and disaster fell. So did Gladstone. And in falling he thrust a foot squarely through the smooth and sonorous surfaces of his drum!

GONE now was everything. Stilled forever was his new-found drum. It would never flat again—or sharp, either. Gone was the hope and the dream of crowded curbs and cheering contemporaries of that future day when, with Ducktooth appeased, he should again thunder lustily in solo up Baptist Hill.

Weakly he stooped to disengage himself

from the wreckage that merely halted and hobbled him now. Of small interest the fact that there were no longer sounds of armed pursuit upon his trail.

And then! And then! Wild words upon the Tombigbee's banks! A sound of lone revelry by night!

"Whoopee!" chortled a recent fugitive from husbandly justice, beneath the southern stars. "Buys myse'f a new drum an' goes nawth in de maw'nin'!" he told the world aloud. "Aint keer who ol' Doc Emerson ridin' wid an' whar he gwine—dat nigger done make good wid me jes' like he say he gwine do! Bu'ied treasure he done promise me, an' bu'ied treasure I done found! No wonder he so stingy wid hit! No wonder Ducktooth hit dem flats! 'Bleeged to cut down de tone wid all Doc's money, whut ev'ybody axin' 'bout, hid inside dis drum!"

EXCITEMENT

(Continued from page 67)

I can just see Angel jumping up and down with joy when she hears about this reception. She wont come—and if she does, it will probably be worse than if she didn't. Is that my grapefruit all agog for me in the dining-room?"

SHE found time as she ate it to scan the headlines of the morning paper which lay beside her place and to plan her day. The headlines told her that the Secretary of State and probably the President himself were planning to spend the summer on Lake Hanging Horn, seventy miles to the north.

This morning Janis' house pleased her. The wine-red of the mahogany, the old silver toast-rack, the sweet, fainting smell of narcissus in the bulb-bowls by the window, the pleasant habit of things, with the servant in the kitchen taking flour out of the same bin where her mother's cook had always kept it. She could not explain to Uncle Will the deep instinct that made her refuse to sell the house, even for a chance to live in surroundings of infinitely more taste and beauty. It was an unformulated feeling, a reluctance to give up what she had, until she had found something for which she could tear up her roots.

St. Anthony had already gone to work. The ones who worked were ready for those who did not. In many places they were preparing for Janis and others who prolonged their leisure. Shops were opened, golf courses being carefully groomed, chefs in clubs and restaurants preparing menus for luncheon and dinner. In one of the big hotels a New York shop was exhibiting spring clothes, and the salesmen were opening great wardrobe trunks and setting up tables and freshening creased coats and dresses.

Janis had that exhibit in mind. She meant to go there and look at the display of evening gowns and slippers. And after that she would stop at the bank and then go out to the City Club for lunch with Elizabeth Fahnestock. She hadn't seen that crowd lately, and it would be deadly; but she could break away early. If the horses that Jenny Fremont was talking about had really come, they could ride this afternoon. Dinner at Avery Lord's. Perhaps she wouldn't go at the last moment. It was pretty soon to see Tony after last night. Still, she might as well.

Looked at with this much perspective, it seemed a choppy day. She wondered for a moment what had made this kind of living seem so natural last summer on Long Island, and yet always a little on the defensive here. As if you were playing when you really should be working; as if it were almost wrong not to be purposeful, even in enjoyment. That was what Aunt Catherine did. When she gave a party, she made it into a

stone and killed birds with it—two at a time, if possible. But when Angel gave a party, it dissolved in its own gayety.

The telephone rang. The day was off.

"I'll take it, Ellen."

"Hello, Tony. I'm all right this morning. . . . Of course. . . . Why shouldn't I like you? You were all right. . . . No. Of course I don't. . . . I know, but it isn't any good. . . . I don't know why. Maybe it is sentimental. . . . I can't help it, Tony. I'm sorry, but you'd be a lot sorrier. I'd probably throw plates at you in six months. Sure I would. I've a violent temper and it will probably get steadily worse. . . . Tonight? Maybe I'm coming. I can't tell yet. It depends on my rheumatism. . . . Rheumatism. I haven't it yet, but I might get it. . . . Maybe I will. Don't get lit tonight, Tony. Put the light under a bushel for once, will you?"

Junk, she thought, as she hung up the receiver. And yet that might be the best way to do it. Well, anyway, there were things to do and people about to do them with. The day could make its own climax. She took the mail from the postman and ran upstairs, singing. A letter from West Sicard. They had been more frequent lately. Men didn't forget her! He liked to write those letters to her.

MR. FLAX, of "Gerrand, Fifth Avenue," had arranged his display in several of the sample-rooms at the Hotel St. Anthony. He flattered himself that he knew the temper and character of each of the cities he visited, so exactly that the displays were never quite alike. In one city he featured evening dresses and wraps, in another daytime clothes. He knew a good deal about women, and he was a highly paid man, although he always complained that he was not well enough paid to compensate him for what he called the dog's life he led, traveling about the country. He liked to boast, none the less, that there was no one who had the provincial trade so completely in hand as he did. He was a white-haired, well-put-together gentleman who, seen at dinner in some large hotel where he had engaged display rooms, might have been taken for a banker or diplomat or member of some other profession which cultivates suavity with reticence and dignity. He had a suburban house in Yonkers which he was continually regretting but which would have bored him to death if circumstances had compelled him to live in it for any length of time. His whole life was made up of skillful contacts with the rich, and he knew more about them than they knew about themselves. He was acquainted with a great many women in an amazingly confidential and quite formal way, knew their habits of thrift or extravagance. Many of them had been exceedingly frank

in those moments when women stand like exposed souls while contemplating an expensive purchase, and Mr. Flax knew as well as any man what swept their minds at such times, and how terrific the urge of acquisition can be. He also had his own way of doing things, his own method of getting the leaders of a community to work for him unconsciously.

THIS morning he had read in the same paper which Janis had scanned, the report of the near-by summer sojourn of high officials and dignitaries, and on an inner page a scathing editorial on why women should buy from local merchants. The editorial disturbed him not at all. He was used to such denunciations and knew that women were rarely moved from their desires by anything they might read in a newspaper. The thing was to create the desire. The fact that the city might have a number of fashionable people visiting in its environs was something else. He spoke of that to his salesmen as a talking-point. Then, very carefully, he went over the list of those who had been his last season's patrons and called up Mrs. George Fremont personally to mention a Doucet lace gown which he hoped she would come in to look at.

Mrs. Fremont came in early with a young woman whom Mr. Flax did not recognize. But he did recognize her clothes as a composite of Paris and New York, and as chosen by a person who used fashions for her convenience instead of being ridden by them. Her hat was an original Mimi Lescat. He had noticed that label on the lining when she had tossed it off to try the effect of an evening wrap, but he flattered himself that he would have known it anyway.

"You ought to have that, Angel," said Mrs. Fremont. "Nobody else could possibly do as much for it."

Mr. Flax agreed—verbally and mentally. The girl made him think of the few great cities, of ocean liners, of what the great dressmakers were striving after in trying to express youth without crudity. She had none of the self-consciousness he had been meeting for weeks as he had been going through the country. She treated him as if he were not of the slightest consequence and as if he were an expert, both of which things Mr. Flax knew were quite true. He might flatter Mrs. Fremont into the evening dress and a street coat and a few negligees, and he must not forget to press upon her attention the new sport outfits for country wear. But there was no bamboozling this other girl with admiration. She looked, thought Mr. Flax, with what was quite a little flight for him, like a princess in the wrap of flesh-colored satin and fox fur. She made him discontented with all the plump, greedy, considering women who would be in

Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by JANE KENDALL MASON

JANE KENDALL MASON (Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.) is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.

It's SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad began out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was told to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

This summer everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to the delightful coppery tan most women find so becoming.

The burning question is how to be smartly sun-tanned yet keep your skin smooth and evenly browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the sun is strong. What with swimming, tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, does take care!

But I have a simple "sun-tan secret"—

Four exquisite preparations for care of the skin...

1. You know Pond's Cold Cream, for immaculate cleansing all year round. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burn.

2. Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are indispensable to your cold cream cleansing, removing dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.

3. Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it clears, refines the skin.

4. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And always all year round for protection and powder base!

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the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind and salt water, keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

After my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, just as I do the year round:—

To avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives such a lovely finish for evening!

Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than the four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First—Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream . . . Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness . . . Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!



and out all day, and to whom his life was consecrated.

"I haven't any money," she said.

Mrs. Fremont said that didn't matter. "Nobody ever has," she answered largely.

"Clem says I'm ruining him. I lost two hundred dollars last week. I didn't hold a decent hand. And all sorts of unexpected things happened to the plumbing, too."

"When you're low," said Mrs. Fremont, "is the time to buy a few things. It makes you feel better, changes your point of view. I was overdrawn last month too, and George made a row. He says it looks bad."

Rich people's poverty, thought Mr. Flax sardonically, with no air of listening.

"I'd like to show you some slippers that would go with the wrap," he said.

They were flesh-colored brocade, and they were hardly slippers at all. They looked as if they had been made for drinking toasts, as if they were the fantasy of some exquisite Cinderella.

"Oh, you must get that layout!" exclaimed Jenny Fremont. "There's no escaping it. It's a sin not to."

"It's a sin if I do. That's what I like about it. I'm tired of all my clothes. They're all bulgy, and they've turned too virtuous. How much does it cost?"

Mr. Flax told her, not pretending, as he would have with some people, that he could not remember.

"At that price it should be a model," she objected.

"It's extremely expensive to copy, and there are no cheap imitations. The same effect can't be given in less luxurious material," Mr. Flax rejoined suavely.

OTHER young women and several elderly ones had come in. With a quick jerk of his astonishing memory Mr. Flax remembered that the girl in brown tweeds by the door was Mrs. Fahnestock, wife of a banker here—stood very well. The older women had come to look, probably, except perhaps Mrs. Jennings—and he bowed with great courtesy to her. She wore size 4-A, he thought, and was vain about it, and she probably had her old rhinestone buckles in her pocket to use over again on new shoes. But still a grand lady. The nervous-looking woman by the door had money and little position or confidence among these others. She would buy. Anyone who wore such diamonds in the morning always bought. She wanted important labels in her clothes.

And all the time Mr. Flax was aware that he had a prize in the young woman, whoever she was, who was still regarding herself in the flesh-colored evening wrap, and he knew that everyone else in the room had an eye on that transaction. She was an advertisement. He wanted to sell her the wrap because it would be noted and coveted, and next season it would bring in people who would imagine they could look like that. Mrs. Fremont and this girl knew most of the others. Not the nervous one with the diamonds, but old Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Fahnestock and her friends.

He noted another young woman who was entering. Mr. Flax could not place her in his gallery of customers, and that bothered him, for she not only was well acquainted with the important people in the room, but obviously she was the best type of these provincial aristocrats whom you would never take for New York or Paris or Vienna women, but who did have a certain style of their own. They wore their clothes well, even if they were careless about accessories. Mr. Flax liked the dark blue coat the girl had on. It looked like one of Addington's. Mrs. Jennings was smiling in the benignant way of the

dowager, and the girl was shouting into the old lady's ear that she was very well and certainly was coming to see her soon. That's right—he must remember about that deafness.

"There's Janis," he heard Mrs. Fremont say.

"This is just like Old Home Week," said the girl in the satin coat. "Come on over, Janis. Cut in."

"Are you getting a new evening coat?"

"It was new," said Angel, "but it's been so thoroughly observed that I'm thinking of selling it secondhand."

Mrs. Fahnestock began to talk to a salesman. Mrs. Jennings, who hadn't heard, continued to stare with smiling quizzicalness. The woman with the diamonds, who had been frankly watching, flushed and turned away. Mr. Flax, with his best negligent manner, kept his eye on the sale and incidentally showed Mrs. Fremont a coral-colored sport dress that she could get for ninety-eight dollars. She took it just as incidentally as he displayed it.

"You're perfectly marvelous in that," Janis said; "but it must cost a million dollars or so. That collar's a regular fox farm. I thought you had a lot of evening coats."

"I have."

"But then—"

"Oh, the tragedy of Little But Then!" said Angel. "Didn't you ever have that when you were younger? Or are you educated, darling?" She slipped her shoulders out of the wrap. Mr. Flax, lifting it, looked at her inquiringly. She nodded. Young Mrs. Fahnestock said something to her companion, who looked toward Angel. The woman who wore the diamonds had a gleam of greed in her eyes.

Jenny Fremont paid no attention at all. She was looking for a scarf to match the sport dress.

"And the slippers, I hope?" asked Mr. Flax.

"How much are they?"

"Forty dollars," he said. "Of course, it's all hand-work."

"I think that's dreadful," protested Janis bluntly. "Nothing you wear on your feet is worth that—unless it's riding-boots."

Something resistant, something mocking, was in Angel's eyes.

"Think of the hand-work," she said. "Look at the *petit point*. I think they'd be really restful on the feet. I'll take them."

"And the name?" asked Mr. Flax, almost apologetically.

She told him, but it meant nothing.

"You have an account with us?"

"I forgot about that. I had an account in the New York shop before I was married. You probably will have to transfer it. Angelica Baldwin."

NEATLY Mr. Flax put two and two together. That explained it. Of course this was the Baldwin girl, the one who was always in the papers for running away from some arranged marriage. Genius for publicity, that girl had. He knew he had seen her face before, and it was because it had been photographed broadcast. So this was where she had landed, married at last! Playing around with Midwest millionaires. It would be a nice selling-point for the coat in other cities. Her name would be worth a good deal. He bowed, not allowing his manner to become fulsome.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ware."

It was very interesting to him to see how many people wanted to know the price of

that wrap after Mrs. Ware and her friends had gone. The good-looking local girl went with them. She hadn't found anything she wanted, and she seemed disturbed.

Mr. Flax even had to show the coat to old Mrs. Jennings and shout the cost of it into her ear.

"Robbery!" she exclaimed. "It's nothing but a straight piece of satin with a little fur on it."

Mr. Flax smiled. He never contradicted wealthy old women. He gave his highly paid attention to the matter of finding new black satin slippers for Mrs. Jennings' old rhinestone buckles, a thing that a salesman less familiar with the important aspects of the provincial trade might have been careless about.

"YOU'RE terrible," said Janis to Angel, as they walked to the elevator. "Money doesn't mean a thing to you, does it?"

"There's nothing it doesn't mean," said Angel. "That's a word you can translate into all languages and it always sounds just as sweet. Money is one of the things I'll stand and sing for any day."

"You don't act it. You don't need those clothes."

"If I bought clothes because I needed them, I'd go in for fig leaves. Are fig leaves bigger than rhubarb leaves, do you know? I've always wondered."

"Go your way," said Janis, "and you'll end in the gutter. Where are you going now?"

"What's our next vital move, Jenny?" Angel asked Mrs. Fremont, and in that question Janis felt the recklessness, the mockery of which this extravagance was an impatient gesture.

Mrs. Fremont was headed for the jeweler's. She started to tell them about the way Craig had promised to set her sapphires, but Angel interrupted, carelessly, almost without rudeness.

"Busy for lunch, Janis?"

"I promised Elizabeth Fahnestock. We're going to the club, a few of us."

"Well, lower your voice and remember to be a lady," said Angel.

Janis laughed.

"I'll try. How's your child?"

"He's marvelous. I have to get out of the house or I get all steamed up with mother love. You've never had it, have you? It's a good deal like a sinking spell—or cramp when you're swimming. I'm all for dandling him, but the nurse won't let me. He looks to me like the kind of young male that would like to be dandled. Come in and look him over later this afternoon."

"Probably I will."

Janis went on to finish her shopping, and to the City Club, where Elizabeth Fahnestock had invited eight friends to lunch with her at one o'clock. She had not asked them to her house, as she conscientiously explained to each one, because the dining-room was being done over. That introduced a subject which lasted through two courses. The decoration of houses was something that they all knew about and were interested in. Paneling and rough plaster and the new scenic wall-paper were all thoroughly discussed as to adequacy and beauty and drawbacks and cost. It was spontaneous attention.

Elizabeth had ordered no dessert, because she said that when so many people were dieting, it was either an irritation or a waste, and she wanted each guest to order her own. That switched the attention from houses to food and weights, and kept it there for some time. So it was over the coffee that they came upon the subject of the Gerrand display of clothes at the Hotel St. Anthony.

"THE PENALTIES OF WISDOM"

Bernard De Voto, whom you will remember for his delightful stories of Olympia University, is the author of this blithe tale of modern youth in its most engaging aspects. Watch for it—in an early issue.

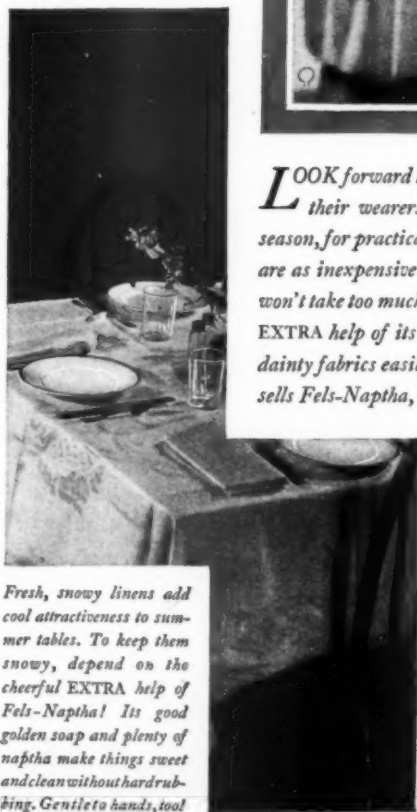
Some Extra Help for Summer—



In summer the journey from linen closet to clothes hamper is a brief one—and washings grow in proportion. For EXTRA help with just such tasks, "nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." Put it on today's grocery list!



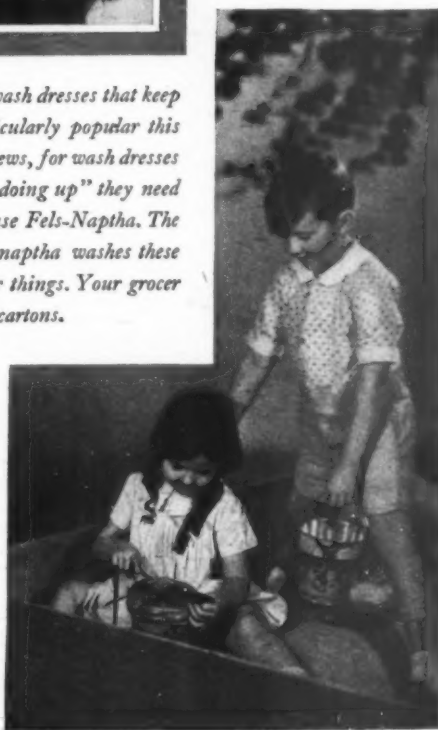
When the cool, shady porch begins to lose some of its freshness—when cushions grow dingy and the floor is rain-streaked—use Fels-Naptha again! For this soap gives to all household cleaning the same EXTRA help that makes your washing so much easier . . . Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a supply today.



Fresh, snowy linens add cool attractiveness to summer tables. To keep them snowy, depend on the cheerful EXTRA help of Fels-Naptha! Its good golden soap and plenty of naptha make things sweet and clean without hard rubbing. Gentle hands, too!

LOOK forward to a comfortable summer! The kind of wash dresses that keep their wearers feeling fresh and cool will be particularly popular this season, for practically every hour of the day. That's good news, for wash dresses are as inexpensive as they are smart—and the frequent "doing up" they need won't take too much out of either the dresses or you, if you use Fels-Naptha. The EXTRA help of its good golden soap and dirt-loosening naptha washes these dainty fabrics easily—and as safely as it does your heavier things. Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha, in single bars or the convenient ten-bar cartons.

Play suits like these let youngsters have a lively, healthy good time—and Fels-Naptha makes play suits wonderfully practical. It gives EXTRA help that is kind to colors, yet takes out even ground-in dirt without hard rubbing. (Fels-Naptha is more than soap—it's good golden soap blended with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. So much naptha you can smell it down to the last thin sliver of soap. No wonder Fels-Naptha makes all of your washing easier!)



"I didn't think they had such awfully good-looking things," said some one. "Did you, Elizabeth?"

"I didn't look at the coats or dresses. I only go there for things I can't get in town. There's a kind of light-weight jersey sweater that Gerrand always carries. And I have to buy shoes there, because none of the shops here can fit me well. I have a funny narrow foot."

"I think those people are bandits," remarked Cora Fairburn, "barging in here the way they do. They don't pay taxes, and they don't support anything local, and then they come and get simply enormous prices for clothes. I think we ought to freeze them out. They wouldn't come here again if nobody bought their stuff."

"Well, if you can't get the same things here—"

"You can get things here that are just about as good."

"Not like that wrap Angel Ware bought."

"Frightfully expensive, wasn't it?"

Some one said that she didn't know. Some one did know and told some one else.

"Well, I think it's a shame to send all that money out of town," said Cora Fairburn stoutly.

"I suppose," Janis told her, "that you've got to let people decide that for themselves."

"Of course. But just the same, it isn't being public-spirited."

"Angel doesn't go in for being public-spirited," said Cherrill Grayson, laughing. "That isn't her line."

THEY were all talking now with the freedom of people who have been brought up together and were not shy of an argument or even a discussion of personalities.

"Maybe it isn't her line," answered Cora, who always liked to get the meat off the point, "but if you live here, you've got to have responsibilities. If you don't, if nobody did, there wouldn't be any city at all. You can't get away from responsibilities. Even Angel can't."

"But Angel has responsibilities. She has a home and a husband and a baby, just like everyone else," said Janis.

There was a pause because that was hard to accept and hard to controvert. They knew that there was a difference between themselves and Angel Ware, a difference that ranged from the way she loved her husband, to the way she had gone through childbirth. She gave less attention to fear and pain, and more to joy. She never seemed to walk in worry, although they all knew that from their standpoint there were plenty of things she might worry about. She did not agree to accept the things they all felt were fundamental, and yet she would not debate them. That was the crux of it. They knew that she did not think that bearing children and living with a man and redecorating dining-rooms and keeping friends was enough to fill a life, and yet she could only be pinned down to her denial by an amusing remark here and there, by an attitude which could not be absorbed with their own. She paid no attention to the proper economies of even a large income. And she would not set up herself or any of the methods or even her lack of method as dogma.

But all that was too difficult to say. It came out more simply, in a derivative thought.

"It seems to me that's an awful price to pay for a summer evening wrap," said Elizabeth Fahnestock. "Of course it's her own business, but I couldn't dream of it myself."

Janis knew that they all were thinking how much more money the Fahnestocks had than Clem could count on. She knew that the balancing and the judgment was going on in every mind. There was not a girl at the table who could not have written a check

for the coat. And Angel at the moment probably couldn't.

It made her furiously defensive of Angel and Clem, and a little sick with worry.

"Yes, I should say it was Angel's business," she remarked with a touch of coldness.

They were instantly aware of it.

"She looked perfectly divine in it."

"Of course she is lovely, no matter what she wears."

"It's that clear brunette skin. It doesn't look as if she ever touched it with powder."

"It isn't just her looks. It's her personality."

Yes, they could be generous. But Janis kept thinking as they spoke, of how this group would feel about Sally Baldwin's casual divorce, about newspaper headlines which practically announced the infidelity of Angel's father and were probably untrue. She wondered if Angel would talk to her about it. All the local judgments would be out of their sheaths at that news. Why were people always so eager to set up opinions about things on which they weren't informed?

SHE said as much, indeed, to Ben Towne, meeting him before she had cooled. She had gone down from the rooms reserved for the wives of the members, to the telephones, and met Ben as she came out of a booth.

"Well," he said, "so this is where you've been all these weeks."

When he stood straight before her like this she was always conscious of his hands, of every muscle in his arms.

"And where have you been?" she asked.

"Earning an honest living."

"And becoming the town's white-haired boy."

"That's too hard for me."

"Oh, no," she said derisively; "they chant your praises all the time. Young! Strong! Clean! Marriageable!"

"It's a good chant," he said.

"If you haven't any ear for music."

"What's the matter? Just me?"

He looked at her as if he expected nothing from her, as if they were through. "We shall always dislike each other," she thought. "It can't be a limp feeling after you've cared and insulted each other."

"Not you alone," she told him. "I'm just fed up with a lot of things and people. It's such a hick town!"

"I think it's a swell town," said Ben.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It depends on what you want, I suppose. There's certainly a flock of intolerant people around."

"I've thought they were pretty tolerant, the ones I've met."

"That," she said, "is because you're doing things their way."

"I haven't signed anything," he said with amusement.

"You will before you're through."

"Well, I'll read the agreement first."

She turned down the hall in her own direction.

"Are you setting off to murder anyone with all that blood in your eye?" he asked.

"Only if I'm driven to it."

JANIS hesitated. She wanted to speak of Angel, to ask him what he thought, and Angel was the one person of whom they could never speak freely, without embarrassment. For a moment thought hung between them.

"By the way," he asked, "had you heard that the Sicards may blow in for part of the summer?"

She wondered why she flushed, even as she did, and Ben looked at her curiously.

"No, I hadn't heard."

"Those friends of theirs from Washington are opening their place on Lake Hanging Horn. I suppose it's because that Presidential party is to be located there. Anyway, West and Lise have been asked."

"That ought to be merry."

"I had a note from West the other day," said Ben. "He wanted to know a few things about possible business accommodations if he did come. He seemed to be rather eager."

"He's a grand person."

"None better," he agreed, and glanced at her with a queer steadiness. She knew his thought. He believed that West Sicard was coming on her account. Well, perhaps he was! With a defiant rush of feeling she thought that such things happened all the time. In his letter this morning he had said that he wished he could talk with her, that he hoped to see her before many months had passed. Strange that these letters, beginning so lightly and naturally, had constantly become more intimate, more revealing, until now, if she saw him again, Janis was not quite sure what her relations with West Sicard might be, once they were taken off paper.

"If they come out here it ought to mean some good parties," she said.

"You've gone in hard for parties, haven't you?"

She laughed.

"Evidently you've heard about Aunt Catherine's reception," she said, and went her way.

ANGEL was not home when Janis arrived at her house between five and six o'clock that afternoon, and throwing off her coat, she went up to see the baby. Almost from the beginning he had been a handsome little mold of flesh, and he had shaped already into a picture baby, with curling dark hair. The nurse, with that joy of possession which comes to a person who has exclusive care of a child, was getting him ready for bed.

"Has Mrs. Ware come in?" she asked.

"Not yet," said Janis.

The nurse looked at the clock, and Janis remembered that Angel was nursing her baby every four hours. It was easy to forget that. Angel hardly ever spoke of it, and people were used to waiting for her.

"His last feeding was early," said the nurse; "it's just about time. He's beginning to fret a little."

Janis watched them. The nurse seemed to have the pictorial maternal manner that Angel lacked. And yet this was Angel's child, her own achievement. This was what she had brought out of marriage, just like most other married women. That should have meant more stability. It should have brought completion. They used to tell girls that it did, thought Janis. But that wasn't true, at least not any longer. Half the girls you met at a cocktail party had a child, or two or even three at home. They'd been through that experience and were ready for new risks and excitements.

They heard a door open and close downstairs and waited for Angel, while Janis lifted the baby gently and felt every nerve in her respond to the light softness of the burden. "I should like to have a baby, just to touch," she thought.

Mrs. Guilford looked at the clock meaningfully.

"I'll go down and see if that is Mrs. Ware," said Janis, giving the baby back to the nurse.

There was a narrow marble table in the hall, and Angel was standing beside it, reading a letter. She had a cigarette in her fingers, and she did not look like a woman for whose maternity an infant was waiting. The light caught a band of smooth round crystals about her slim throat, and one of the incredibly satiny black dachshunds was crouching at her feet.

"Hello," said Janis. "I've been upstairs admiring your son."

Angel folded the letter in her hand.

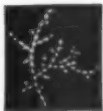
"Heard about Sally?" she asked.

"I saw some stuff in a newspaper."

Through the drift of cigarette-smoke Janis saw Angel's eyes, and it seemed to her that

Facts about Yeast

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they were darker than ever, as if pain shadowed them.

"It's rough on Bill," she said. "Sally's put her mark on him. And he hates being in headlines. Almost the only person I know who really does."

"He's devoted to her. It seems to me it's beastly unfair of Sally."

"Oh, there's no use making any rules for Sally. The thing wore out on her, that's all." Angel pressed down the end of her cigarette into a black ash. "It's no use making rules for anybody," she added.

"Did you know that Sally used to live near here? At the Twin Ports?"

"She's lived nearly everywhere," said Angel, "with considerable havoc."

The point had to be made clearer.

"I mean that there will probably be a good deal of talk on that account," said Janis.

"I suppose so. But when Sally can write an English nobleman's name across the sky, she doesn't expect people not to see it. I've a note from Lise Sicard here. She and West may spend part of the summer out this way."

"Ben told me that. I ran into him at the club this noon."

"The Sicards play with that Washington crowd who are going to be at Hanging Horn. Lise says that Sally's wearing the most marvelous clothes and has everyone staring. She saw Sally at the Ritz the other night just after she'd come back from Palm Beach and set fire to the publicity. Lord, how tired Sally will get of the noble March! And he's not like Bill. He won't just bow himself out. For a man who's traveled in trains and everything, March has certainly less idea of the way things are than anyone I know. He really thinks he's captured Sally's ingénue heart."

She paused, thinking.

"Bill hasn't sent me one word," she said slowly, "except when the child was born." "The child wants you this minute," Janis told her.

Angel looked at her watch.

"If I'm late again!" she exclaimed. "That nurse is going to fire me."

And she went upstairs in an instant's swift light rush.

JANIS stayed where she was. She thought she heard Clem's car and she waited until he came in. It seemed to her tonight that he looked a little older, a trifle more preoccupied than usual.

"How are you, old girl?" he asked. "Is Angel in?"

"She's up with the baby."

"Let's go up and look them over."

"I've been. I've got to go home."

"Better stick around for dinner."

"There isn't going to be any dinner. You're going out."

"Where?"

"Avery Lord's party."

Clem groaned.

"That'll be a brawl before midnight. Avery's man must have got back from Winnipeg."

"Something encouraged him, evidently."

"Angel's going to wear herself out," he said worriedly.

"The baby gets a bottle at ten o'clock now, she told me."

"It's too much for her, all the same. We've been out every night this week when people haven't been here."

"It's a spirited life," said Janis.

"It's a fool way to live."

"You'll be all right after a cocktail or two," she told him. "You were certainly very merry last night."

Clem frowned. He had a way of squaring his shoulders when he was troubled, and that was what he did now.

"Janis—"

"What's on your mind?"

"Nothing," he said inconsistently. "But I wonder if you couldn't hint to Angel that this isn't New York."

"She's guessed that already."

"I'm not being funny. This chasing around is all very well, but I've been wondering just where it's getting us. It really wasn't what we came out here for. The Radleys and the Fremonts and Rosie Jones with her red nose, and Tony and Avery are all right, but they're all either wild rich or footloose or trailers. They aren't the people who really count here. You've lived here all your life. You know. Why don't you put Angel on to that crowd we always knew when we were kids? The Fahnstocks and the Fairburns and the Graysons and all that outfit."

"Because they bore her to death," said Janis, and added with a stroke of defiance: "And they do me too, for that matter. You weren't always so keen about them yourself."

"I know—but we've got to live here," said Clem, "and we're all grown up now. Those people mayn't be full of gin or wisecracks, but they're a pretty sane lot. Nothing much of importance in this town is done without their say-so. What I mean is that we don't have to overdo it, but once in a while it wouldn't do any harm to see some of them."

"Well, if it cheers you any, Aunt Catherine shares your views. She's going to give a reception for Angel and ask the whole doddering respectable world. To introduce her properly, she says."

"Kind of nice of the old girl," said Clem.

"Angel probably won't go."

"Sure she will."

"Well, you might speak to her about it," advised Janis, "and it might be just as well to see if you can keep Sally's life-history out of the local papers. Aunt Catherine used to know Sally. They were gals together."

"They couldn't have been!"

"They were—and Aunt Catherine knows no good of her."

SHE told him the story of the morning; and Clem, who had seen the paper, scowled and grinned at intervals. His face showed all those faintly traced lines now.

"So," concluded Janis, "in some obscure way she regards Angel as a kind of child of sin."

"This outbreak of Sally's hasn't anything to do with Angel!" exclaimed Clem impatiently.

"Try to make them see that," said Janis, "especially the people whom Angel hasn't bothered with! The people who have a fit if anyone lights a cigarette in a car downtown or buys clothes out of town."

"Well, there's something to be said on that point," answered Clem, his mind focusing on it. "Business isn't any too brisk here, and I don't blame the local merchants for setting up a howl when trade goes out of town. I headed up a committee today to see what could be done about that."

With quick dismay Janis thought of the satin-and-fox wrap and the embroidered slippers that Angel had bought. How confused it all was!

"You're getting awfully civic," she said.

But Clem had turned. For there was Angel, on the bend of the stairs, her baby in her arms, laughing down at them. Her hair was roughened out of its usual close curves, and she was wearing a short negligée of white padded silk. There was something intimate and relaxed in her manner, and a beauty which seemed more than one of figure or feature. The hall became a home. It had more than warmth and light and charm. It had the depth and delight of life in it. All the way home Janis remembered the way that feeling had swept into Clem's face, tenderness, devotion, absorption. She remembered it jealously. That was what she wanted for herself, no matter how—what

she knew she could not bear to go without. She wanted some one to care for her beyond everything else in the world, as Clem did for Angel—and soon, because she was lonely. The spring dusk was sweet, but it was wasted. She wanted to share something, to give something to some one who wanted it beyond the strength of desire itself, who needed it.

"DARLING," said Clem, when Janis had left them, "let's not go on this tear tonight. Let's stay home."

"And do what?"

"Get acquainted."

"No—stay strange. It's safer," she said.

"We could read. And have a quiet supper."

"There's probably no food in the house."

"I don't care. Debby can fry us some eggs."

They were sitting on the stairs, her hand on his hair, and the dozing baby still in her arms.

"Let's have a comfortable evening by ourselves," he urged.

Suddenly she stood up.

"You can come and get the baby now, Mrs. Guilford," she called, and the nurse came and took her charge. Angel raised her arms in that habitual restless gesture.

"Too many hours ahead," she said, "and you'd look the same in all of them. We'd better go out, so that we'll be glad to come back."

"That's ridiculous," he said, a little stung by the change in her manner.

"Everything's ridiculous," she answered.

"It's a crazy world. Think of all the things that are going on this minute. People thinking strange things they have no right to think, and doing it anyhow. Murders and obscure kinds of cruelty and all sorts of parades. And here you want to sit in carpet slippers, missing everything."

"Do you expect to find these fascinating things at Avery Lord's?" Clem asked ironically.

"It'll be good for a while. Avery's funny. He's mad about all women because he's been a bachelor living on sex books so long."

"I despise that kind of talk."

She laughed.

"You see what happens to the domestic mood."

"Well—if you kick it around—anyway, I don't think I'll go."

"There's no reason why you should if you don't want to," she said without resentment. "You find the island for the ten best books and wheedle some supper out of Debby. She loves you. I'll ask the Fremonts to stop for me."

"You can't go out alone."

"That's not alone."

"You know what I mean."

"You mean we always have to travel in pairs after sunset?"

"No, but normally there's no reason why I should let you go about by yourself. This isn't New York."

"Still, it's part of the world."

There was something in her tone he did not like. It was not quarrelsome, nothing that courted argument. He had found that she kept her word. There had been no more scenes like that one on their second night in Janis' house. But sometimes a kind of weariness came into her voice, a queer touch of fatigue into her thought.

"I'll go along with you," he said, trying to make nothing of the concession. "I really don't care either way, as far as that goes."

She turned on him.

"Do you think I'm like Sally?"

"Good God, no!"

"I understand Sally, though. She knows that all she can get of life she has to go out and gather with her bare hands. She's restless and greedy, and she goes through things just as I do. The difference is that she didn't

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love her men—not poor Bill, either—while I—

"Oh, my darling," said Clem, finishing it for her.

Chapter Seven

THERE was nothing villainous in West Sicard's mind. Janis had come into his life, and he did not intend to let her slip out of it, for she had become too precious. It was a disillusioned life in which he found less zest than satisfaction, and he had come to the conclusion that all current satisfactions were largely synthetic. He had watched a great many people, young and old, standing with dismay or horror before the collapse of an ideal or the shattering of an illusion; and knowing the fragility of ideals and illusions, he always took care that should not happen to him. Not again! Beauty in things and people he cherished, and rarity he prized above all else; and in Janis he felt the rare quality of youth which was genuine and not the artificial state of excitement which tried so often to pass for freshness of spirit. He had wondered a good deal in what hands or in what way that freshness of spirit might be best taken care of. He had seen the passage between Janis and Ben, and stood aside with a certain skepticism, for he was not at all convinced that the sentiment about the fitness of young people for each other was correct. He knew that the young were awkward, and that the sharp edges of their emotions could cut. The result had seemed to prove him right.

It had surprised him to find how much his relation to her, beginning in such a slight way and without much hope of development, had come to mean to him. It proved to him that she had emotional depths which she was unconsciously drawing on, and which might be greatly stirred. The thing had begun to possess his mind, not beyond control, for he had long since gained a perfected habit of control, but so decisively that he could not rest without coming to the end of his pursuit. And pursuit it had come at length to be.

West and Lise offered few pretenses to each other. When, shortly after their marriage, he had found her incapable of tenderness, he had never admitted that he had any interest in tenderness, but met her skepticisms with those of his own. He had measured the capacity of her cruelty and put himself, he imagined, beyond its range. He still admired the freedom of her taste, the rhythm of her body, the swift efficiency with which she managed their establishments. Having no taste for cheap or flagrant adventure, and a clear head for cunning women, he had never wished to come from her. He had felt adjustment in his life, getting pleasure from the company of beautiful horses, from the reading of books, from music or observation. When living grew cold, he warmed it with liquor or companionship. His tastes had been composed.

But now, at forty-two, he would find himself in the middle of a day rereading a letter, which was written with the straightforward simplicity of a schoolgirl, and pondering the effect of a sentence he might write her or of a book he might send to her. It astonished and interested him.

The trip to Hanging Horn was sheer luck. If he had not been able to go there, he knew he would have contrived to see Janis in some other way. A business trip to the West had already been set up when Lise herself suggested the visit to the Greenoughs. She spoke of it one night when they were driving home after a theater party. They were sitting in opposite corners of the limousine, locked in their own thoughts. Outside, a red traffic light had stilled a long line of cars.

"Hetty Greenough can't go to Paris with me," Lise informed him.

"That's too bad. You were all lined up. What's wrong with Hetty?"

"So many of the official people are going to this Western place that David wants to open up that house of his and be the local squire. He seems to have been very definite, and when he gives Hetty any kind of sealed orders, she always does just what he wants. She says that we ought to go out with them, and David sends word to you that the fishing is good."

"Where is his place?"

"Middle West—near where Angel lives."

His mind closed on the idea. There were all sorts of opportunities in it. And casually he said: "You've never been West. You might like it. It's beautiful country."

"I wasn't thinking of scenery. But there will be a good crowd," she said. "I like those Washington people who all pretend to have secrets, and they probably haven't even inside pockets."

"Then you want to go to Europe?"

"It's messy alone—and worse with the Siversons, who are bound to attach me. I'd spend all my time running away from people I don't want to see. Will you come?"

"Not this year."

"Will you go out to the Greenoughs?"

"If I can arrange things here. I had it partly in mind to make a trip to the far West anyhow and look over some timber property."

She shot one of her slanting glances at him.

"If you come to Hetty's, you can probably see the Ware girl."

"That would be one of the advantages," he said indifferently.

The traffic signal flashed green, and as the car slid on, they fell into silence again.

SO that was how it happened. Life had played into his hands. He had let it go ahead and make what arrangements and occasions it would, pledging himself to nothing. Possibly after all, he told himself, this was only the common, romantic flicker of middle age which was possessing him, and when he saw this girl again he might find that her attraction had been an illusion.

At times Sicard was ashamed of having let the thing assume such proportions, absorb so much of his thought. For he did not fancy himself in the rôle of seducer or clandestine lover. Lise would make anything else difficult, if not impossible. She was jealous of her rights, with a hard, thrifty jealousy. West knew that he could count on no generosity from her, although for years she had coolly counted on his as she experimented with other men. Sometimes he hoped he could rid himself of his vague dreaming about Janis.

Then he saw her. It did not happen at once. They had spent several days on the Greenough estate before the chance came. Having more taste than Lise for natural beauty, he had enjoyed it and found the fishing all that had been promised. David Greenough, who always kept a finger in politics and was rumored to be angling for an ambassadorship, had made a point of hospitality to the more important members of the Presidential party, so the company was good and the gossip excellent. The Sicards had come in the middle of July after the official party was settled, but the whole countryside was still astir with excitement, trying to make the most of its sudden newspaper notoriety, painting buildings, mending roads, setting up tea-shops. The small adjoining towns had grown accustomed to the sight of official cars rushing through them, and the city of St. Anthony, the haven of bored newspaper correspondents, had spent itself in editorial and civic welcome.

IT also offered certain social diversions, not made quite so public. The Greenoughs and their house guests, who included several

Washington people as well as the Sicards, had decided to motor in for a dinner dance at the best of the St. Anthony golf-clubs, and the plan was to stop at the Clement Wares for preliminary cocktails.

Janis was there. When he saw her, West knew that it had been no mirage. He knew that what possessed him was desire. He hardly thought of her as beautiful, although he saw men whom he did not know admiring her and heard some one speak of the charm of the dress she wore. He saw her standing across the room, fair and slim and free. Through the banter of his greeting of Angel and his few friendly words with Clem, he only knew that he was moving toward Janis, until at length he held her hand in his. "It's more than a pleasure to see you again. It's been a hope."

"Has it?"

"I came out here on that chance," he said.

"Are you flattering me?"

"I shall never flatter you. I wrote you that."

"I liked your letters."

HER eyes were still those troubled innocent eyes that he had not been able to forget. He talked vaguely on, in sentences that were restrained. And he knew that beneath her answers she was thinking of him, answering the intensity of his silent call to her, and that she was still free for him. In the scramble of admiration and puppy love and gin love, she had found nothing that satisfied her. She was very deliberately gay. West watched a tall, dissolute-looking young man hanging over her, filling her glass, and thought that he could give her something far better than that.

They loitered over the drinks. There were twenty or more people in the party, and after a little it came to the usual discussion as to why they should go on to the country club anyhow. It struck West that Clem Ware was not enjoying himself. He seemed to feel that they should start for the country club after the first half hour. But Angel was not cooperative. She and Lise, with David Greenough and some army officer, had formed a combination to amuse each other, and for the present they were being amused in this setting.

"Where's Ben Towne? I heard he came out here to practice law."

West asked Janis, and she answered with a touch of prejudice.

"He came and conquered. You'll probably see him at the club tonight. Dancing the Virginia reel or the lancers."

"Ben?"

"He's gone native."

"Is that something so unfortunate?"

"You haven't seen our natives."

"I've seen you—"

"I'm not the perfect type. They don't exhibit me."

"Then there's something wrong with this city."

"It's narrow," she said, and the defiance in her voice was worried too. "If a person doesn't do things in just the usual way, they can't bear it. Angel's disturbed them dreadfully."

"What has she done to them?"

"The last crime was not to attend a party which one of my aunts gave for her. She didn't want to and she didn't go. They had the party anyhow, but it nearly sent my aunt to a sanitarium when she found out that Angel had played golf all afternoon. Aunt Catherine could have understood nothing less than death."

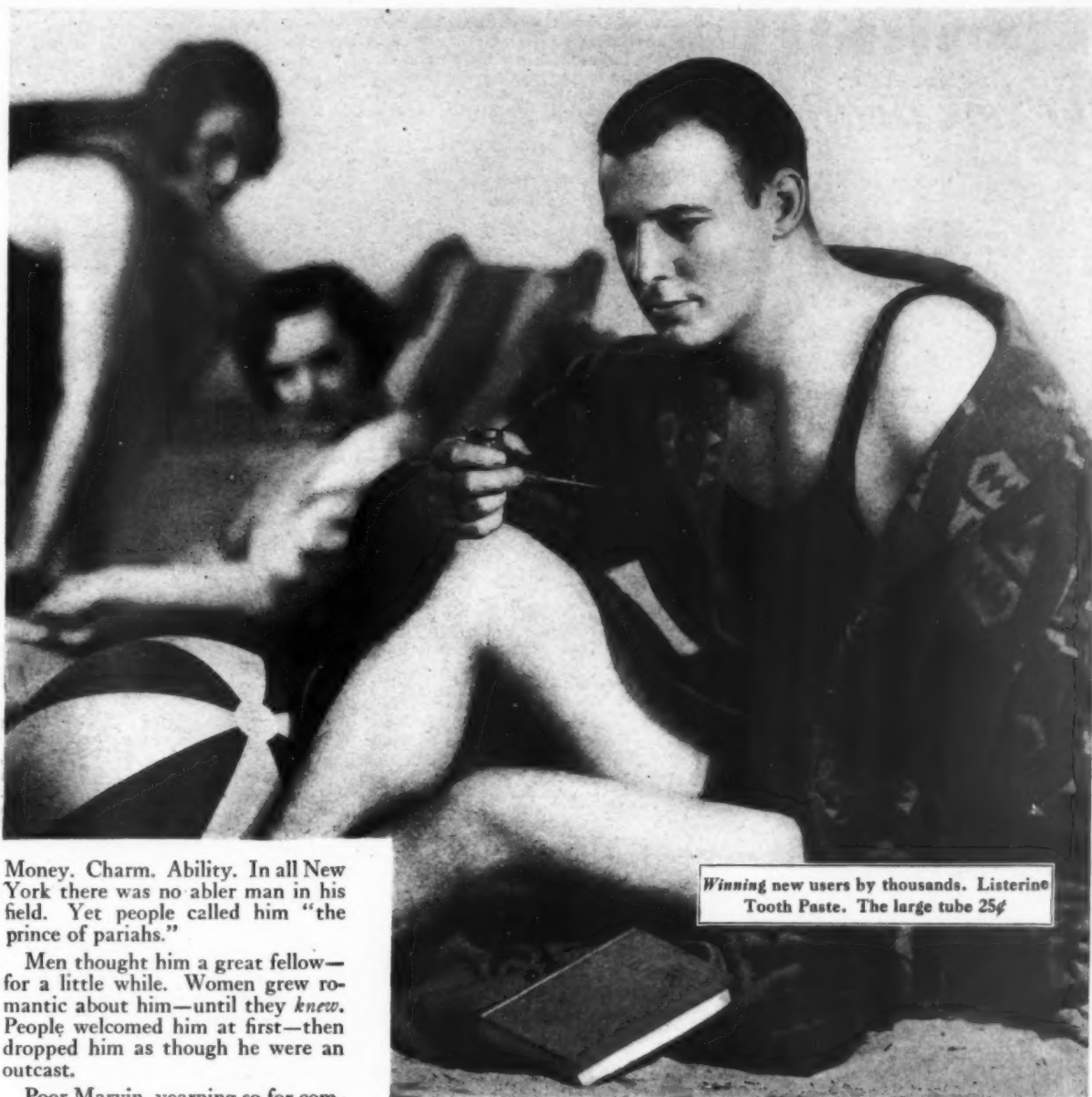
"Angel was always like that."

"Of course she was. Why shouldn't she be?" asked Janis. "And she's made all sorts of friends since she came out here."

"Isn't that enough?"

"They aren't the people that run the town, the heavy, public-spirited outfit. It isn't her lapses that they mind as much as the

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fact that she doesn't honor all the local commandments."

"And do you?"

"I was brought up to do it. I have more sense of sin than Angel when I crash through one of them. But I don't think you can tell people how to run their lives," she said. There was argument in her voice as if she were trying to settle something with herself, as if her own revolt were puzzling her. And West felt again that life was playing into his hands. . . .

The party became confused. Too many elements, he thought, and too much liquor. He had seen hundreds of such affairs, not quite like this, not quite different. Even without Janis' forewarning he thought that he would have noticed that many of the other groups at the country club looked somewhat askance at this one and did not blend with it, although it seemed a small society in which everyone was acquainted. With his steadied sense of values, West saw that these other people were not to be lightly discounted. He paused to speak to Ben Towne and met some of them for a moment. They were well-bred and had the casual, ready manners of experience. They did not speak nor act like bigots. But against their background of deliberate simplicity, of organized pleasure, he saw how his own wife with her curious, secret face, how Angel with her unconscious insolence and beauty and careless defiance, stood out in high relief. She did not care what people thought of her or if they thought at all. But Clem Ware did. Some one, thought West, must be putting the screws on Clem.

HE was glad that the party quickly lost its form. That made it easier to concentrate simply and intensely on Janis. He knew the blur in which most of the rest of them were moving, a state of heightened excitement which was apt to focus on almost anything. They ate dinner with as many of the original group as arrived. A few vacant places looked untidy. Then there was music, and people stared at Lise as she danced—but people always stared at Lise as she danced. She told the orchestra what she wanted them to play, and scared half the people off the floor by her own skill. A little later it appeared that they all were going to the house of somebody called Fremont—all but a man whose name was Tony and who was in a state of alcoholic sulks.

"Drive my car, will you, West?" David Greenough asked him. "I'll drive Fremont's for him. He let his chauffeur go home and that seems to have been a mistake. You drive just as well drunk as you do sober.

Pick up some of the people who know the way to the Fremonts and meet us there."

"All right," said West.

THAT was luck again. He took the ignition key that Greenough proffered and asked Janis to go with him.

"Are we going alone?" she asked as she got into the empty car.

She was excited, and tremulous. Between them all during the evening feeling had been mounting. She knew how he felt. She had known when they danced together, when imperceptibly he had drawn her closer against his heart. By the tenseness of his arms she could tell, by his silent absorption.

"Not alone," he said, "—together."

She leaned back into her seat, every nerve tingling deliciously, everything about her familiar and yet unreal, especially this man whom she had not seen for so long, who seemed to think of no one but her, with whom she was perhaps in love.

He turned to her, as the car swept down the graveled drive from the club.

"Do you want to go to this place, wherever it is?"

"Don't you? It's really quite fun. They have a private bar in the basement, and the colored butler bartends."

"I've seen private saloons before. There's whisky in the car if you want to get drunk. I don't, especially."

"What do you want to do?"

"Love you," he said. "Surely you know that."

She did not answer. There had been passion in his words that could not be met with lightness. It was a still, hot, brooding night, with flashes of lightning in the sky, a night that itself might burst into passion at any moment. She felt suddenly that she could not bear it if the storm did not break, as if the brilliant electric flashes were across her own stifled feelings.

"Where do you live?" he asked. "Where is your house? I want to see it."

"It's quite a distance from here," she said, "and it's nothing to see. The only unusual thing about it is Aunt Esther, and she's not home; she's gone to a convention on Modern Psychology. Don't you think that's funny?"

And she tried to laugh, over the excitement, over something she had never felt before which was like both fear and joy.

"Tell me the way to your house," Sicard answered steadily.

(With mounting power Mrs. Banning's fine novel comes in the next installment to a situation of special interest. Watch for it in the next, the August, issue.)

HIS WAY WITH HER

(Continued from page 93)

When he woke up some little time later, he didn't feel quite so good—there seemed to be many and sundry sore spots in his anatomy. The principal ache had established headquarters in his top-knot—knot being exactly the word which describes it.

Strangely enough, Kellogg Spayne was still in the room.

"What's the matter?" Harvey demanded sourly. "Couldn't you make anybody hear you to let you out?"

"I didn't try, bantam," Kellogg Spayne replied. "I've been too busy putting your mainspring back in the case. You've been out for twenty-five minutes."

Harvey noticed for the first time that his head was wet with water—he had thought that it was blood. "Thanks," he muttered sheepishly.

"Besides," Spayne went on, ignoring the nearly smothered expression of gratitude, "I didn't particularly care to let anybody else in on our secret, and if they ever saw us, some one would be sure to guess that we had

forgotten our manners and had been playing rough. If you can stand my society that long, I suggest that we stay right here until the dance is over and then stroll home up a dark alley. It's after eleven now, and the riot will be over by midnight."

"All right," Harvey agreed. "But how will Pam get home?"

"Cinch. There's a house phone here. I'll get Dick Harpool on it and ask him to take care of her."

After that was done the two young men—so different in physique, temperament and ideals—sat facing one another and the prospect of no other society for an hour or so.

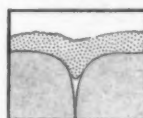
At the end of fifteen minutes Spayne broke the embarrassing silence. "Have a cigarette?—Hell, they're all broken in two! The best I can offer you is a half one, but it's your own fault."

Harvey took one and lit it. He didn't smoke, ordinarily, but it would have seemed ungracious to refuse.

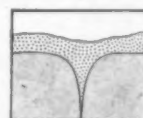
Spayne looked at him curiously, half diffi-

How this Penetrating Foam Cleans Your Teeth Better

**Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



... and only 25¢ The famous 25¢ tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

It not only polishes the outer surfaces . . . but its penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles which cause trouble in the tiny crevices.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—that is easy. But be extra cautious about cleansing the tiny crevices where lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodge. Don't invite decay.

To wash away these hidden impurities, nothing equals Colgate's, accepted by dental scientists as having a greater penetrating power* than any other leading dentifrice.

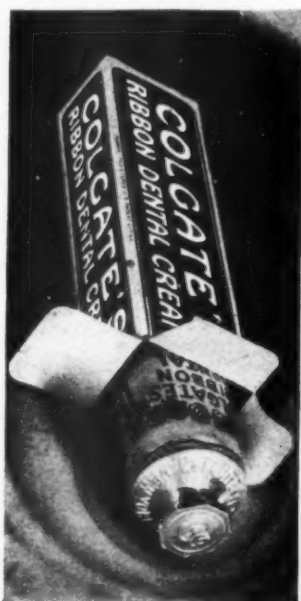
When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension").

This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't.

Remember, the one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No toothpaste can cure pyorrhea; no toothpaste can correct acid conditions of the mouth. Any claim that any toothpaste can do these things is misleading.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1642, 595 Fifth Ave., **FREE** New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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Glazo liquid polish is the favorite of smartly turned out women everywhere because it replaces artificial looking nail tints with *natural gleam*. For Glazo's tint is delicate, subtle—not too deep a shade nor too pale, just a natural soft shimmer which is utterly new and correct. And the new fragrance is delicate and subtle too—in keeping with the smart restraint of Glazo.

Through the "nail sheath"—natural gleam

Just a brush flick and Glazo gives a softly gleaming nail sheath—thin as silk. Through it the natural beauty of the nail gleams, glinting enchantingly with every motion of the hand.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, never shreds. It does not dim or fade or turn brown. It spreads on evenly and instantly, with none of that thick, gummy look. For a whole week it gives beauty and grace to the nails—to the whole hand!

At all toilet goods counters—Regular Glazo 50¢; Perfumed Glazo 60¢. Or send 6¢ for generous trial bottles of new Perfumed Glazo and Remover. Just send the coupon below.

The Glazo Company, Inc., Dept. 127-9
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Please send sample of new Perfumed Glazo with Remover. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions. I enclose 6 cents. (If you live in Canada, address The Glazo Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

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THE NEW PERFUMED
GLAZO

dently, before he made his next approach. "When you hit me the first time, did you expect to lick me?"

Harvey shook his head.

"You knew I'd beat you up?"

"Of course."

"But you took a licking anyway, just to prevent me from kissing a girl? What's a kiss more or less?"

"I doubt if I can explain it to you, Spayne." Harvey marveled to find himself talking to the man. An hour before, he could not have imagined discussing the subject with him; but a good fight brings out points of kinship between dwellers in the uttermost parts of the earth. Harvey was beginning to understand a little the kind of one-horse mental paraphernalia which was directing the mechanical operations of the almost perfect physical apparatus across from him.

"We're differently constituted," Harvey began. "To you, all women are pretty much alike. To me they are too, all but one. For you the entire opposite sex has an attraction, while I never get the slightest kick out of all the rest of them." He purposely spoke in the vernacular in order to make quite sure that the other man would have a chance to grasp his meaning. "You think of girls as something pleasant to amuse you during your leisure hours; and I—I don't believe I know just how to express it, but with me the happiness of one girl is a sort of religion. If I were to think of any fun I might get out of it myself, it would be something like a sacrilege. Do you see what I mean?"

Spayne nodded. "I get you. And you don't like to have some damned rough-neck getting mud all over your temple floor?"

Harvey thought a minute. "No, I don't believe that's quite it. I wasn't sure before, but what you just said straightens it out in my mind. Pam is like me—I mean, she doesn't care for everybody. But she does care for you. I couldn't stand by and see you treat her the way you would any other woman. I know your motto—'Love 'em and leave 'em.' But it can never be applied to Pam so long as I've got anything left to fight with."

It was a frank declaration of war. Harvey had never come out so flat-footed on anything before in all his life. Never previously had he been goaded to a point where he would fight back. Perhaps when the headache subsided he would never rise to that point again.

SPAYNE sighed. "I guess you're right. I don't suppose I am good enough for her. What shall I do?"

"Let her alone," Harvey demanded savagely. "Give her a chance to get over caring for you—let her take you off from the pedestal where she has placed you; but for God's sake don't let her break her heart doing it. Get out of her life before it is too late."

Spayne considered. "I'll do it. Any girl that can make a rabbit go up and spit in a bulldog's face must have something about her I don't understand. Consider me out from now on; but, brother, let me give you one word of sympathy before you go in and win: if you should ever marry a girl in the frame of mind you're in, heaven help you, because you won't be anything but a well-worn doormat from the time the wedding-bells stop echoing."

Harvey shook his head. "You don't understand. I haven't any hope of marrying Pam myself."

"You haven't? Then what's all this about? I thought you loved her."

"I do, but—"

"Did you ever ask her?"

"No, but—"

"Then hop to it. She won't hit you as hard as I did, and I'll tell the cockeyed world you're a glutton for punishment." . . .

The dance was over and a club servant

had been summoned, who released them from their self-inflicted imprisonment. The two men stood in the street preparing to go in opposite directions to their homes.

Spayne seemed not to want to say good-night. Finally he came out with a statement that had evidently been on the tip of his tongue.

"I might as well tell the truth, Squibb," he said. "The boy you sent to find me this evening arrived too late. I'm sorry."

"You mean you won that bet?"

"I mean I kissed her, but I didn't win the bet because I decided never to let anybody know it. But—oh, hell—it seems only fair to tell you under the circumstances."

Harvey groaned. The entire scheme had gone wrong. His triumph amounted to nothing. The big moment in his life was a raspberry, a flat tire.

Well, there was no use crying over spilled milk. "Why," he asked curiously, "did you decide not to collect on your wager?"

To cover his embarrassment, the other man lit a cigarette-stub that was already glowing. "I thought I'd better keep it to myself, because it wasn't quite what I expected. I had already made up my mind never to do it again—even before you pasted me on the nose. That's all. Good night. Good luck."

HARVEY looked back with mixed emotions upon that hour spent with Kellogg Spayne locked up together in the board-room of the country club. He had accomplished his purpose, had even succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, inasmuch as Spayne had promised to withdraw from the field of Pamela's favor. But on the other hand he found that he couldn't help liking the man. He was tormented by doubts as to the sanity of his own judgment. By his actions Kel was a cad, but you had to like him, anyway. Harvey couldn't account for it—his experience with men was too limited; his horizon was only just beginning to be broad enough to allow of a two-angled vision.

His doubts were augmented when he saw what happened to Pam.

The joy just naturally wilted out of the girl's life. At first she was expectant, then despairing.

But she tried to conceal it—even from Harvey, to whom she had heretofore opened her heart on every subject. When Kel Spayne failed to call any more, she mentioned his name anyway and referred to things he had said just as if he were a regular visitor. The protective deceit wrung Harvey's heart by its transparency. Later, when she saw by the papers that Spayne had left town on a business trip, she pretended that he had written her about it.

Harvey knew that this was not so, because he had become inspired with a firm belief in Spayne's word among men. No matter how lightly the heart-breaker might hold his promises to a woman, his mere statement of intent was the same as a bond in other matters. It was a curious code, but Harvey was just beginning to envision it. "All's fair in love and war," was apparently the basis of Spayne's relations with the opposite sex. Perhaps that was why he attracted women, while Harvey only inspired their friendly confidence. Maybe they preferred to play with a fire which might burn them at any moment rather than sit safely by a glowing grate which would only warm and comfort.

Yes, Harvey was pretty sure that Kel had not written to Pam, that he had not attempted to see her or even to telephone since he had promised not to. Indeed, in Harvey's revised opinion, it would have been much better if he had. As it was, the treatment was too drastic; the cut-off had been too sharp. It shocked Pam into a sense of tragic loss, where a more or less natural dwindling away would have let her down easily.

Harvey, at his wits' end and in reality suf-



*I started something!
Ethyl*

ETHYL PAVED THE WAY TO HIGH COMPRESSION

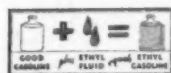
SINCE the advent of Ethyl Gasoline, the compression of automobile engines has been steadily raised, with consequent increase in efficiency.

In 1927 approximately 14 per cent of the leading car models were of so-called high compression (a "5 to 1" ratio or higher). In 1928 roughly 56 per cent were high compression. And this year about 77 per cent are in this category.

It was Ethyl that made the high-compression engine commercially possible. This is the reason: Engines of this type cannot run properly on ordinary

gasoline. Even the best of it "knocks" and loses power when it is compressed beyond a certain point. "What can we *add* to gasoline which will control the combustion rate as compression is raised?" asked automotive science. After years of research it was found that Ethyl fluid, containing tetraethyl lead, was the answer. Leading oil companies add it to their gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline, which improves the performance of any car. Start riding with Ethyl today and see for yourself.

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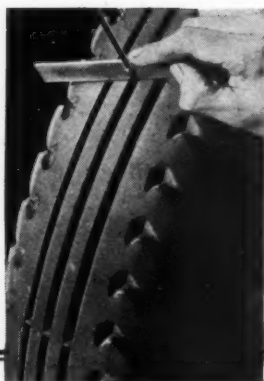
Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE

LOOK AT THIS

Photographed in Los Angeles . . after

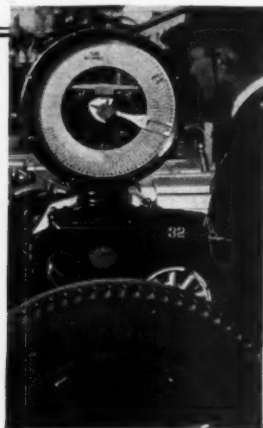
*Just one of the 60 Silvertowns
that negotiated the Coast-to-Coast Run without
a single major trouble*



THE VERDICT FOR TIRE BUYERS

These photographs should mean a lot to you. They were made in Los Angeles after the Silver Fleet rolled in, and show you the fine condition of the tires at the "half-way" point.

Picture above illustrates how tread depth was measured. Below you see pilot checking tire weight and at the right a Silvertown being examined after 12,000 miles.



LOOK at it closely! That tire in the picture, being so carefully examined. Would you think that tire had traveled over 12,000 miles?

Would you believe it had battled its way through ice, snow, mud, sand, gravel, rock . . . all the hardships of a tortuous course across the southern half of the country?

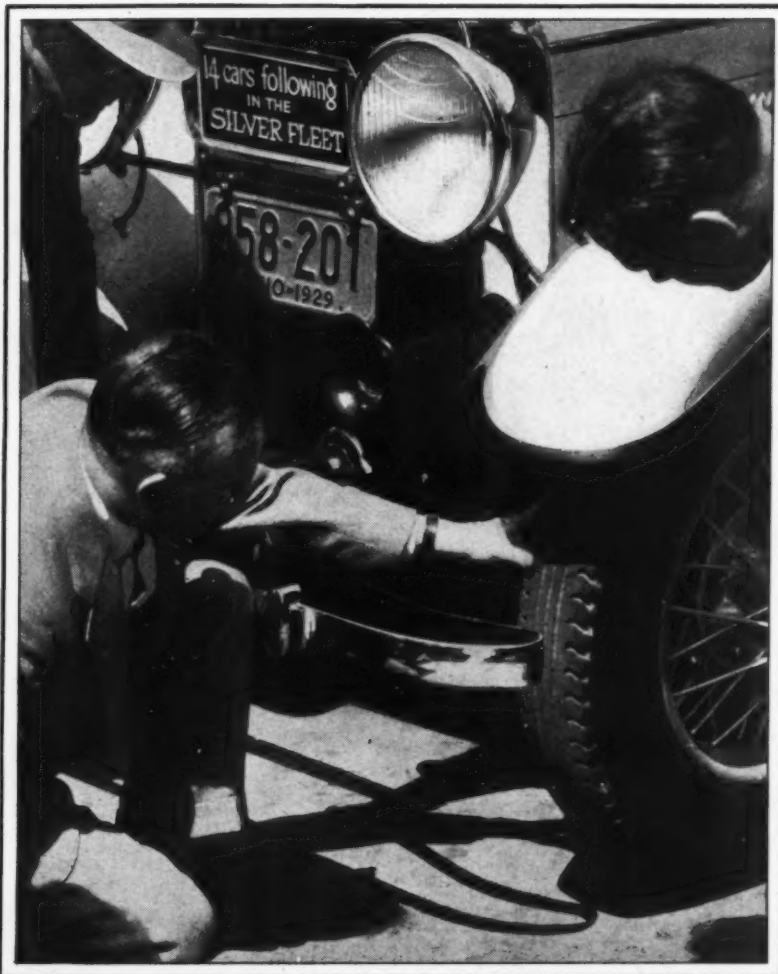
It sounds incredible . . . but the tire you see has done just that. It is on the Flagship of the Silver Fleet . . .

One of the sixty stock Goodrich Silvertowns on the Silver Fleet photographed

when that shining caravan reached the half-way mark in its journey in Los Angeles! Think of the punishment that tire has taken . . .

Snow and ice in New York. Heat and sand in Florida. Rain in the Gulf States . . . gravel and heat and alkali dust in Texas. A 250-mile battle with a day-long sandstorm in Western Arizona . . . and a dramatic climb across the mountain ranges of Southern California.

Twelve thousand miles of such punishment . . . yet when the Silver Fleet rolled into Los Angeles . . . not a single tire



SILVERTOWN!

12,000 Miles with the Silver Fleet

failure had marred the perfect record of this tire and its 59 blood-brothers!

But that is not all . . .

Tests made in Los Angeles after the fleet arrived showed an average of but 9% loss in weight. Tread depth measurements showed negligible wear.

Tests of tread and side wall rubber disclosed the firm, sound, resiliency of brand new tires in spite of the hard service.

Tires showed wear, of course . . .

But ask any one who saw these tires in Los Angeles . . . "Will they last out through the long, hard trip back East?"

And you'll get a most emphatic answer . . . "They certainly will!"

To many car owners, 12,000 miles absolutely free from blow-outs, carcass breaks and other serious trouble is a good record.

But the 60 tires on the Silver Fleet have negotiated that distance with such a record . . . and in doing so, faced conditions far more severe than you will ever have to face!

The lesson of the Silver Fleet comes home when you recall that these are stock tires traveling on stock cars. To know and enjoy the same tire performance, drive into the service station of your nearest Goodrich dealer.

See him . . . for tires just like those on the Silver Fleet.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.



WELCOMED to California! Just see the crowd that turned out to greet the Silver Fleet and its pilots when they rolled into Los Angeles! The small picture shows Mayor Cryer and Miss Anita Page, official host and hostess, as they inspected the Good Will Book brought all the way from New York City by the Fleet.



SILVERTOWN DE LUXE (Right) Superlative style and service . . . a tire that outlives your car. Its very lines say "Built to master every road."

THE FAMOUS SILVERTOWN (Center) The recognized standard of tire quality everywhere. Stretch-matched cord construction and water-curing have made it famous for service wherever tires are known.

GOODRICH CAVALIER (Left) A new tire. High quality at amazingly low prices. Made like Silvertowns, it is the choice of hard drivers and keen buyers.

Goodrich Silvertowns

fering more acutely from her emotions than Pam did herself, finally went to Spayne as soon as he returned to town and asked his advice.

He found Spayne in a friendly mood and very anxious to help put right the harm he felt that he had done.

"Have you told her yet how much you care for her yourself?" he asked sympathetically.

"No, but she knows that, anyway."

"It doesn't do any harm to tell 'em again and again," the expert advised. "And there's no antidote for one guy quite so good as another one. You up and slip her a ring, and I'll send you a folding cookstove for a wedding-present. Don't forget she's human—cut out some of the worship stuff and squeeze her till she admits you're stronger than she is and know what's good for her."

It was a curious source from which to ask help, but Harvey felt a singular confidence in the good faith of his rival. Also he thought Spayne's advice might be worth taking—he had had enough experience to be an authority upon the topic.

So, against his instinctive judgment, Harvey acted on Spayne's spurring suggestion.

PAMELA made no protest when he embraced her, did not struggle when he kissed her, but it was as if she were paying a debt—as if she considered that his years of devotion had earned him the right to do whatever he wished with her.

Finally she cried bitterly on his shoulder. "What's the matter, dear heart?" he asked. "You're not angry at me for kissing you, are you?"

"N-n-no, H-h-harvey, d-d-dear, but I'm s-s-sorry I c-c-can't k-k-kiss b-b-back and m-m-mean it."

There, then, was that. So far as Harvey could see, there was no point in going on with a proposal thus inauspiciously inaugurated. It only confirmed what he had known all along anyway—that Pamela's glory was not for him.

Pamela went on talking. As usual she was perfectly willing to tell him everything, and his action seemed to have torn the restrictions on even the forbidden subject.

"If only I had never seen Kel," she was saying, "I might have gone on being perfectly happy. I guess I'd rather be the way I am, though, if happiness meant never having met him."

There was material in her speech for much thought. Harvey, whom his worst enemy, if he had ever had an enemy at all, could never have accused of selfishness, sat down to fight it out with himself, to discover if possible what was the correct course to be pursued in order that the greatest benefit might accrue to his idol.

Kel knew what the answer was, but when Harvey told him of the *impasse*, he did not divulge it. He merely said: "I'm sorry my idea wouldn't work. I had honestly hoped it would. It was the only thing that would let me out without making me feel like a cad."

Harvey looked at him sharply. "What do you mean? You don't have any scruples about breaking a girl's heart, do you?" Harvey hadn't meant the speech to sound as bitter and scathing as it did. But it stated the idea that was in his mind.

"Pamela is different, some way," Kel responded simply.

THUS matters stood. There were three people, all unhappy in varying degrees according to their emotional capacities. It would be idle to say that either of the men felt as upset about it as Pam did herself. Men don't view life as entirely awry if the love complex gets especially complicated the way women do. But at that it was a neat little thunderstorm brewing in all quarters, with a flash of lightning the only thing that

could clear the atmosphere. Even Kellogg Spayne, the phlegmatic, showed signs of the strain. He did not take an active part in the situation, never even saw Pam, but his lips set together a little less easily, and his smile was forced and his manner among men suffered a little in its easy gayety. And his way with women—well, the few times that he essayed to make himself pleasant as of yore, the result was an unqualified failure. Nobody had any fun.

The awful facts in the case were that the three members of the triangle were terribly in love, and all really for the first time, which made it much worse. Spayne had played a game he thought was love all his life, but now the real thing was taking its revenge on him for his former trifling. Harvey had been in his dreadful fix ever since he had been conscious of emotions, and Pamela was just awakening to the fact that Nature plants in our bosoms something that is a great deal stronger than training, religion or deliberately ordered thoughts, more powerful, even, than the prohibition of pain. Heretofore she had thought that the only love in the world was the placid kind which is mentioned so frequently in sermons and Sunday-school lessons.

In accordance with a curious paradox the two men spent a great deal of time together. Under ordinary circumstances neither would have chosen the other as an associate, but because both of them were actuated by the same unspoken motive, namely to cure Pamela of Kel, they were drawn into friendly relations in other ways. They played golf together, shot an occasional game of pool in the same party at the club, and once or twice got comfortably lit ensemble, this in spite of the fact that Spayne seldom drank and Harvey never had before.

At first Spayne resented the fact that the little man attached himself to his person, thought it was done in order to spy upon him, but realized later that it was because of sheer loneliness, because he wanted to be with some one who would know how miserable he was without having to have it explained. It was upon this tacit basis that their friendship grew.

KEL, in accordance with his policy of not running into Pam when it was avoidable, drove off from the first tee about thirty seconds before he was ready. It was a rotten slice and landed him in the rough with no chance of getting out in par. But out of the tail of his eye he had seen the brown skirt and the brown sweater which he knew to be Pam's just leaving the clubhouse, accompanied by the club professional and a caddie with a plaid quiver of weapons. Kel was going to take no chance of being there while she started her lesson.

Harvey, who was playing around with him, apparently hadn't seen her. Anyway, he drove off methodically and carefully and landed in a sand bunker, which was as good as usual for him, and about what he had expected. From there he would have a chance to get some use out of almost all of his clubs before he holed out at Number One.

All in all, it looked like a glorious morning for dubs. It was early and there seemed to be no one on the course save the three of them and the club attendants.

It ought to have been plenty easy enough to keep apart, and Kel hurried things all he could so as to finish early and get away from the clubhouse before Pam got around.

But he hadn't counted on the fact that, coming back, the eleventh hole was not very far from the fairway from the seventh tee going out. Also he hadn't calculated on the vagaries of direction which can be achieved by a beginner, especially a woman.

Probably Pam yelled "Fore!" after she saw where her drive was headed, but it was too late. Harvey was chewing his tongue in an agony of preparation for a seven-foot

putt when the widely advertised pellet connected with his bump of amativeness so violently that it all but jarred his front teeth out.

Kel looked up and found him, plumb out, lying on the green. With an exclamation of sympathetic profanity the big man picked up the little one tenderly and started across the links for the clubhouse.

In a moment Pam came up, all concern—also the club professional, full of useless suggestions.

"Go on ahead," Kel commanded, in order to get rid of him, "and telephone for a doctor to come out here."

"I'm so sorry," Pam moaned. "Why, oh, why, did my ball go way over to one side that way when I aimed it in such a different direction?"

Kel did not attempt to answer that question, which has been propounded by so many golfers, even some pretty good ones. Besides, Kel needed all of his wind for purposes of locomotion. Even a small man such as Harvey was a pretty strenuous load when considered as dead weight.

At last he got as far as some trees in front of the club; and Pam, who had run ahead, brought out some water in a dish with which to bathe Harvey's head.

"Poor boy!" she was saying as she touched the bump deftly.

"Poor nothing," snorted Kel. "Old Harvey is probably tickled to death to be knocked out by you."

Pam blushed, and then to hide her embarrassment leaned over and kissed the patient on the brow. He stirred slightly.

"That would revive old Rameses himself," declared Kel almost enviously.

"What makes you think so?" demanded Pam.

"Because I remember once when—" Kel checked himself. "I don't remember anything."

"Why don't you?" Pam asked, shamelessly perhaps.

"Because—" Kel paused uncertainly. "I guess it's because this young fellow you just beamed with the golf-ball is the finest, squarest man in the United States, and—"

"Oh, hell," declared Harvey, suddenly opening his eyes. "I aint no corpse, and you can cut out the funeral oration. Go on and remember what the lady wants you to, Kel. I'll faint again in a minute, and I wont mind."

"But," began Kel, terribly embarrassed, "I don't understand, and—"

"I know it," Harvey returned, "and my head aches too much for any long explanation. The only answer I know is that once upon a time the only thing I cared about in the world was Pam. Now it's both of you. Good night."

He closed his eyes and pretended to be unconscious. He fooled everybody except himself, but he grinned anyway.

IF the wedding of Pam and Kel was a scene in mist as far as Harvey was concerned, no one realized it more than the bride and groom.

"We'll be back in a month," said Kel as he shook hands with his best man—whose heart was there on the sidewalk in a red velvet strip for them to walk upon. "You'll be the first one to have dinner with us in our new home."

And sure enough, that turned out to be true. It was a jolly reunion for all concerned. Which was no more than right, because Harvey had spent twenty-five dollars in a speak-easy during the afternoon getting ready for it.

After the first time it became less expensive. And later still, Nature put calluses over the places where there could never be another spring.

Summer and fall, though, are pleasant, sitting high in the hearts of your friends.

Your house cannot take



WINGS!

PERHAPS you have wondered, knowing that The Hoover is always for sale in the leading stores in your town, why the representatives of those stores like to bring The Hoover all the way to your house to show it to you.

This is the reason: the only way you can really tell what The Hoover will do for you is to try it in your own home.

But your house cannot take wings and come to the store. So The Hoover Man comes to your home and shows you, right there on your rug, the amazing difference between vacuum cleaning and Hoover cleaning.

He shows you how much dirt you can get out of a rug with vacuum cleaning alone. Then he shows you how, by adding "Positive Agitation"—the Hoover beating principle—you can get out, not only the surface dust ordinarily removed, but the embedded grit deep in the rug that ordinary cleaning fails to disturb.

When you see the astounding amount of dirt that he can take out of your "clean" rug, you understand immediately why The Hoover, with beating and sweeping added to the suction of the ordinary vacuum cleaner, removes more dirt per minute than other cleaners.

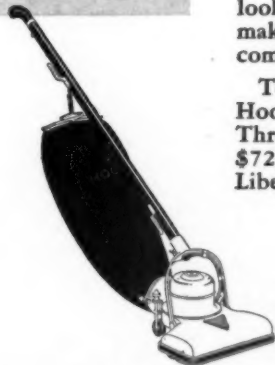
And when you see the difference that The Hoover makes in the looks of your rugs, when you try it yourself and see the difference it makes in your efforts, you will be glad indeed that the Hoover Man comes to your house.

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bleaches—fine for scalp. Already used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

GOLD DIGGER

(Continued from page 49)

Which would be a sure way of stampeding her into matrimony. No, I mustn't be a mother to her."

Betty's *incognito* had worked. It was amazing how well it had worked. Separated from the Betty Rankin Phelps legend, Betty looked precisely like ten thousand other pretty young women. Her technique was a habit she controlled. She could, as it were, take a man or leave him alone.

She had gone to Pine Manor because she remembered it from her Dowagiac days as a swell resort. She didn't visit Dowagiac. Not only was she *incognito*, but she did not feel up to the scolding of her father and mother, who parentally disapproved of her goings-on and wouldn't have taken a cent of her money if they weren't sure that she would waste it on diamonds and champagne, otherwise.

She used her own Christian name and the first surname she happened to think of. At the moment, quaintly enough, she had been thinking of her third husband, Allen Carter. As Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, then, she appeared at the Pine Manor hotel with three trunks, with the kind of car that is always named in novels of half-caste Continental life, with Julie and with Raoul.

Julie remained in service, still hoping to learn the secret of her mistress' success with men. Long ago, Julie had decided that it was not some superior trick of *amour*, which was believed by so many who read the headlines. But she had not yet assayed Betty's gift of virile frailty, her potent helplessness with males.

BETTY trod the soil of her native Michigan with the heels of Parisian slippers and told herself she was enjoying her holiday. As a girl she had always dreamed of Pine Manor. But from the first there was something missing. She tried to blame it on the perspective gained with her years abroad. At last she told herself the truth. The trouble was that as a girl her dream of Pine Manor had included a man.

The girl who had been known as Lizzie Barber in Dowagiac, ten years ago, had never had a fellow. She smiled, remembering that. She'd had fellows since—the kind she'd dreamed about in Dowagiac. She'd married quite a few of them. And now she longed for the kind of fellow that Lizzie Barber should have had. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter thought of returning to New York, until she also thought of what Carla Thomas might say.

And just then Raoul decided that he could no longer endure American food. It was not really food, Raoul protested. This expansive country undoubtedly was full of opportunity, but it had no conception of gravy in the true sense. He would return to Paris and the cooking of Mlle. Violette, or at worst, to Avignon and the cooking of Mme. Raoul.

Betty appealed to the hotel manager to find her a chauffeur. Perhaps she overdid the appeal a bit. The hotel manager devoted himself for the next two days to finding a driver for Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

He found Neil Robertson working on the cars of Pine Manor visitors at the Square Deal garage. He liked the young man's looks. Honest gray eyes and a husky frame under the greasy overalls. The owner of the Square Deal gave him a fervent recommendation.

"There's an ambitious, level-headed youngster," he said. "I'd hate to lose him, but I'm not the kind to stand in a young fellow's way. If you think the job will give him a chance to travel, I'll advise him to take it. He's always wanted to travel. He was to Yellowstone Park once, and now he's saving for one of these tours to Europe."

"If he's got a fault, it's being saving. But you don't catch him hanging around pool-rooms or chasing girls. No sir."

Neil Robertson was not so sure that the change would be for the better. For one thing, he wouldn't wear a uniform like one of those foreign drivers. He wasn't sure that he could save as much out of the salary. And he was suspicious of the privilege of driving for some cranky old widow who'd probably always be telling him not to go so fast. Besides, he'd had a sort of offer from a sales agency in Grand Rapids.

He allowed the boss of the Square Deal garage to persuade him to call upon Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. Still full of dark uncertainties, he presented himself that evening. His tanned, serious face looked a bit slick and moist. He had abandoned the effort to tame the cowlick over his forehead. His blue serge coat and white flannel trousers were a contemptuous challenge to the leisured youths of the resort hotel.

Betty had expected an older man, one who would be part of the automobile. She certainly had not been prepared for those gray eyes. Neil Robertson had expected to see a cranky widow. Betty was wearing the creamy negligée that had been woven for her out of a dream.

She held out her hand. "Oh," she said, "how are you? Haven't we been having glorious weather?"

"Thank you. It's a pleasure, I'm sure," said Neil Robertson. "My name's Robertson, and I came to see about driving your car."

"Oh, yes. Of course. Do you like driving a car?"

"I'm silly about it. And I guess I wouldn't mind so much, at that, about wearing a uniform."

"That's just lovely. Only I'm not sure that I'll want you to wear one. You look very good this way."

"But a fellow can't drive in white pants."

"Well, a soft brown suit, then. And a dark gray for a change. And a blue one. We'll pick out some smart-looking ties, too. What about salary?"

"Aw, whatever you say will suit me great. When do you want me to start?"

She was about to suggest that he might begin that evening. But at this point he discovered that he was still holding her warm white hand. He stared at it, blushed and dropped it.

"Say tomorrow morning," she suggested. "Excuse me. I was thinking about something else, I guess."

"What were you thinking about?" He fished awkwardly into a confused memory.

"About—about traveling. The manager said you traveled around places."

"Would you like that?"

"I'd love it."

"We'll travel a lot," said Betty; then, impulsively: "Are you—you're not married?"

"Aw, gee, no, Mrs. Carter. I haven't even got a girl."

HE fumbled his hat on the way to the door. He was very alert about dropping her hand when she held it out in farewell. When he had left, Betty clasped her right hand fondly in her left and walked to the mirror. She was blushing, too.

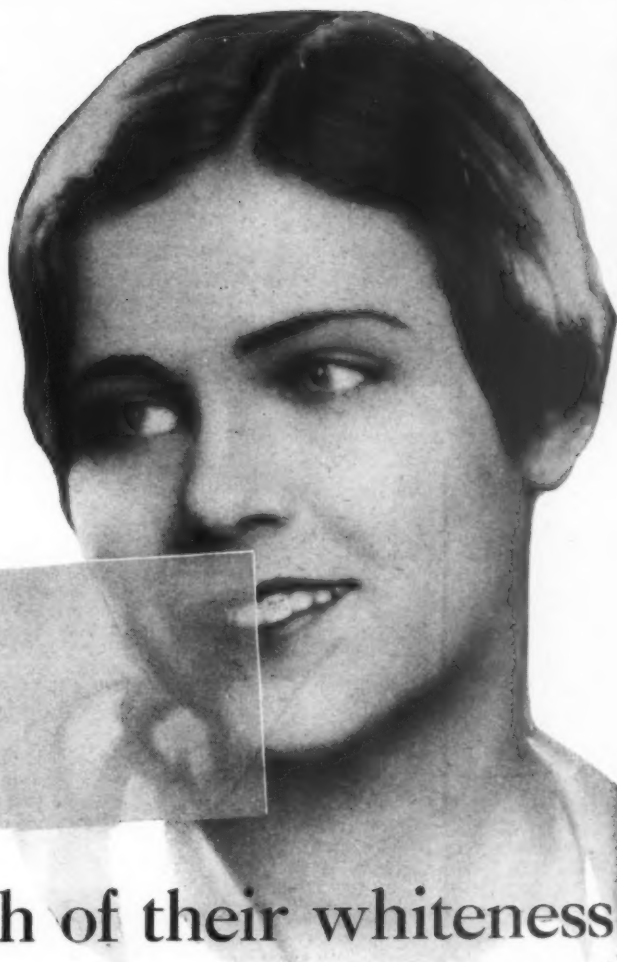
"It's a wonder he didn't run away," she smiled. "I acted like a schoolgirl. I feel like one, too."

She examined the young woman who regarded her so raptly from the mirror.

"Yes sir, just like a schoolgirl."

She giggled.

"And why not?" she asked the mirror. Then she added: "Bless his heart!"



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MEN are not so clever in knowing, and not so frank when they guess. Neil Robertson, by the time he had reached the house where he boarded, had convinced himself that he had accepted the job for the excellent opportunity it afforded him for travel. He had also decided, in the masculine manner, that he had been tactful in arranging not to wear a uniform.

He wore a just-purchased brown suit when he appeared at the hotel to take over the big slinky car. The suit was much browner than Betty had fancied a suit could be. But she was pleased, even while she decided that later she would select a proper brown and do something about the new straw hat with the brown ribbon to match.

He held the door open for her. "Drive anywhere," said Betty, "just so you can get the feel of the car. Anywhere out in the country."

Ten miles out she had him stop and explained that she liked to ride in the front seat. She also explained that she would call him Neil. She had always called her other driver Raoul, she discreetly added.

They stopped for luncheon at a tavern beside a tidy lake. He had been somewhat bothered about that. He didn't relish eating in the servants' quarters. He need not have bothered. He had luncheon with his employer.

"You see," she said brightly, "that's another reason I thought it best for you not to wear a uniform."

During luncheon she told him of delightful places to eat on the roads in Europe. A little walled town behind Cannes, a surprising inn near Vienna—

"We'll go there," she said. "I've been saving my money," he told her, "for a tour like that."

"Have you saved money?" "Well, not very much. Right now I've got about eight hundred seventy dollars in the bank."

"That you saved all yourself? Isn't that wonderful! Tell me all about it."

After luncheon she started to pay the bill. The new driver blushed manfully and reached into his pocket.

"It wouldn't look so good," he said. "All right," she smiled. "I'll pay it back when I pay your salary."

THE next day they carried a hamper from the hotel. Lizzie Barber, in Dowagiac, had always liked picnics. The day after that they went to another cozy lake, where they discovered rowboats for hire. There were other days and other discoveries.

It was about this time that Carla Thomas telegraphed—and later telephoned. Carla arrived, still determined not to assume a maternal attitude. Betty was at the Pine Manor depot to meet her. Carla frowned mentally at the flowered dress Betty was wearing. Betty was not at her best in flowery pastoral things.

Betty was radiant. She rushed up to Carla and kissed her. Betty was not one to kiss women. Carla was surprised until she realized that Betty had chosen such tactics to whisper:

"You're a beast to come! He's in the car over there, and I won't have any of your nonsense."

"Don't be a chump," muttered Carla. When Betty stepped back from the clinch, Carla said:

"Darling, I've never seen you looking better."

"You've never seen me happier, at any rate," replied Betty.

"I believe it," said Carla. At the car, Betty said:

"This is Mr. Neil Robertson."

"Good Lord, she's blushing!" said Carla to herself. "And by the way she looks at him, I'm not a minute too soon."

But Carla behaved so graciously that

Betty neglected to be suspicious. She blushed again as she started for the driver's seat, remembered, and joined her undesired guest in the tonneau.

In Betty's room at the hotel Carla was distractingly silent over a long cigarette. Betty bore it as long as she could.

"You might say something, Carla." "He's awfully good-looking, Betty. And you're right about those gray eyes."

Betty fairly cooed. "But why do you let him wear such a brown suit?" added Carla.

"He thinks I like it." "Do you?" "Well—I—"

"Don't answer carelessly. This is important. If you can overlook that shade of poisonous brown, you're in love."

"I'm in love, all right. And I'm proud of it. I want everybody to know it."

"And are you wearing that dress because he likes it?"

"How did you guess? I bought six of them at the store in town. Neil says my French things make me look too sophisticated. He likes bright colors."

"I saw his tie."

"Carla, I won't stand for you saying anything about him. If you're going to be sarcastic, I'd rather not talk to you about—about Neil and me."

"Don't be cross, Betty. I tell you, all I want is for you to be happy."

CARLA really meant it. "Oh, I am," said Betty. "I only hope I can make him as happy. Do you think he loves me, Carla?"

"What a question. Hasn't he told you?"

"That bothers me a little. You see, he's bashful. And he's afraid to say anything, because he thinks I'm rich."

"Yeah?"

"You needn't be sarcastic about it. He's got money of his own. And it wasn't left to him by anyone. He saved it. He's a self-made man. He's not after my money. Sometimes I wish I didn't have a cent."

"It comes in handy," said Carla. "And I don't think you need worry. He'll be sensible about sharing it."

"Do you really think so? I'm so glad. Because we've planned the loveliest trip together in Europe. To all those little inns where I've always wanted to go with some one who'd love them as I do."

"Whoa! Wait a minute. You say he hasn't declared his honorable intentions, yet. Still, you've made these honeymoon plans!"

"Neil thinks he's going just as my chauffeur. He doesn't know all of my scheme."

"He thinks he's just going along for the ride, eh? Don't you think you'd better tell him?"

"That's exactly what I've decided. I'm so glad you came, Carla sweet. You've shown me just what to do."

"Just one thing more," said Carla. "Does the boy friend suspect who you really are?"

"No. That's one thing I won't tell him until—after."

"Why? Being Betty Rankin Phelps isn't anything to be ashamed of."

"But I want him to love me for myself."

"Aren't you Betty Rankin Phelps?"

"Not any more. I'm Lizzie Barber of Dowagiac. I'm Lizzie Barber, who always wanted a fellow, and who wants a regular husband, who wants to be a regular wife."

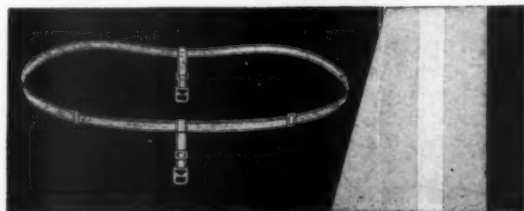
Oh, Carla dear, I'm going to tell him tonight—"

She halted, embarrassed.

"Oh, I forgot, dear. Before you came, we had an engagement to go to dinner. You don't mind if I leave you?"

"No, indeed, darling. I was with you on a couple of honeymoons, but I don't think I could stand being along when you proposed marriage."

"That's just what I'm going to do!"



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Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

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BACK in her own room, next to Betty's, Carla smoked another long cigarette. She smiled sadly.

"Poor Lizzie Barber!" she said. "I don't think she can get away with it. But if she can, I'll go for the parson myself. This Neil isn't such an awful lunkhead. Of course, that brown suit—but a couple of visits to Sackville Street would fix that. If she's bound to give her fortune to some one, it might as well be him. But I'm worried just the same. No matter what Lizzie Barber says, Betty Rankin Phelps is an international institution. Trying to ignore that is like trying to ignore the war debt."

She was still musing when her telephone rang. It was Penrose Hendrix, editor of the Pine Manor Press-Dispatch, who explained that he was seeking items for the social column of his newspaper.

Editor Hendrix wore the sort of straw hat that looks soiled when it is purchased. He had two automatic lead-pencils in the breast pocket of his striped alpaca coat. He had been to Chicago to see the World's Series the year of the big baseball scandal, and it had left its mark on him.

Editor Hendrix came quickly to his point. "I guess you'd never let me in your room," he cackled, "if you'd knew I was correspondent for a New York daily."

"Why not, Horace Greeley?"

"Don't you wise-crack at me, sister. I know my vegetables—and how! Be yourself."

Carla was startled.

"I'd better begin," she replied, "by having you bounced out on your good ear."

"Ya-as, you will," responded the editor. "And when you do, I'll throw you up for grabs. I'm on to you gold-diggers."

"What?" Carla's exclamation was not indignant. It was alarmed.

"Laugh that off. I said gold-diggers—and how! Don't try to high-hat me, sister."

Carla decided not to. Gold-diggers! Betty was discovered.

"What's the racket, wise guy?" she asked. "Now you're getting smart yourself," said Hendrix. "No use trying to give me the apple-sauce. That sugar who claims to be Mrs. Elizabeth Carter is—Betty—Rankin—Phelps."

"What of it? Her life is an open book."

"I'll say it is," replied Hendrix. "And what a book it is! There's a wise-crack right back at you. How do you like them apricots?"

"You're too fast for me, big boy. How did you ever find out?"

Editor Hendrix grinned.

"Oh, I'm not one of those Cholly-boy reporters from New York with a cane," he said. "Just as soon as I saw you and her at the depot, I got the hunch. I went right to the morgue—"

"The morgue? Good heavens!"

"That's what us newspaper lads call the file," he explained, "where we keep old articles and photographs. Well, I got out a picture of her, taken with her pet Scotch terrier, and I knew right off. Hot diggety dog! It's the biggest story that's broke in Pine Manor since they caught Herman Spangler, the arch-fiend wife-slayer, here."

"Listen, old dear," said Carla. "I'd like to make you a proposition—"

"Oh, no, you don't," leered Hendrix. "I

aint married, and I may step around some. But no gold-digger's going to proposition me."

"It's not that kind of proposition. It's a fifty-fifty break. How'd you like a story about who she's going to marry next?"

"Old stuff, sister. The next sucker is this H. Perry MacPeter baby."

"If you're sure of that, it's more than she is. What do you suppose she's doing here in Pine Manor?"

"Is there some other umpchay?" he asked, eagerly, and explained: "That's pig Latin for chump."

"There's another umpchay," said Carla.

"Hot canine! Who's the egg?"

"Here's my proposition," she told him. "The girl friend needs one more night to work. If you don't try to see her tonight, I'll give you the low-down tomorrow."

Editor Hendrix pondered.

"Well, I wouldn't have to see her personally tonight. I can crack the yarn about finding her, and tomorrow I could zip over this fast one about who she's trimming next."

"Maybe she's the one getting trimmed," suggested Carla.

"Now I'll tell one," said Hendrix with a metropolitan wink. "It's a bet, sweetheart. I lay off the girl friend tonight, and tomorrow you come clean with the name of the new umpchay. Only don't try to two-time me, or I'll have you pinched."

"For what?"

"For impersonating a lady," chuckled Penrose Hendrix. "Hot dog—and how! See you tomorrow, cookie. That gives you something to live for."

The editor of the Pine Manor Press-Dispatch chuckled again as he departed.

A PERFECT moon made an argent trail across the tidy little lake to the White Deer Tavern.

Two people finished a dinner which they had eaten without tasting. Betty wore a new flowered frock, although this night she had hesitated over a black gown that had been created in tribute to the modeling of her upper arm and the graceful line of her throat. Neil Robertson wore his brown suit. It wasn't so brown in the moonlight.

At the end of their dinner Betty discovered that she had left her purse in the car.

"It's one more item I'll have to settle," she said, smiling, "when I pay your salary."

She saw the way his smile ceased. He spoke with embarrassed earnestness.

"Please don't—not tonight," he said. "Please don't talk about money. This is on me. It's just like—like you and I—"

He stammered into silence. Betty leaned eagerly toward him.

"Can't you say it, Neil?"

"I know it's fresh," he stumbled on, "coming from a chauffeur, but I—well, I like to pretend it's different—that you and I are—well, going together."

"Dear boy!" breathed Betty.

"You aren't sore, Mrs. Carter? I mean, me saying that went—wont make any difference?"

"It's going to make a lot of difference," said Betty. "Let's go down to the shore and look at the moon."

It was more than ever a moon from a ballad. Only Betty's perfume, that came from headier flowers than were printed on

her frock, was not in accord with the silver harmony of the night. Neil, breathing it as she came close to him, did not notice that. Neil did not even see the moon. Betty had taken his hand.

"Neil, there's something else you've wanted to tell me, isn't there?"

"I—I've stayed awake nights thinking of what I'd like to say."

"And I've stayed awake, Neil dear, wanting to hear it."

"But I can't, Mrs. Carter—"

"Mrs. Carter?"

"Elizabeth!"

"Say Betty."

He said it, hoarsely.

"And now can't you tell me, Neil?"

"It's only—I—I c-can't—"

"Maybe I can say it for you, dear boy. But first make me a promise."

"I'll promise you anything."

"Promise, then. And remember, dearest, it's very, very important if we are to be happy. Promise that you and I will never let a question of money come between us."

"If you promise too."

She laughed softly.

"Neil, if you can't say it, I must. You care for me, don't you?"

"Betty, I—I—love you. I can't help loving you. Now I've said it."

"And I love you, Neil. Kiss me, darling boy."

"I can't believe it. That you—"

She put her arms around him. Neil gasped and held her close. After a while, after quite a while, he said:

"It's like a dream, dear Betty. Like a dream I never dared dream."

After another while she answered:

"We mustn't be afraid, you and I, sweetheart, to make our dream come true."

There were still other breathless interludes. And it was after midnight when the long foreign car drove into Pine Manor and, in front of the hotel, its driver boldly kissed his employer good-night.

Betty found Carla sitting up for her.

"You needn't say a word," said Carla. "And it doesn't need that crushed Maud Muller frock to tell me what's happened. Just stand there, Betty. It does a hard-boiled tramp like me good to see a girl who can be so happy."

"Don't joke, Carla, about such things."

"I mean it," said Carla. And she did.

Some one was sitting up for Neil Robertson too, when he drove to the Square Deal Garage to quarter the car for the night.

PENROSE HENDRIX was thrilled at the sensation he was causing, by telegraph, in the office of the New York newspaper. Its editor had snapped like a hungry trout at the dispatch Hendrix sent. He demanded that the Pine Manor correspondent send all he knew of the subject. Receiving this, he demanded still more.

Penrose Hendrix, entirely out of words, was bitterly regretting his pact with Carla. This was even bigger news, apparently, than the taking of the arch-fiend and wife-slayer, Herman Spangler. In the midst of his regret he lit on the lively journalistic expedient of interviewing Betty's chauffeur.

"Keep the office open, Elmer," he told the telegraph operator. "I'm going over and see if I can dig a little dirt out of Neil Robertson. Fat chance of him knowing anything I don't know. He don't even know she's her. But a newspaper man's got to strut his stuff—and how."

Neil was still dazed with the reality of the dream he had not dared to dream. He moved like an ecstatic somnambulist when he had put up the car. He was not surprised when Penrose Hendrix stepped out of the shadows and spoke to him.

"Oh, hello, Pop," said Neil.

"Nixology on the Pop gag," replied Hendrix. "Where were you tonight?"

SOPHIE KERR, the distinguished author of that well-remembered Red Book Magazine success "The Poor Rich," and of many another notable achievement, has completed a novel of even greater power and fascination—a story of wealth and of the men and women who possess or strive for it. Be sure to begin this exceptional novel in our next, the August, issue.

"Out to the White Deer. What's it to you, anyway?"

Penrose Hendrix realized that direct journalistic methods were out of place. He tried diplomacy.

"Now, listen here, Neil, you got no call to upstage me. Us newspaper boys got to ask personal questions sometimes. No harm in that, is there?"

"There's no harm," answered Neil, "if I don't answer."

"That's a nifty," said Hendrix. His voice dropped a confidential octave: "Neil, I'll let you in on a hot secret. Did you ever hear of Betty Rankin Phelps?"

"That's like asking me if I ever heard of George Washington. Everybody knows that dame. She's the slickest gold-digger that ever stepped."

"I hope to tell you!" Hendrix was building up his drama. "She's trimmed four guys marrying 'em, and Lord knows how many others beside in other ways. Being her boy friend is like being pals with Lucrezia Borgia, the arch-poisoner."

"What's the secret, Penny?"

"Suppose I was to tell you that Betty Rankin Phelps is right here in this burg?"

"No? On the level? That rotten gold-digger?"

"That aint all. Get a load of this: Betty Rankin Phelps is the dame you're driving for—the one who calls herself Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. . . . Hey, quit! L-l-leggo!"

NEIL had the editor by the throat. "Take that back, you old fool!"

"L-l-lemme go!" gurgled Hendrix.

"Take it back, you dirty liar!"

"It aint a lie. I got the dope right here in my pocket."

Neil loosed his hold. Hendrix dived into the inner pocket of his alpaca coat. He brought out a fistful of clippings.

"Now, if you're so smart," he wheezed, "take a look at that." He showed the photograph from the morgue.

"It isn't true!" cried Neil. But he knew it was. Even the smudged half-tone of the *Press-Dispatch* clipping could not disguise the truth.

"Oh, it aint, aint it?" sneered Hendrix.

"Then laugh this off."

He held out the typed sheets.

"They're dupes," he explained. "That's what us journalists call duplicate copies. It's dupes of the story I sent to New York tonight."

Neil read with eyes that saw only half the words. But half of them were more than enough.

"You see that part about Carla Thomas?" said Hendrix. "Well, I didn't write all that that cutie spilled to me. And that's why I asked you where you were."

"She told you something else?" Neil asked numbly.

"And how! She told all, like we say in the headlines. Listen: she told me right out that this Phelps woman is in town to take a new sucker."

"Take a new sucker?"

"One that the papers don't know about. Tells me this Phelps only wants tonight to do a little fast necking and this new ump-chay—that means chump; it's pig-Latin—will be hooked."

"Did she tell you who this new one is?"

"That's what I want to ask you about. Because she certainly must've been with this sap tonight."

"She went out to the White Deer Tavern," said Neil, slowly. "Maybe she met some one there. I guess she did. But I stayed in the car, of course."

"She come home alone?"

"Yes. That is, of course, I drove her."

"You don't count."

"No, I guess not."

"She's a slick one, all right."

"Yeah."



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The Red Book Magazine publishes each month the largest and most representative list of school announcements to be found in any magazine. Consult our School Directory and write direct to the schools which interest you. The principals are, at all times, glad to send catalogues and answer letters of inquiry. If you do not find a school in pages 9-27 which seems to answer your requirements as to courses or location, ask our assistance.

The Red Book Magazine's Department of School Information has helped hundreds of parents select schools for their boys and girls. We have also helped many young people who appeal to us to find a school where they may procure just the training for a chosen occupation. The same service is at your disposal. Our service is based on personalized information obtained through visits to representative schools in all parts of the country. In order to be fully helpful we need data on the following: type of school—college preparatory or general academic (in the case of a boy, military or non-military), finishing, post-graduate, business, technical, secretarial, art, music, dramatic, dancing, etc., in what section of the country; approximate amount you plan to pay per year for board and tuition, or tuition only for schools of special training; exact age, religion, and previous education of prospective pupil. Enclose stamped return envelope and address

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

"Too bad you didn't have your eyes open."

"Yeah."

"But she's fooled smarter guys than you. Or me, for that matter."

"There isn't any chance of it being a mistake, is there, Penny?"

"Not a Chinaman's chance."

"Well, so long, Penny."

"Olive oil, Neil! If you can get any low-down, be sure and give me an earful."

"Sure. So long."

"See you in church."

Penrose Hendrix went back to the Pine Manor telegraph-office.

"Might as well call it a day, Elmer. I saw Neil, and just like I thought, he didn't know a thing."

NEIL ROBERTSON walked toward the cottage where he lodged. The dream was gone. It was as if, walking in his sleep, he had been shocked awake by Penny Hendrix at the edge of a precipice. Safely out of the editor's sight, in the shadow of a friendly oak, he leaned against a paling fence. He felt ill.

He wanted to go to the hotel and beg her to tell him that it was a lie. But it wasn't. No use trying to kid himself about that. She was Betty Rankin Phelps, the gold-digger. She'd trimmed four men by marrying them and Lord knows how many more—in other ways.

What would he say when he saw her tomorrow? He tried to laugh. They had planned to meet and arrange the marriage. She'd wanted it to be soon. In a few days. And he'd believed that she—yes, he'd believed that she really loved him. And he—well, no use kidding himself. He loved her. Right now, knowing everything, he loved her. He wanted to run to her. Betty! Betty. . . .

Betty had never wept. She awakened early and remembered, with the drowsiness still on her, before she saw the crushed, flowery dress hanging over a chair. She threw her head back, smiling, and stretched voluptuously. She laughed back at the sun making a merry, leafy pattern at her window. The sun would shine through a cottage window, too. And she'd get his breakfast herself—

The waiter brought her breakfast and placed two messages beside her plate. One was a telegram. It said:

DARLING AT LAST I HAVE FOUND YOU STOP
I AM FLYING TO YOU IN MORNING IN
NEW THREE MOTOR PLANE STOP PLEASE DO
NOT RUN AWAY AGAIN STOP I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU STOP LOVE

H. PERRY MACPETER.

She wondered how Perry had discovered her hiding-place. If Carla had told him! She'd talk to Carla and find out. Wouldn't it be lovely, now, if Perry would marry Carla? She laughed. Her own happiness was turning her into a matchmaker. Well, she wanted everyone to share her joy.

She picked up the second message, amused, and studied the address on the envelope: "Mrs. Elizabeth Carter," in an unfamiliar, stiff writing. The letter began:

"Mrs. Betty Rankin Phelps,

"Dear Mrs. Phelps:

"There is a man at the Square Deal named Lew Newcomb you can get to run your car—"

Betty's eyes dropped to the signature:

"Yours sincerely,

"Neil Robertson."

With a swift, suffocating sensation at her throat she read:

"—to run your car. I have to go away. I have a better job in another city. I have to leave right away or I will not get the job. That is why I can not tell you in person or telephone. When you get

this letter I will be far away, maybe in another country. So with best wishes, I will close. Yours sincerely—"

Betty got up blindly from the table.

"No, no!" she whispered. "It isn't so—"

As she moved to the telephone, she slipped out of her dressing-gown and reached for the wrinkled frock. She started getting into it as she called his number. . . .

"Carla! Help me, Carla!"

Carla grumbled sleepily and barely stirred in the drowsy warmth of her bed. Then Betty's voice, which had sounded as part of a disturbing dream, reached her consciousness. Her dark eyes opened reluctantly. She sat up in quick alarm—

In the doorway between their rooms stood Betty—Betty in the crushed, simple frock, standing just where she had stood, exalted, the night before—Betty, with misery in her eyes and tragedy in her drooping body. In her hand she held the letter. She held it out with a pathetic half-gesture.

"He's gone," she said. "Neil's gone. I don't understand. I only know he's gone."

CARLA'S arms went around the sagging figure.

"Tell Carla about it, honey. Tell her what's happened."

"He's gone," Betty said. "There's only this note. At his house, they said he left early this morning; he's not coming back—"

Carla led her, very gently, to the bed.

"Oh, Neil! Neil! Come back to me!"

She flung herself on the bed. Betty Rankin Phelps had never wept. But she wept then.

All through the sunny morning she lay there in the wrinkled, flowery frock. Carla sat on the bed, stroking her shoulder and speaking comforting small words while under her breath she cursed the stupid cruelty of the boy who had run away.

Carla's hard little brunette head busied itself vainly with reasons for Neil Robertson's flight. The first hint of the truth came when she left the side of her sobbing friend to get rid of Penrose Hendrix, who had called three times during the morning.

"It's the gyp!" cried Hendrix. "I knew all the time it was this MacPeter sap. I knew you gold-diggers would cross me up. And I didn't tell anyone—only Elmer at the telegraph-office, and Neil Robertson."

"You told him?"

"Aw, him—he wasn't even wise to who he was driving for," Hendrix defended himself.

Slowly Carla began to understand what had happened.

"I ought to sock you right on the smeller," she said.

"Yeah?" countered Hendrix. "You and how many policemen?"

Carla was glad when the sobbing slowly ceased. Betty stood up. She smiled wanly as she smoothed the flowery dress.

"I understand now," she said, evenly. "I think I do, anyway. I don't blame Neil. I guess I never stopped to realize what a terrible woman people must think I am."

She lifted her hands wearily to the throat of the frock. Her fingers closed and, with a frantic violence, she tore the dress from her body. The shreds of the flowers crumpled around her slim legs. Out of them rose her lovely body, sheathed in sheer amber linen.

"That's the end of Lizzie Barber of Dowagiac," she said, "and that's the end of my dream. *C'est drôle, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Not so damn' drôle," said Carla.

AN automobile spun over the Michigan road on the way to Grand Rapids. It was a five-year-old car, and battered, but its engine, tuned by a capable mechanic, hummed sweetly. Neil Robertson wore a sweater and the trousers of his old blue serge suit. The brown outfit was in a suit-

Do your mornings Soar or Sag?



DO your days begin with a dull, lousy outlook? *They shouldn't.* Do you wake up feeling half-sick and "under the weather"? *Then do this:*

As soon as you get out of bed, take down your bottle of Sal Hepatica and measure a teaspoonful or so into a glass of fresh, cool water.

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is clogged are helped, promptly, by this saline purifier. More than any other kind of laxative it cleanses the bloodstream of poisons, it neutralizes acidity. It rids the whole system of wastes!

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Ask your doctor about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And the next morning you wake up feeling low and out-of-sorts, put a teaspoonful in your before-breakfast glass of water!

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case in the back of the car. Forty-five dollars, that suit had cost him, with the extra pair of trousers.

It had been hard to write a letter like that. There was so much to say that mustn't be said. He had to be careful not to let her know how he felt. She'd know from the way he used her right name that his eyes had been opened. Talking about traveling in Europe and then settling down in a little house with a garden—and children—

A straying hen squawked its panic and made scissor-blade jumps out of the way of the battered car—

Well, he'd found out just in time. It was like running away. It was running away. Right now he wanted to go back to her, to see her again. He didn't dare go near her. Might as well confess that, too. Whatever she was, he'd fall for her line all over again. There was an ache in his throat when he thought of being close to her—

Oh, what a fool! And he thought it had all been true. Making him promise never to let money come between them. Telling him she'd pay him back for those dinners and lunches when she paid him his salary. For the rowboat they'd hired, too. He could see it all now. He wondered what she would say if he had gone to her, carelessly, and asked for his salary—

No, it was better that he had sneaked away just as soon as the bank had opened and he could draw out his savings.

Neil Robertson halted his car at the side of the road. He took an envelope from his shirt pocket. It contained the money he had drawn from the bank. He counted it again. There was still close to seven hundred and fifty dollars left—

Little inns in the south of France. A lazy ship on the Mediterranean. He and Betty

in a tavern perched high in the Alps. A balconied room. Quaint old towns—

Neil slipped the envelope back into his shirt pocket and fastened the safety pin.

"Not with my money," he said stoutly.

For a long time he remained at the side of the road to Grand Rapids. It is not best to drive with eyes blinking with tears.

"If you don't quit bothering us," said Carla, "I'll have you pinched."

"Ya-as, you will. What for?"

"For not having your license."

"What do I need a license for?"

"Ask the dog-catcher."

"Aw, rats to you," said Penrose Hendrix.

"You darn gypper, you!"

Carla stood in her own room, alone with the incredible truth.

"Poor Lizzie Barber," she said to herself.

"Poor Betty! Her first real love-affair! Hooked by her own racket. After denting some of the most ornamental bank-rolls of the nation, after standing for four rotogravure husbands—she's ready to trade it all for a few kind words from this Alger hero and a couple of potted geraniums in a cottage window.

"It's like a sentimental ballad, only the chorus doesn't work out right. Because it's a cinch this young Neil fellow figures that Betty is out to trim him for the small change he calls a savings-account. And to save that handful of dimes, he's running away from a fortune. What's more, he's running away from something just a shade better than money, no matter what wise-crackers say. And that is the on-the-level love that Betty was ready to give him with the bank-roll.

"It ought to be a laugh, I suppose, for a tough dame like me. But darned if I can work up a giggle. Poor, poor Betty!"

She went back to her friend.

HANDWRITING REVEALS WHAT?

(Continued from page 83)

A FOREIGN graphologist came to New York in 1923 escorted by a press-agent who announced that his patron possessed amazing talents. If a fraction of the powers credited to this gentleman had been really his, he would indeed have been a great man. David N. Carvalho, who had devoted all his mature years to the study of handwriting, was openly contemptuous of this individual who called himself a graphologist.

If you would only give this man a specimen of your handwriting, the press-agent invited you to believe, this fat and sleepy-eyed "expert" could tell more about your physical condition than you could learn by submitting a specimen of your blood to a group of eminent physicians. In the same glance at your handwriting which was supposed to reveal whatever diseases might be gnawing at your system, he could tell as much about your character as if he had dwelt with you for years; he could tell your past and future. In short, if the press-agent's assertions were credible, this foreigner was an extraordinarily gifted fortune-teller.

"Bunk," said my father, and began to comb his beard furiously. He had been reading about the graphologist in the morning newspapers. Shortly afterward one of my friends brought an eye-witness account of the manner in which this alien visitor worked.

This gentleman had called on the graphologist at his hotel. My friend had been skeptical, he insisted, but what had occurred then certainly had amazed him. Because he knew the press-agent, this gentleman had been readily admitted to the presence of the expert. It was in the late afternoon, and the graphologist was stretched out on a gilded sofa, napping.

Rubbing his eyes and yawning, he extended a soft, pudgy hand and clicked his heels in the manner of an Austrian con-

script. The press-agent spoke in German which my friend could not understand. Presently my friend produced a sheet of paper on which were written a few sentences without important meaning. The press-agent received this and asked a question.

"Who wrote it?"

My friend mentioned a name, one that was known to the press-agent. The owner of that name was a prominent journalist in New York, a rotund man with protuberant blue eyes.

The press-agent passed the bit of writing to the graphologist, who stopped yawning to make a sharp inquiry in German. The press-agent responded in crisp gutturals. Immediately the expert glanced at the paper which he held in his right hand. His left hand he raised to his eye in a peculiar manner and promptly burst into a volley of German.

"He says," interpreted the press-agent, "that the writer of this is a man with bulging eyes. He speaks of him as a 'frog-eyed' man."

The graphologist made other comments which were interpreted by the press-agent, but my friend had been too amazed to pay close attention.

WE listened to this account silently. I was impressed deeply, until Father began to speak. He fairly sputtered condemnation. "Charlatan," "nonsense," "trickery" and other words of like connotation fell from his lips. "Well," challenged our visitor, "explain how he knew that the man whose writing I submitted was pop-eyed?"

I am sure the clinical specimen could have been no more pop-eyed than that Father.

"You, yourself," he said, almost violently, "explained that! The press-agent told him. The press-agent probably is a full partner in the expedition that brings him to this coun-

try. Is it fair to suppose that they have a code? Listen: There is nothing to prevent a man who wishes to make a living telling fortunes from calling himself a graphologist, an astrologer, a spiritualistic medium, a Swami, a Yogi or any other kind of an 'ist' or 'ologer'!

"I do not doubt for a minute that the so-called graphologist is smarter by far than the bulk of those who go to consult him. The next time you go to see him, invite Houdini to go with you. Houdini could tell you how he works. Houdini, I'd bet, could duplicate any feat this fellow performs. That's what he is giving—a performance, a performance that has no more to do with science than if it were the lecture of a tent-show medicine-man."

"Don't get yourself into such a temper, Father," I implored. Then I asked: "Why do you say, 'a so-called graphologist'?"

FATHER sighed heavily, and then began to explain in the labored manner of a savant speaking to a kindergarten pupil.

"The dictionary," he began, "will inform you that *graphology* is the study of handwriting regarded as an expression of the character of the writer. There are people who choose to believe that it is a science. I believe it is nonsense."

He took a long breath and resumed: "The only thing that handwriting can be counted upon to reveal is the writer's identity. This is the conclusion of my long experience. I have had the pleasure, so to speak, of sending thousands of forgers to State's prison. Yet, with all my study of their penmanship, I never learned an important thing about their characters."

"Sometimes—yet only sometimes—handwriting throws a little light upon the nature of a man's mind; it never tells anything worth while about his character nor anything important about his diseases or his history."

"What do we mean by character? Do we mean a man's traits according to his general reputation? Or do we mean that which a man is in his heart? When I say 'character,' I mean precisely that. I mean something that represents the sum of the abilities, the purposes and the habits of the individual. In five minutes I can demonstrate to anyone that those who believe they can perceive more than identity in handwriting are deluding themselves."

"Edgar Allan Poe was a reckless, dissolute genius; but the holographic records left to us seem to have been written by a well-ordered, self-controlled person with a passion for system. His handwriting is clear and regular. Most of the letters are carefully joined. Perhaps his love of beauty is reflected there, but that is all that is significant."

"What would a graphologist say of Napoleon's character, judging from his signature? Would anyone expect to find the writer of such a small and jumbled stream of ink was one of the greatest figures in modern history?"

"How do the graphologists reconcile their predictions with the facts when you show them the awful thing that was the signature of William Shakespeare? Concerning that individual's handwriting and his reputation as a most prolific writer I have strong opinions, but I warrant that anyone who endeavored to judge Shakespeare by the standards of the graphologists would slander him."

"In one case of forgery I was obliged to make a careful study of the handwriting of Grover Cleveland, who was twice President of this country, and a man of extraordinary force. Except when using a very coarse pen, Mr. Cleveland wrote a light, delicate, almost feminine hand. McKinley, who moved into the White House as Cleveland moved out, wrote a big, slathering hand, widely different from that of Cleveland. Theodore Roosevelt, who was beyond any question a leader



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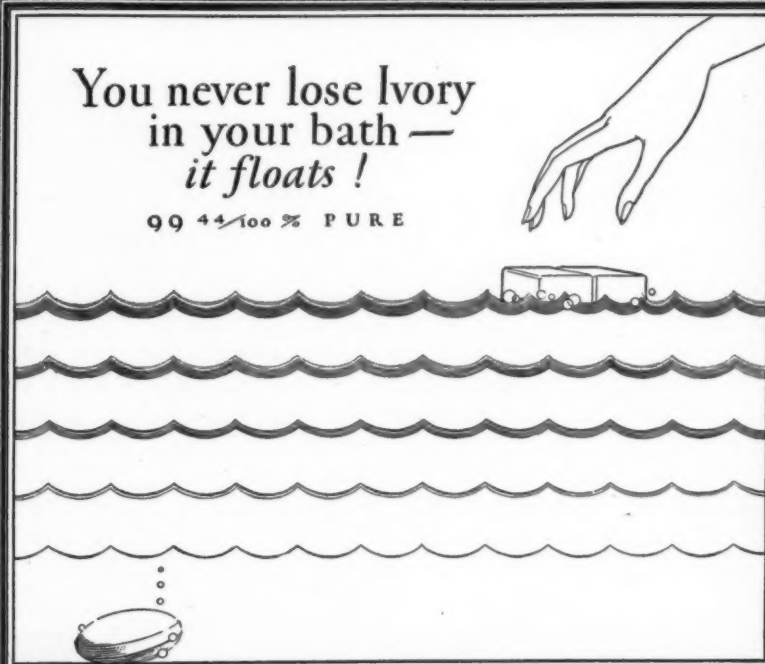
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of men, wrote a slouchy hand not at all like Cleveland's.

"It does not disturb me because people insist upon deluding themselves as to the hidden things revealed by handwriting. What does disturb me is that those who tell fortunes with handwriting are retarding the general acceptance of the scientific use of handwriting as a means of establishing the identity of the authors of disputed documents. Identity—that is the important thing.

"A man signs his will; by that act he disposes of all his wealth. It is vital to our civilization that this curiously detachable bit of our personality which is called handwriting be shielded by all the force of law and public opinion from imposture. A governor signs a decree extending the life of one who is condemned; by that act he makes concrete a bit of that precious authority with which the people have entrusted him. A man writes on a bit of paper called a check; by that act he directs the custodian of one of his reservoirs of wealth—his banker—to pay a sum of money to a debtor. The common sense of people tells them that a man's signature is a detached part of the man; and science—my science—confirms their faith. Handwriting has no more to do with character than fingerprints. Like fingerprints, though, it is an infallible means of fixing identity."

A GAIN and again I have heard my father recite his belief, his faith in the sureness of identification by means of handwriting. Again and again I have heard him exclaim impatiently against the claims of graphologists.

"What," he would ask, "can a graphologist detect in the natural copybook writing of a skillful forger? A forger is a thief, a selfish, deceitful fraud; but the natural handwriting of most of those I have studied has been beautiful. In fact, a skill in penmanship very often has been the thing that has transformed an apparently honest man into a crook. You remember my chauffeur?"

This chauffeur was a young man named Alfred. He had left Baden, Germany, where he was born, to seek his fortune in the United States. A mother and four sisters were left in the old country somewhat dependent upon the young man. Alfred, after his arrival in New York, finally was engaged by my father to drive his car.

Father's collections at the house consisted not only of many rare manuscripts, illuminated parchments and other ancient documents, but also thousands of specimens of handwriting of the people of his time. In his sight any scrap of writing was interesting. No matter who had written it, no matter how inane the message, there was sure to be in it for him some pattern with a special meaning.

Another collection at the house included every conceivable kind of bank-check. Father had patented several forms of safety paper for bank use, and was constantly striving to devise a kind of paper that would not be susceptible to the tricks of forgers. Alfred's duties were not sufficiently heavy for his own good, I suppose, and he spent some of his idle hours looking through those collections at the house.

The *leitmotiv* in the letters that came to him from Germany was a sad expression of his mother's and sisters' need of money, money, money. I imagine he sent as much as he could, but this was insufficient, and then too, he wished to be married. Unless he married, he might lose forever the society of a girl with whom he had fallen in love. Marriage was the way to secure her to him, and marriage meant more money.

Alfred was attached to a household where handwriting was often the topic of conversation. No doubt as he drove my father and some friend, client or lawyer, his ears were strained to catch scraps of their talk, tiny

fragments of information about the tricks of forgers. Most young men would have distilled from such opportunities a clear understanding of the savage penalties that are inflicted on the professional forger; but Alfred was thinking only of his great need for money.

Among the signatures in my father's collection was that of an importer. One day Alfred walked into a bank on Fifth Avenue and pushed through the grilled window a slip of paper instructing the bank to pay to bearer ten dollars. It was signed with the name of one of the bank's depositors, the importer. The paying teller gave it a glance and asked just one question:

"How will you have it?"

"Two fives," requested Alfred, and glowed with a thrill such as he had never before experienced.

Naturally he tried it again and yet again. The third time the teller motioned for one of the bank watchmen to approach his window. Alfred was seized and taken to jail. He pleaded guilty and was sent to a reformatory.

"Certain kinds of people," said Father to me after he had succeeded in getting another chauffeur, "never lose their faith in fairy-stories. If you will stop to think about it, there is something immoral, judged by present-day canons, in accepting the gifts of a fairy or a genie who happens to be the slave of a lamp. Good fairy-stories are always a compound of legends. They grow best where people have had to work from dawn to dark for the means of bare existence. The Brothers Grimm, in compiling that book of fairy-stories which was your favorite, were simply setting down on paper stories that had been told thousands of times in the huts of European peasants. They were told by hard-working people as a means of escape from the drudgery of their regular existence. I like fairy-stories too, but if sometime a fairy should offer to give me a million dollars, I should be inclined to say: 'Hold on, there! Where did you get all this money?'"

"If you will accept my word for it, everyone who ever took a handsome gift from a fairy was a receiver of stolen property."

"You are joking," I protested.

"Perhaps I am," he conceded, "but nevertheless I believe that forgers are men, grown tired of waiting for wish fulfillment, who have determined to be their own good fairies. You cannot recall Charles Becker?"

I shook my head. The name meant nothing to me.

FATHER clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth in the manner of a fussy old woman.

"Think of that, now," he said in mock reproach. "What is fame, after all, when the daughter of the great Carvalho" (he took a deep bow, playfully) "cannot recall the name of her father's greatest opponent! For years Becker was at the head of his 'profession' in the country. He was the most skillful of all the criminal penmen with whom I have come in contact. As an all-round imitator of the writing of others, and as a cheating manipulator of monetary instruments I do not believe he ever had an equal."

"Forgery is an art, and however much we may abhor the practice, the best forgers have been artists. This man Becker was an artist. When I last talked with him he was in San Quentin Prison, across the bay from San Francisco. I went there to visit him and to talk about his amazing skill. I took some cigars along, and we had a talk such as may be indulged in by warriors after their battles have been fought to a conclusion."

"In me Becker had an audience capable of appreciating his art."

"Tell me," I said to him, "how did you manage to fool so many bankers for so many years? The introduction of safety papers, cutting punches, modern inks, perforators and

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other mechanical devices seems almost to have helped, rather than hindered your activities. How do you account for your success?

"I'll tell you in a sentence," he replied. "I had a world of patience, a heap of time, good inks, an obedient hand and a splendid set of teeth."

"Teeth?" I repeated questioningly.

"Sure," he said. "My teeth were the stones in my paper-mill. I made the paper with which I filled in perforations by chewing to a pulp, paper of similar manufacture."

Father had examined a number of the forged checks executed by Becker. He said that even under a magnifying glass it was difficult to detect the alterations that had been made by this perverted genius. In the forgery that resulted in the capture, conviction and final sentencing of Becker to life imprisonment, he had raised a bank draft for twelve dollars to one for twenty-two thousand dollars.

HIS method in that case (1895) was to establish himself under the name of A. H. Dean in an office in the Chronicle Building in San Francisco and then to open an account with the Bank of Nevada, depositing two thousand, five hundred dollars. He drew out money and redeposited it until the bank clerks had grown accustomed to his appearances at the windows of their cages. Then one day he deposited a twenty-two-thousand-dollar draft, apparently drawn by a bank of Woodland, Cal., on its San Francisco correspondent. The next day he drew out twenty thousand dollars. It was given to him in gold coins contained in four canvas bags. An employee of the bank carried these to the curb, where "Mr. Dean" had a carriage waiting.

"Mr. Dean" never came back, but at the end of the month when the San Francisco bank made returns to the Woodland bank and included the draft of twenty-two thousand dollars, the fraud was discovered.

A firm of private detectives finally caught Becker when two of his associates, who had been taken into custody, betrayed him. When Becker was completely broken in health, he was released from prison. He said he had reformed, but he was nevertheless kept under surveillance by detectives.

"But why," I asked my father, "do you associate Becker with fairy-tales?"

"I thought I had made that clear," he said impatiently. "Becker was sufficiently intelligent and skillful to have made an excellent living honestly. He could have been a paper-manufacturer, painter, engraver or even a successful merchant. That sort of success didn't appeal to him. It was too dull; he wanted wealth to fall into his lap as from the wand of a fairy. There was something

more, something involving his ego. He was as vain of his craft as if he had been a great painter. When he succeeded in fooling a banker with one of his forged documents, he was as deeply satisfied as is an actor by praise from the critics."

WHETHER the case involved a few dollars or a million, my father's investigation and testimony was made and given with the same attention to detail.

I remember one time when he was brought into a case in which it was alleged that a note for seven dollars had been altered to make it appear that it was for seventy-five dollars. The prisoner was a private detective. The complaining witness was his landlady, who contended that she had given him a seven-dollar note for "legal services" and that he had changed it to one for seventy-five dollars for "plumbing repairs and boiler."

Facing the twelve men of the jury, Father drew up the sleeves of his frock coat with a fastidious gesture. They had just examined the note, which certainly appeared then to be an honest instrument calling for a payment of seventy-five dollars.

"The writing on this shows me," he told them, "that the word 'seven' was written with one kind of black ink and that the 'ty-five' appearing after it was written with another kind of ink. I think I am safe in asserting that certain words have been eradicated and others put in their places. I am willing to make my test right here in court."

He turned to face the judge, who nodded acquiescence.

"Eradicating ink," he resumed, "is simply a bleaching process that leaves the iron as a white oxide instead of a black oxide. The proper reagent will restore the original color. Now observe!"

In a manner as dramatic as an old-time actor's, he drew from his pocket a small vial that contained sulphide of ammonia. With a sponge lightly impregnated with this fluid he then proceeded to brush the surface of the note. He breathed on the moistened paper, watched it a moment and then handed it to the foreman of the jury. The others in the jury craned their necks to see.

The application of sulphide of ammonia had brought out on this modern palimpsest writing that the jurors had not previously been able to see. Faintly outlined, but distinguishable were the words "drawing legal papers."

The prisoner—who is now brooding in Sing Sing—must have felt like the victim of some medieval trial by ordeal, and yet there was a sureness about the evidence given by Carvalho that had a grateful flavor to the judges and jurors who sat in judgment upon those against whom he testified.

"GOOD SCOUTS"

(Continued from page 73)

little smug. They wondered how much longer it was going to take certain other young couples they knew to come to their senses. . . .

"And we'll work!" Avery said.

He thought about it. "Today," he declared, "I'm going to finish up that face-powder picture. All it needs is a few touches; then it'll be done. Tonight we'll get a good sleep—and tomorrow I'll call in a model, and start a cover. I've got a design that's sure-fire. I was roughing it out the other day. A girl—Wait."

He seized a pen and an envelope from the top of his chiffonier and, against his knee, drew hasty lines. "Like this—sport outfit—hands here—golf-stick coming up like this—see? Good, isn't it?"

"Wonderful!"

They admired the sketch, heads together. Then Avery threw it aside. "Lord," he said, "the time I've wasted!"

"There's plenty left, darling," said Ann.

Their enthusiasm carried them briskly through the business of dressing. They felt almost, if not altogether, well. Avery sang in the shower. Ann found that when her face was washed, cold-creamed and decorated, she was really young and lovely after all. "Why can't I be your model?" she called to Avery, and Avery shouted back, "You've got a job of your own!" and it was all quite gay and high of heart, with the sunshine like a gold gauze in the room.

But the studio let them down again.

They stood in the doorway, surveying it sickly. "Judas!" Avery said. "Could a man work here?"

"If we clean it up a little—" Ann began uncertainly.

They continued to survey it.

"Who broke all those records, Avery?"

"Somebody. Sam, I guess. He invented a sort of disk-throwing game."

"Cute of him."

They still did not move.

"Coffee!" Ann exclaimed abruptly. "That's what we need. Black coffee. Lots of it."

They repaired to the kitchen, and tried not to see anything but the coffee-can and the percolator. When the contents of one had been transferred to the other, and water added, and the whole set on the flame, they returned to the studio to wait. There were fewer piled-up plates with salad between, in the studio.

"Where's my easel gone?" Avery wanted to know.

"In that little alcove that leads to the fire-door. It's been there," Ann murmured, as if to herself, "for days."

Avery lugged it in. He set it in a cleared spot near the piano, and stood off, hands on hips, to study the picture it held.

"Needs more than I thought."

Ann was seated, relaxed, on a divan, with her head against its back. She said nothing. To speak was too much effort. Even to say, as she felt she should say, "No, it doesn't. It's fine," was too much effort.

"Humph!" Avery grunted.

HE flung away from the easel, and began to rove the room, aimlessly, his hands in his pockets. Under lazy lashes Ann watched him. But her eyes were not lazy. They were alert. There was that quart bottle. Right there. He kept passing it. Watching him was like watching a person in search of something you'd hidden. You wanted to call out, "Warmer! Colder now. Oh, boiling!"

When he saw it she almost said, "Ah-h-h!" But not quite.

Avery picked up the bottle—smiled, without humor. "Well, well! Little Eva."

He held it up by its neck toward the windows. "Some in it," he said.

"Is there?" said Ann.

"Strangely enough, it's half full."

He put it down. He went and sat on the piano bench, straddling it with long blue-serve legs. His elbow on the keyboard sounded four discordant notes, and he seemed to listen till they died away.

Then he said: "How's that coffee coming, I wonder?"

"It wouldn't be done yet," said Ann.

"Can't we hurry it up? I'll pass out, in another two minutes."

"There's no way of hurrying it that I know of."

Carefully they avoided one another's eyes, glancing at the walls, the floor. Avery cleared his throat. "Of course, what we really need—"

"Is an eye-opener. Say it."

"Well—don't we?"

Ann was silent.

Again Avery cleared his throat. His face was a little red. "I tell you," he said, "how I've got this thing figured. There's no sense trying to do it all at once. If we make it too hard for ourselves at the start, we'll flop. Thing to do is taper off. Am I right? Now, a short shot apiece this morning wouldn't—"

"Avery," interrupted Ann, "what's the use of talking so much? We're going to have it, anyway. We both know that. Shut up, and pour it."

"Well, but—don't think I'm renigging—"

"I don't think anything," said Ann.

There was a pause. Then Avery rose, and found glasses—two whisky-glasses. They had not been washed since they had been used, but it was of no consequence.

Standing with his back to the easel, he poured two drinks, and set the bottle down on the piano.

"Here you are."

They each held a glass.

"Well," Avery said. "Down the dark alley—Oh, listen, Ann! Now don't look like that!" Ann started slightly. She shook her head, lifted her glass to her lips.

"I'm not," she said.

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IN SUCH HAPPY CIRCUMSTANCES

(Continued from page 87)

ARRIVED at the Plaza, Mr. Glencannon dismounted first. "Do ye please take charge o' the refreshments, Cousin Douglas, while I pay for the cab," he said, handing the driver a counterfeit Costa Rican *colone* and three brass Chinese coins with holes in them. The Spaniard raised his voice in protest; whereupon Cousin Douglas, standing in the carriage with the case of whisky under his arm, jumped into the air thrice and so mightily that the vehicle broke into two distinct halves. As he stood triumphant in the splintered wreck of the rear section, the terrified horse, the driver and the front wheels vanished in a dust-cloud down the street.

A crowd collected, and through it five cocked-hatted policemen shouldered their way. They took one look at Cousin Douglas, and shouldered their way out again.

Mr. Glencannon placed a shilling on the ledge of the ticket booth. "Twa!" he ordered, holding up two fingers. The Spaniard shook his head and pointed at the scale of prices. "*Dos pesos, señores*," he said.

"Twa peezos!" snorted Cousin Douglas. "Why, 'tis rank extortion! Dinna submeet to it, Cousin Neil, dinna submeet!" Seizing the ticket-booth by one of its upper corners, he rocked it back and forth so violently that the Spaniard, the cash-till and two chairs went rattling about the interior like peas in a withered pod. Then, reaching through the window, he seized a sheaf of tickets and led the way through the cool shadowy tunnel which gave access to the seats.

They entered the first vacant box and were about to sit down when the audience burst into a storm of frenzied *vivas*. Ortiz, the Seville Sticker, had maneuvered his bull into a perfect *pase de la firma*, and dispatched him with a masterly thrust. "*El oido! El oido!*" screamed the crowd; and at a sign from the president of the *corrida*, a man slipped an ear off the bull and handed it—the highest of honors—to the matador.

Ortiz, in his heelless slippers, strutted bowing around the arena, amid a shower of hats, fans and flowers.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon. "Look, Cousin Douglas—you can throw things! Losh, what fun!" And falling wholeheartedly into the spirit of it all, he tossed a chair over the barrier and knocked the matador flat.

In that instant the cheers turned into the menacing roar of a mob whose idol has been desecrated. Wheeling about, Cousin Douglas saw a thousand Spaniards descending upon them with murder in their eyes. His bottle was almost empty; so hesitating only to empty it completely, he hurled it into the front rank with withering effect. Four chairs were handy, and he flung them with unerring aim. A policeman appeared with drawn sword. Cousin Douglas seized the sword, spanked the policeman with it, grasped him by the belt and threw him across seven tiers of seats. The seats were vacant—in fact, by this time, they had an entire section of the arena to themselves.

"Weel," he said, languidly settling himself beside Mr. Glencannon, who had been busy uncorking bottles, "we can better enjoy the spectacle the noo, without the fumes o' garlic from yon Spaniards."

"Ye're richt," agreed Mr. Glencannon, impatiently viewing the group which bore Ortiz from the arena on a stretcher. "But if they

dinna proceed with their domned bull-sticking soon, I shall demand our money back."

"A verra reasonable and tolerant decision, Cousin Neil! We're being imposed upon by these swundling foreigners, and it's time we asserted oursel's!"

Grasping the captured sword, he was about to go out and complain to the management, when a fanfare of trumpets gave him pause. A herald appeared upon the sand below.

"Hoot!" applauded Mr. Glencannon, pounding his bottle on the ledge of the box. "He's aboot to elocute! Listen closely, Cousin Douglas!"

CHOOSING his words according to the conventions of the *corrida*, the herald announced that El Vaquerito, the thrice-eminent *espada* from Bilbao, would match wits with a bull "*con buenos adornos en la pensadora*"—which meant a most intelligent bull indeed. The bull, he went on to say, was none other than *El Maquina*.

"L. MacKeena!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon. "Did ye hear that name, Cousin Douglas?"

"I canna believe my ears! Why, he must be a MacKeena o' Kirkintilloch! A Scottish bull!"

Mr. Glencannon grasped him by the arm. "Cousin Douglas," he hissed, "we canna permeet it!"

"Ye're domned richt we canna!" boomed Cousin Douglas, seizing his sword, shoving the two remaining bottles into his sporan, and rising to his full seven feet. "Come, Cousin Neil—the Glencannons are gaein' twa the wars!"

They vaulted the rail of the box and clambered over the barrier into the arena. Three thousand Spaniards shouted, but only twenty interfered. Cousin Douglas attended to fourteen, and Mr. Glencannon disposed of six. "Twas dry and theersty work," observed Mr. Glencannon, surveying the scene of carnage. . . . "Thank ye, Cousin Douglas—I ha' a bottle o' my ain."

Occupied as they were, neither of them saw *El Maquina* as he rushed snorting into the sunlight. Spotting Cousin Douglas' flaming scarlet kilt from afar, he thundered toward it. A mighty shout came from the audience.

"Listen to them, Cousin Douglas—why, I do believe they're giving us a cheer!" Mr. Glencannon raised his cap in a graceful gesture of acknowledgment, and Cousin Douglas made a courtly bow. As he did so, *El Maquina's* horn very neatly removed half his kilt, and left him with little below the waist save gaiters, shoes and stockings.

"Oh, shame, shame, Cousin Douglas!" cried Mr. Glencannon. "Quick, lad—do ye stand in back o' me and pull doon your sporan!"

"T'wull be inadequate," announced Cousin Douglas. "Look yonder, Neil—that domned bull has trampled my kilt all to nowt!"

A great rage came upon him. Despite Mr. Glencannon's scandalized protests, he strode across the arena and addressed the bewildered bull.

"Ye lout, ye!" he shouted, shaking his borrowed sword in the animal's face. "Ye ruddy garlic-eating impostor, ye! Ye're no Scot—ye're a feelthy, treecherous, back-knifing Spaniard, that's what ye are!"

El Maquina bellowed, put down his head

and charged. Cousin Douglas stood his ground and dealt him a resounding smack with the flat of his blade. Stepping in, he landed blow after blow, while the bull shifted about in bewilderment at this novel form of attack.

El Maquina was much more chagrined than hurt when the bullfighters intervened.

As they drove the bull out of the arena Cousin Douglas knocked out a couple of *toreros* for good measure. "Quick, Cousin Neil!" he shouted. "Help me borrow their troosers!" Together they had yanked most of the clothing off a Spaniard when they saw five picadors galloping toward them, lances couched.

"Run for yer life, Cousin Douglas—here comes the cavalry!" warned Mr. Glencannon; and dropping most of their spoils, they sprinted for the runway down which *El Maquina* had vanished. He was standing just within the entrance, but he hastily stood aside when he recognized Cousin Douglas.

Climbing over the wall of the runway, they found themselves in the labyrinthian foundations of the stadium. In the distance, they heard the hue and cry raised after them. Groping on their way, they came to a hole in the wall, and they crawled through it to find themselves in the rear of a wine-shop.

"Losh!" said Mr. Glencannon. "What a happy coecidence! Let us gae in, Cousin Douglas, and subdue the proprietor."

The *tabernero* was alone among his wine barrels, so Cousin Douglas imprisoned him within one, and sat upon it. "Oh, deary me, but I've a theerst on me!" he said. "Mak' haste, Cousin Neil, and let us quaff our fill."

"Verra weel," agreed Mr. Glencannon, inspecting the rows of bottles on the shelf. "I canna read any o' them, so we'll ha' to sample them all."

AT this point things became curiously garbled. It seemed that a great deal was transpiring over a long period of time, but Mr. Glencannon's next really definite impression was of a splitting headache. He lay with eyes closed, his very soul cringing as white-hot twinges of migraine surged through his brain.

Opening his eyes, he found that he was in his own room aboard the *Inchcliffe Castle*, and that he was wearing the green velvet jacket of a Spanish matador. Painfully hoisting himself to a sitting posture, he saw Mary Queen of Scots upon the floor, contentedly chewing a bull's ear.

"Bless me, I remember noo!" he chuckled. "Daddy brought it hame to his lass as a souvenir of Spain."

Mary wagged her tail and continued chewing.

"Weel," sighed Mr. Glencannon, lurching to his feet, "I wonder if we've coaled yet. Why! I do believe we're at sea!" He peered through the port at a blue expanse of Mediterranean across which trailed a long black smudge from the *Inchcliffe Castle's* funnel. He opened the port and gratefully gulped down the fresh, cool breeze. In the corner of his room were piled the five new cases of the Dew of Kirkintilloch, and uncorking a bottle, he poured himself a brimming tumblerful.

"Thur's no cure for dog-bite like the hair of the dog that bit ye!" he remarked to Mary, tossing it off and smacking his lips. Then, donning his working-clothes he made his way to the engine-room—head clear, step brisk and hand steady.

"Strike me ruddy, but the Chief's a wonder!" observed Mr. Swales, the second mate. "To look at 'im this afternoon, you'd think 'e was the H'Archbishop of Canterb'ry!"

"Is recuperating powers are remarkable," agreed Mr. Montgomery. "I 'ad 'ell's own time gettin' 'im out of the tender larst night."

If you've read "Sky High" in this number, you'll be glad to know that Elliott White Springs has written the sequel, which tells about the party in Paris. What a party—and what happens next! We will print the story next month.

There was 'im and another wild man—a non-com. 'Ighlander nine foot tall, with nothing on below the wyste but one of them 'airy Scotch tobacco-pouches, like. Singin' 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' they were, and drinking out of bottles. They 'ad another of them black tykes with 'em, syne as Mary—wearing a little Scotch bonnet, 'e was."

"Well, the Scotch are a mad race," said Mr. Swales.

"Mad," agreed Mr. Montgomery. "And Mr. Glencannon's the maddest of the lot. But despite 'is quart a day, not counting 'olidays, he's a great engineer, Mr. Swales, a great engineer."

SOME weeks later, though (they had called S at Naples, gone to Cattaro, thence to Odessa, and were westward bound in the Sea of Candia), Mr. Glencannon's madness took a disquieting form. He became pre-occupied, morose. He spent long hours in his room with Mary. His appetite dwindled. At first there was only a rumor. Then the rumor spread throughout the ship's company until it was discussed incredulously from fo'c'sle to engine-room. *Mr. Glencannon had sworn off liquor!*

"The thing is serious," declared Captain Ball, shaking his head ominously. "A man who has drunk all his life like Mr. Glencannon has drunk, can't shut down on it all at once."

"'E can't indeed!" said Mr. Montgomery, "But are you sure 'e 'as really sworn orfi, sir?"

"Yes. Last night I asked him if he'd lend me the loan of a little whisky to rub on my corns. He said: 'Take all I've got and welcome, Captain—I'm quit o' the feelthy stuff!'"

"H'm," mused the mate, "that looks bad, sir—specially, offering you all 'e's got, 'im being of the Scottish persuasion, as you might say."

"Exactly! And he went moping off to his room saying he had to fix some medicine for Mary. She's sick or something too."

"Sick my aunt, sir! It's only the way 'e pampers the poor tyke! Meanwhile, 'e's letting 'is engines go to 'ell."

"H'm. I noticed we were quite a bit shy on yesterday's run."

In the engine-room things went from bad to worse. The assistant engineers, though diligently they slaved, lacked the great genius of their chief, which could make the old coffee-grinder behave like clockwork.

South of Kapsali they ran into dirty weather, and the poor old *Castle* took a sorry buffeting. She went rails under every roll, and the forward well-deck was a surge of green water.

Captain Ball, a notorious coal-saver, had laid his course close. They were less than a mile off the thundering white breakers when the engines sighed, wheezed and stopped. From the gratings and ventilators came clouds of steam, and the sound of hammers and scurrying feet. Mr. Montgomery leaped to the speaking-tube, and addressed the engine-room. "Urry up, you bloody tinkers!" he screamed. "If you don't get way on 'er smartly, you'll swim out through the condenser pipes!"

Captain Ball then stepped to the tube, and said a few words of his own. When he had finished, he went alone into the star-board wing of the bridge and considered the situation. Things were bad—very bad. In an hour, at most, they would pile up on a lee shore. He started toward his room to gather the ship's log, his Bible, chronometers and hair tonic preparatory to ordering away the boats. Half down the ladder he was blinded by a stinging gust of spray, and as he groped on his way he encountered some one coming up.

"Hoot, Captain!" shouted Mr. Glencannon, grasping his superior officer in a joyous and



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drunken embrace. "I was just gaein' up to get you! Stup into my room a moment, sir—stup into my room!"

"Hell's bones, not now!" gasped the Captain, as he dragged Mr. Glencannon into the lee of the house. "We're due to pile up any minute, man! Can't you feel that the engines are stopped?"

"I was about to mak' appropriate comment on the fact," said Mr. Glencannon, feigning a polite interest, "but if you'll just come wi' me a moment, Captain, and stup into my room, I'll go below in pairson and reepair them. It reminds me of a story I once heard about a—"

In desperation Captain Ball led the way across the rolling deck to Mr. Glencannon's room, and threw open the door.

"There, Captain," said the engineer proudly, indicating the bunk with one hand and seizing a bottle with the other. "Look what the angels ha' brought to Mary and her puir old dad!"

On the center of the bed lay Mary Queen of Scots, feebly wagging her tail, and caressing six tiny squirming black shapes with a tender maternal muzzle.

"The responsibility! Ah, the reesponsibility's been terrible, Captain! But noo I'm

my ain self again! Do ye mak' yersel' comfortable for half a moment, sir, while I just stup below and start those engines."

WEAK and trembling, Captain Ball settled into a chair. This, he thought, would be as good a place to die as any. For the first time in his life he felt his years, and the tragic grief of a master about to lose his ship. Smiling bitterly, he patted Mary's hot little head. She raised it from her puppies and gratefully licked his hand. And at this instant there commenced a rhythmic throbbing underfoot! Mr. Glencannon, the wizard of steam, had worked a miracle with the engines!

Captain Ball arose slowly to his feet. Yes, the *Inchcliffe Castle* was plowing along on her course. "Thank God—and God bless him!" he said.

In less than an hour the *Castle* was around the Cape and in calm waters. Mr. Glencannon, oily, happy and thirsty, came back to his room.

"Weel, lass," he said, picking up the bottle, "I see that the Captain has gone. And—why, the dommed old teetotal hypocrite! Look, Mary—he drank up half a pint o' Papa's Dew o' Kirkintilloch!"

ST. LOUIS BLUES

(Continued from page 61)

Leonard Hale?" Carlo asked weakly, of her nurse.

"No, Mrs. Trent. Why?"

"I was just wondering. You see, down stairs they're playing some music that reminded me of him."

"St. Louis Blues?"

"Yes. He never sang it or anything. It was just a little incident—"

Carlo fell asleep but through her fevered dreams she could hear the record being played over and over.

"St. Louis woman with her diamond rings—"

THE autumn saw the Trents back in town again. Carlo found a competent nurse for small Ruth, then tried to forget that she had had a child. You couldn't throw yourself heart and soul into frivolity if you were remembering that the baby had a bad cough.

Billy loved the baby. He brought her dolls, games and toys that she could not possibly enjoy for another two years. He brought her a puppy at which she was frightened. He wanted her to hurry up and grow big so he could buy her a lot of lovely things. But he never knew when she had a cold or a sick tummy.

Carlo was accustomed to the racing now. As time sped by she learned to accept her life. She loved Billy and she had him. What more could she ask? He was kind, passably faithful, and fond of her.

On, on—faster, faster, faster. . . . "The Club Rococo opens at midnight and small Ruth has measles. The Giffords are sailing; we must see them off—but Father's birthday is that night. He expects us. Billy wants to go with the Groves to Bermuda. He'll lose his position if he keeps taking time off like that. His uncle wont stand for everything forever. The opening of the new Merries show! What, that night? Why, I've invited Dr. Hale to dinner. But of course that can be canceled. We're giving Geraldine Hull a surprise-party here on the ninth. Oh, dear, I could stand it all, I think, if only that pain would let up!"

The pain, a strange phantom that pounced upon Carlo at odd moments, did not let up. It would come when least expected. A smile would freeze on her lips suddenly and the pain would be there.

She went at last to see about it. She was not surprised at the verdict. An operation. And at once.

Billy was grief-stricken. He cried when she told him. Carlo was taken aback at this manifestation. Could this be Billy? She was reassured when after five minutes of misery Billy rallied and called some people in for a quiet evening at home. . . .

Everything is relative. The operation was not bad when compared with what followed.

"It will be necessary, Mrs. Trent, to take things easy for six months or so. Don't walk a step more than is necessary and of course don't dance or exert yourself at all."

"Yes, Doctor."

"Be in bed early at night. Don't worry about anything. Just generally lie around and have a good rest."

"Yes, Doctor."

Carlo did not tell Billy what the doctor had said. If she did he would buy her a hundred good books, put a very efficient nurse in charge of her, have roses delivered every morning—and in a week he would forget there had ever been a time when she had played with him. She couldn't let him forget. She couldn't bear it if he did.

She followed him as before in his mad chase. He went nowhere without her. But she could not dance. She had to give in there. She had tried in the privacy of her bedroom, humming softly to herself and whirling giddily across the rug. Then she stopped abruptly and held on to the foot of her bed, praying earnestly for the agony to cease. She addressed the pain which to her had become a living, cruel foe:

"I surrender, I surrender!"

So Carlo, faltering but game, followed Billy's fleet steps in their constant dash for pleasure. It was torture to be left always with the party bore or with somebody's aunt. Funny to be regarded as some one who of course couldn't be quite "in" on everything. She read the pity in people's eyes. Pity for Billy. He was so young and so full of go. Too bad that he of all people should have an invalid wife! It was odd to be sitting with an elderly lady, watching Billy dance.

"Doesn't he dance well?"

"Yes, that's my husband, you know."

"You don't say? Well, for heaven's sake! I would never have guessed. Your husband! Is that so?"

She hardly ever saw small Ruth now. It was necessary to rest her sick, tired body sometime. The child was in the park when Carlo arose, and by the time Ruth came home, Carlo had gone to meet Billy.

Carlo found herself very emotional nowadays. Tears would start to her eyes over foolish trifles. A song with any reference to a child or a cottage could make bitter, stinging tears fill her eyes. There was an advertisement in a magazine that made her ill with longing. An artist had painted a little white colonial house with trees grouped about it in intimate, protecting poses. On the doorstep of the house stood a woman and a little girl welcoming a man home from his day's work. The woman wore an apron. The child was about Ruth's age. It was all too devastatingly sweet. Carlo dropped an ink blot on the child's face and drew a beard and mustache on the woman.

MR. SANTREY was having Dr. Hale to dinner. He had thought that there would perhaps be a couple of games of chess afterwards and a chat with the quiet young man to whom he had taken such a fancy.

"You'll be out this evening, I suppose," Mr. Santrey said to his son.

"No. Don't you recall, Dad, this is the night I've asked Linda and her mother over to dinner?"

"Oh, yes." Linda was a sweet thing. Mr. Santrey suspected that she would eventually become his new daughter. Well, the chess was out, and the quiet chat—so it might as well be a larger party. Perhaps Carlo and Billy could come, too.

As it happened they could. Carlo arrived before Billy, who came directly from the office.

"I had asked some people to our house tonight," he explained to his father-in-law as they shook hands. "Just a few people. I called them and asked them to come here instead. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all."

"Thanks. Say, Carlo, you're looking swell. I never saw that dress before, did I?"

"Only four or five times, Billy."

Billy wandered about the room for a bit and as Carlo and her father returned to their conversation he switched on the radio.

Carlo's brother came in with Linda Wright and her mother. Linda was a small, vivid brunette, slim and lovely. Her eyes were brown and ablaze with life. Dr. Hale was late but came in time to go with the party in to dinner.

It was ten o'clock when Billy's friends arrived. Miss Crane and Mr. Worthley and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. They were a lively, talkative foursome. They greeted Carlo with slight interest. How was she today? . . . That was fine! They gathered about Billy and laughed and joked; the party was theirs.

The radio played and people danced and Carlo sat with Mrs. Wright, while from across the room Dr. Hale watched her.

"Mind if I dance with your girl, Walt?" Billy asked, tugging at Linda's hand.

"Not at all. Go as far as you like." Walter Santrey's tone was convincing but his eyes never left his brother-in-law. After all, Walter had known Billy for years.

Carlo also watched as Linda and Billy danced together. They danced beautifully. There was the rhythmic quality of true dancing even in their foolish antics. The orchestra stopped and while the announcer spoke, Billy clung to Linda. He wanted her for the next dance too.

"I wonder what they'll play now," Linda said. "Oh, St. Louis Blues! Get hot!"

Carlo's eyes—sad, gray pools of wistfulness—followed her husband and the gay Linda about the room. They danced as though it had been rehearsed. It was permissible today to dance as Billy and Linda were dancing. It had taken a certain recklessness to do it on that far-away, sunny day when Carlo had first heard those silly, tragic words.

Linda's small body shuddered deliciously on the whining notes; her gown glittered in

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the lamplight as Billy turned her about. She was a good dancer. Was Billy remembering—The music stopped.

"By gosh, nobody ever danced to a hot number like you," Billy cried.

HE had forgotten. He was not being mean; he was not trying to deride Carlo for having fallen in the race. He had simply forgotten. Billy had no place to store memories. His brain was too crowded. There was no room for even a tiny recollection of having danced with his wife and having people leave the floor to watch them. He mustn't forget. Carlo couldn't bear his forgetting.

She slipped from her place beside Mrs. Wright. On that shelf of old records she had had the St. Louis Blues. She must find it now. There it was. Dusty, and cracked a bit—but that wouldn't matter.

She started the record going. Walter shut off the radio.

"What are you going to play, Sis? Oh, that again? Why, we just had that on the radio."

Carlo walked to Billy. "Dance with me?" "Sure," he answered in surprise. "I never thought of asking you, Carlo."

"You must be feeling good tonight, Carlo," her father said.

Dr. Hale's eyes were grave and disapproving. He leaned forward in his chair to watch.

"St. Louis wom—an"

"Gosh, Carlo, how you can dance!" Billy's applause was the dearest in the world. It almost made Carlo forget that the pain was with her again—tearing, biting.

Linda's voice came to her ears from a great distance. "Hot ziggity!"

Around the room, again and again, slowly with dragging steps, long and mockingly solemn like the wails of the saxophone. Smiling into Billy's eyes, clinging to him a little, now and then.

After the dance Carlo slunk away to the library. She could give in there to the enemy. She knew she was rocking back and forth in the chair, that beads of perspiration were upon her forehead. Suddenly she beheld Leonard Hale in the doorway. He closed the door and came over to her.

"Pretty bad, Carlo, wasn't it?" he asked. She shrugged with an attempt at nonchalance. This man of all men must not know Billy's shallowness. He must not know that her marriage depended on her ability to keep up with her husband.

"Modern women are fools," she said. "We take such silly chances. I simply felt that I had to dance and I did."

"Carlo, you can't dam a flood by standing in its way for a moment, but you can drown yourself."

"Yes, I know—and I see that you know. But Leonard, Leonard, for God's sake don't preach! Don't you see, he lives too fast to remember? I had to remind him that I wasn't always an old woman. I wasn't jealous of Linda. She's sweet and I like her. It's just that I love him. He's got to know that I'm still here. He's got to think that I'm alive."

"But, Carlo, if you were sensible, in a year at the most you'd be yourself again. Didn't your doctor tell you that?"

"A year's too long," she cried. "Don't you see, Leonard? I'm taking a licking but I want to take it standing up. Don't try to stop me. The licking is inevitable and if you ever cared for me, you won't want me to take it lying down and whimpering."

He said nothing—just watched her as she sat in the chair with clenched fists and closed eyes. The music of the radio came to them through the door.

Billy was dancing again. Carlo could not dance this time, but there were always more partners.

Dr. Hale opened the door and went out

quietly. He saw her point. She was right. There was a licking coming to her inevitably. He would not talk her out of taking it like a thoroughbred. He could be valiant, too.

Outside, some one had suggested moving on to a night-club. Mr. Santrey had been invited and had declined.

"What about you, Hale? Going?" Leonard thought of Carlo. Surely she could not go.

"No, I'll stay here awhile with you if I may."

Mr. Santrey's mind was still on the chess. He agreed heartily to that arrangement.

THE party was getting its wraps when Carlo appeared in its midst. Everyone was a trifle disconcerted. They had forgotten about her. She stood watching them. Her shoulders were thrown back and she stood very straight, because it would have been so easy to crumple up had she given in at all. Her eyes were keen and clear, but the taffy-colored curls clung damply to her forehead.

"Where were you?" Billy asked. "Get your things. We're going down to the Paraguay Club."

"The Paraguay Club?" she echoed.

"Yes. Don't you want to go?"

"Sure. I'll go."

Carlo stood motionless as Billy draped her wrap about her. Her eyes closed once. She opened them and turned suddenly. Without a word to her father she followed the laughing people through the door.

Dr. Leonard Hale leaped forward as the door closed.

"You're not going, are you, Hale?" asked Mr. Santrey.

He stood irresolute for a moment. Then with slow firm steps he came back to the center of the room.

"Get the chess-board, Santrey," he said abruptly. "And say, could I have a drink?"

THE RINGER

(Continued from page 71)

One-half of Brightcliff Bandit's shimmering coat was as thick and as long and as magnificent as ever—one-half of it, laterally, from head to hips. The other half was shorn as close to the skin as a fast-wielded pair of horse-clippers could shear it.

The left side of the snowy ruff and frill hung heavy and luxuriant. So did the coat all along the left. The right side, from mid-chest to mid-hip, was naked. The finely plumed tail was as hairless as a rat's. Not for another six months, at very least, could Brightcliff Bandit hope to regain a tithe of his former splendor of coat. For the present—as he must be for months to come—he was unbelievably hideous, a monstrosity. He could no more appear in a dog-show's judging ring than a legless man could run.

Long did Cassius Malachi Hogan stand there, paralyzed and moveless. In front of him was not merely a pitifully disfigured colie but an irretrievably lost ten thousand dollars. With numb self-loathing Hogan recalled that it was not Belden but himself who craftily had insisted on a clause in their agreement which forbade cancellation of the wager "for illness or for other cause whatsoever."

So calmly certain had Hogan been of Bandit's sturdy good health and prime condition that he had believed this clause gave his dog a strong advantage over the more fragile and temperamental Sahib. Sahib was likely to sicken from the sudden change of climate or to go out of condition from any of a half-dozen causes, before the Kingcroft show. And now—

Hogan turned about, at last, and went to his own room, moving like a man in a dream. He locked the door behind him and sat down facing the wall—a wall that was

no blanker than his own palsied brain. There he sat for two full hours.

Bit by bit, as he stared unseeingly, his mind began to function anew. Faster and more clearly its thoughts sped. The numbness had passed. Brought to bay, Hogan was making ready to fight. His wits were waxing nimble as, ratlike, they raced hither and thither in quest of a hole for escape from this black dilemma. After two hours they had found the hole they sought.

The scheme sprang full-grown into Hogan's brain, dazing him with its audacious simplicity. He tried out section after section of it. It was failure-proof. True, it entailed risky and fast work, but the prize was certain. He went into action.

First he took the landlord to the kennel yards and showed him the havoc wrought by the discharged helper. Then he said he himself was going away for a week, and he paid in advance for Bandit's keep during that time. Then, getting into his car, he drove to a village eight miles beyond Kingcroft and engaged lodgings at an inn on its outskirts for himself and for his dog—a dog he had entered for the Kingcroft show. Next he stopped at two shops in the village and made simple purchases.

At dusk he drove to Sunnysbank. The evening was cold and rainy for so early in the autumn; and for that reason, the superintendent of the Place did not happen to be sitting on his porch as usual at the lodge gates. Instead, he and his family were indoors. Down the sinuous oak-lined driveway rolled the car. No lights appeared in Sunnysbank House, not even in the kitchen wing. The maids were at the movies, over in the mile-distant village. Luck was with the intruder. The simplest and the safest of

his several projected modes of procedure could be carried through without delay.

From the kennels came a swirl of barks as the collies saw and heard the approaching car. Wolf, the fiery little colie whose life-job it was to serve as the Place's official watchdog, had been shut in one of the kennel runs by the maids, lest he follow them to the village. Gray Dawn had been shut into another yard, for the same reason. Treve and Bruce were dozing on the floor of the lodge's living-room, having accompanied the superintendent up the hill when he went to supper.

Sunnysbank Lad alone lay majestically on the front doormat—he who never deigned to follow anyone away from the grounds, except only the Mistress or the Master, and who preferred to mope alone on this dear veranda, rather than to cadge titbits from the superintendent's supper-table.

As the car halted and as Hogan stepped out from it, Lad arose from his resting-place on the mat. Hogan spoke to him cheerily, calling him by name, and advanced up the steps toward him with the assured air of one who had every right to be there.

By voice and by scent Lad recognized the invader. This was a human the Mistress and Master had accepted as a guest, and who had been welcomed by them at least twice in the past few months. Thus, by Guest Law, he was not to be attacked at sight nor driven away, but must be tolerated.

With no hint of welcome Lad stood at the top of the steps as Hogan ascended toward him. Again the man called him by name, in friendly fashion, and stretched out a thick-gloved hand to pat his head. As before, Lad moved quietly aside to avoid the caress. He did not like this man. More—

over he was becoming aware of an odor he did not like—an odor new to him and emanating from a bundle which Hogan was carrying under his left arm.

With no haste at all, but in self-evident aversion, Lad drew away from the outstretched hand. With sudden swiftness when the hand was within an inch or two of the dog, it darted forward; its gloved fingers seized Lad tightly by the throat.

With practiced speed, Hogan had made his grab, catching the collie just behind the right jawbone, and holding him with iron grip. Lad snarled furiously at this painful familiarity, and snapped with murderous intent at the gloved hand and wrist. But Hogan had caught him where the collie's rending jaws could not reach him. A dog's jaws are his one weapon of attack. Once they are made helpless, he is the least formidable animal on earth.

While Lad snarled and snapped and struggled wildly, Hogan slipped over the helplessly writhing head a canvas bag. In the bottom of the bag was a double-handful of absorbent cotton newly drenched in chloroform. The bag's drawstring was pulled tight behind Lad's ears. Then, lifting the struggling animal in his arms, Hogan deposited him in the rumble seat of the car, shutting the top.

Out through the driveway and to the high-road sped the car. By the time it reached the gates, Lad had grown drowsy and weak, and gave up his futile writhings to get free. It now seemed too much trouble to go on battling for freedom or even to stay awake.

A mile down the road Hogan stopped the car and got out to look at his captive. The chloroform had done its work. He removed the bag and fastened a stout muzzle over the sleeper's flaccid jaws. Then, leaving the rumble top a little open, for air, he drove onward up the Valley to the inn where, that day, he had taken up his new quarters.

THE Mistress and the Master finished their Canada motor run as guests at a jolly house-party at a mountain lake camp. The house-party was to have lasted for a week. On the fifth day the hostess was stricken with appendicitis and was rushed to a Montreal hospital. The party came to an abrupt end, two days early. Thus it was that the Sunnybank folk returned homeward forty-eight hours before they had planned to. Thus it was, too, that they drove through Kingcroft on the late morning of the loudly heralded dog-show.

There seemed no hurry about getting back to Sunnybank. Accordingly they decided to stop at the show for an hour or two, long enough to watch the judging of the collies. An inquiry at the gate made them speed their car through the half-mile which intervened between the park entrance and the shaded meadow where the show was in progress, for they were told the collie judging already was due to begin. . . .

The Kingcroft Kennel Club had spent much money, and more than money, to make its first annual show a mammoth success. Seven hundred dogs, of standard breeds, were benched under gayly striped marquee tents. The green turf in front of the tents was cut off by ropes and stakes into ten ample show-rings, each ring with its judging block and bulletin-board and table and chair, and surrounded by a double row of campstools for spectators. From somewhere in the near-by woods a band was playing noisily.

The tweed-clad English collie judge was making quick and accurate work of his various classes. Cap tugged down over his eyebrows, black pipe in a corner of his mouth, his florid face inscrutable, he was according swift and accurate care to the recurrent groups of collies led into the ring.

From almost the first, the critical "rail-birds" nodded approval of the Englishman's

Will They Always Be Proud of You?

Of course, they're proud of their Daddy now. Their only standards are those of the nursery and the yard—where your ability shines in comparison with their own.

But ten, twelve years from now, when they measure you by what you have done and are doing in the outside world, as compared with the achievements of other Dads—where will you stand?



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No use trying to bluff them—their keen minds will get the truth. No avail in appealing to their love—that is arguing for you already. No good explaining or alibi-ing—they know too little of life's difficulties and ironies to understand.

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A traffic manager for a great wholesale house in the West, asking himself if he was willing to play chance with failure and success, answered with a ringing No!

Straightway he began to safeguard his success with sound and practical home-study training—on the proven theory that risks disappear when native ability and loyal service are fortified by knowledge.

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Today he is a major executive and is still moving on—and up—to even bigger opportunity and pay.

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Back in 1920, he was a young order clerk—in 1924 he was directing sales and advertising—a year later he was general manager. In between were five years of capable, loyal service and two completed LaSalle training courses—Modern Business Correspondence and Business Management.

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Then here's our suggestion to you: Fill in and mail the coupon below. Read carefully the interesting, informative free booklet which it will bring you. Find out exactly what our training is like and what it has helped others achieve. Then decide.

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CHICAGO

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judgment. Here was a man who knew collies, inside and out, and who made his awards wisely and without taint of favor. Moreover he insisted on soundness as well as on beauty. More than one flashy and highly groomed dog was "gated" mercilessly by him as his puckered eyes and sensitive fingers explored its anatomy and found (under the artistically piled wealth of coat) a narrow chest or weak quarters or a swayed spine or a receding back-skull or some other cunningly disguised defect.

Class after class was judged—Puppy, Novice, American-bred, Limit, and so on to the several "open" classes, the toughest competitions in any show. At last the runner announced the "Open Any Color, Males" class.

THE Master glanced at his catalogue, and pointed out the entries to his wife.

"Here comes our ten-thousand-dollar contest," he remarked. "See—Brightcliff Bandit, Beldencroft Sahib—and only two more dogs. I don't know what quality those two others have, but they'll have to step fast if they're as good as Bandit's picture makes him out. Hello! There's Sahib now—that slim golden sable just coming in. I know, because that's Belden's little Scotch kennel manager Jamie Mackellar, leading him. Grand dog, all right, but I like them a little huskier in build. His nerves are raw, too. See how Mackellar is trying to quiet him? The long journey and the heat and the new climate must have gotten hold of him. Hogan was wise to bring Bandit here a month early, to get him used to it all. He—"

Two more dogs were led into the ring—both of good type, but both easily inferior to the showy golden Sahib. Mackellar had taken Sahib to one end of the ring and was seeking to soothe the trembling and over-excited collie by word and by caress.

The judge sat back in his corner chair beside the ribbon-strewn table, chatting with the ring-steward and seeming to take no note of the several entrants as they were brought in. But from his own experiences as a dog-judge the Master knew the Englishman's puckered eyes were taking note surreptitiously of every line and every motion of every dog now as they stood or moved at their ease, before they should be braced up by their handlers for exhibition. It is at this prejudging moment that an expert often can get his best line on the actual quality of the dogs before him.

There was a pause. Then, through the mass of standees at the gate, Cassius Malachi Hogan pushed his way. He was leading—half-dragging—a huge mahogany-and-snow collie that protested fiercely every step of the short journey. There was a mutter of amazement among the railbirds. For this glorious and perfectly groomed dog was disfigured by a steel muzzle fastened tightly about his foam-flecked jaws. Also, Hogan carried under one arm a short and thick rawhide quirt.

At the entrance to the ring the steward met Hogan and slipped a numbered brassard over his left cuff. Then the steward turned toward the judge and announced:

"They are all here, sir."

But the judge no longer was sitting idly in his corner. At sight of the newcomer he had jumped to his feet as though there were hornets in his chair. Down he bore upon Hogan, demanding sharply:

"What do you mean by bringing your dog into the ring muzzled? And what is that rawhide for?"

Hogan smiled in conciliation, as he replied: "Bandit is ugly with strangers, Judge. I don't want him biting you when you get to handling his head and to looking into his mouth. So I thought I'd—"

"Take that muzzle off him!" ordered the judge. "And throw that rawhide out of the ring, too. As for his biting me, that is a chance every dog judge takes. If you haven't been able to teach him better ring-manners than to need a whip and a steel muzzle, you ought not to bring him to a show. Get rid of them!"

In the ring a judge's word is absolute law. For the time he is as much of a tyrant or martinet as he may choose to be. There is no appeal from his commands.

Cassius Malachi Hogan drew forth and donned a pair of thick gauntlets. Then, in gingerly fashion, he bent to undo the straps of the muzzle. Either the padded glove fingers or else his stark nervousness made him fumble. Impatiently the judge pushed the awkward hands aside and unfastened the muzzle, tossing it across the ring.

The dog, relieved of the hurt and discomfort of the unaccustomed steel springs about his sensitive mouth, looked up gratefully at his benefactor, even making shift to wave his unhappily drooped tail, as he laid his head against the Englishman's gnarled hand in a gesture of dumb thanks.

"H'm!" grunted the judge. "You said he was vicious with strangers. If I know anything about collies, there isn't one drop of vicious or mean blood in this dog. He—"

The judge broke off with an exclamation of surprise. For an unconscious tug given to the leash reminded the collie that Hogan was at the other end of that same leash. With a yell of blind fury, the dog whirled about and sprang roaring for his handler's throat.

HOGAN was a veteran dog-man; he had taken the precaution to hold the leash a bare twelve inches from the dog's neck. As the collie sprang, Hogan tightened his own hold on the shortened leash, and held his arm out straight. As a result, the dog's feet left the ground with a jerk. The leather leash-noose tightened unbearably about his throat, as he bit uselessly at the unreachable man who held him. For an instant there was commotion in the ring. The judge rasped:

"Behaves civilly to everyone but his owner, hey? That's a new one to me!"

Hogan lowered the raging and choking collie to the ground, still holding him on short leashway, as far from him as he could.

At the same time another diversion occurred in the ring.

Jamie Mackellar had been soothing and quieting the nerve-tortured Beldencroft Sahib as best he could, in a far corner, doing his

best to allay the spasmodic trembling which shook the golden dog ever more and more convulsively. The sudden mad fury of Hogan's collie was more or less infectious to the taut nerves of all the other dogs in the ring. But to Sahib, the shock furnished the very little impetus needed to change his sick tremors into a spectacular convulsion.

To the ground Sahib hurled himself, foaming, kicking, gurgling.

NOW, this is no unusual sight at a summer dog-show. Like "running fits" (of which it is a phase), it is a recognized risk which is entailed in taking a high-strung and none-too-healthy dog to a show in hot weather. No fewer than four such incidents marred a single outdoor exhibition a year or two ago.

Mackellar picked up his dog in his arms, as tenderly as though the stricken collie had been a sick child. To the judge he said, with respectful firmness:

"By your leave, sir, I'm taking this poor chap from the ring. You can see he is in no condition to be shown. When he comes out of this attack, he must have bromide and rest and quiet. It might kill him to put him through his paces. I ask leave to withdraw him."

"Certainly," assented the Englishman—adding: "I'd gate any dog whose handler made him show, after an attack like that. Carry him to the vet. He—"

"You understand, Mackellar," spoke up Hogan excitedly, barring the way to the gate and still holding his own snarling and struggling entry at arm's-length, "you understand you're forfeiting this match by withdrawing your dog from the ring? You realize Mr. Belden loses his wager with me, if Sahib doesn't enter into regular competition with my Bandit, here? I want it clearly understood that he forfeits our—"

"If Mr. Belden was the kind of a man to want me to show a half-dead dog that had just come out of a fit," retorted Mackellar, "I'd leave his service tomorrow. It doesn't matter whether there's ten thousand dollars at stake or ten times ten thousand dollars. Sahib isn't going to be tortured. And if you're a poor enough sportsman to claim the wager—why, that's up to you."

"I claim it!" declared Hogan. "Bandit is here, ready to be judged. Sahib isn't. By the forfeit clause, I win. I—"

The giant mahogany-and-snow collie had ceased his useless efforts to reach any part of Hogan's anatomy into which he could sink his teeth. Now, panting and with head and tail adroop, he stood listless. It was then that Hogan shifted his own position, in calling his final words to Mackellar as the latter carried Sahib from the ring.

For the first time the thick bodies of the judge and Hogan no longer obstructed a full view of the dog from the side of the ring where sat the Mistress and the Master. They had had only a fleeting rear view of the collie as he was led into the ring. After that, both Hogan and the Englishman had been between them and him.

"Poor cuss!" commented the Master. "He looks as wretched as Lad looks when we go away from home. And he's even more like Laddie than his picture was. Bandit's the living image of—"

"It is Laddie!" cried the Mistress, finding her voice. "Laddie! Lad!"

Her clear voice cut through the looser volume of ringside noise. The judge had just given the order, "Walk your dogs, please!" when she called to her loved canine chum.

The droopingly miserable mahogany-and-snow collie was galvanized to wildly eager life. His deep-set dark eyes swept the ring and focused on a woman just outside the rope barrier.

With one mighty bound Lad ripped loose Hogan's slightly slackened hold on the leash. Across the ring flashed the collie, whimpering

Sam Hellman

who is a regular contributor to this magazine, returns next month with a splendid satire on the wild West in which Breeze and his bride and Jenny and her husband all visit a dude ranch. If you've ever so much as looked at a timetable to the wild West, don't miss this story—

"Them Days Are Sunk Forever"

and sobbing with crazy delight, as he flung himself upon the adored Mistress.

The judge turned, just in time to see the dog tear free from his handler and, it seemed, launch himself murderously at a ringside spectator—on a woman, at that!

He rushed forward to avert the disaster. By the time he and the steward and one or two more volunteers reached the rope, the maniac collie was flinging himself screamingly not only at the woman but at a man who stood beside her.

The two supposed victims were so far from resenting the assault that they both were petting and talking to the great brute whose flying white paws smote them alternately and smeared mud upon them.

The rescuers paused uncertainly. The judge shouted to Hogan:

"Get your dog! He's holding up the judging. We can't wait all day, while he recognizes friends of his at the rail. Get—"

"Yes!" endorsed the Master. "Get him, Hogan. Here he is."

Hogan stood in mid-ring, face blank, knees shaking.

"No?" asked the Master. "Wont you even take the trouble to get your own dog? Then he'll save you the trouble. Get him, Laddie!"

In the wink of an eye Lad turned from his hysterical greeting of his two deities. Ever-obedient, and remembering suddenly his own black wrongs, he flew at the terrified Hogan. The man spun about and fled. Before he could reach the safety of the railbird crowd, Lad was upon him.

Down crashed Hogan on his face, under the eighty-pound impact.

Then, at the very outset of the punitive spree, the Mistress' voice recalled Lad to her. Unwillingly he deserted his howling prey and strode meekly back to where the Mistress stood.

BY this time the ring and the ringside were in an uproar. From other rings and from the tents people were running. Briefly, yet with startling accuracy, the Mistress was explaining to the judge and to the superintendent of the show that Mr. Cassius Malachi Hogan had somehow contrived to "borrow" her collie and foist him off as a "ringer" for his own inexplicably absent Brightcliff Bandit.

The news traveled on wings. But it did not travel fast enough to overtake Hogan himself. The instant Lad was called away, Hogan scrambled to his feet and ran at top speed to his car. Out of the park whizzed the car; nor did it stop until it reached the roadhouse where the half-shorn Brightcliff Bandit was lodged. Stopping there only long enough to annex his dog and his luggage, Cassius Malachi Hogan turned the nose of his car westward toward his thousand-mile-distant home.

As the Mistress made her way to her own car, with Lad dancing joyously about her, the Master sought out Rufus G. Belden's kennel manager. He found Mackellar ministering to the slowly recovering Beldencroft Sahib, and told him what had happened.

"The ten-thousand-dollar bet is off," concluded the Master. "Neither dog competed. But the American Kennel Club is due to disqualify Hogan for life, for the fraud he tried to work. His career as a dog-man is over."

"I congratulate his dogs!" answered Mackellar. "But if I may make so free as to ask, why did a fine wise lady, like your wife, ever call Laddie away from the man, just as the good old dog was beginning to even up his score with Hogan?"

"I don't know," said the Master. "Women are queer, that way, sometimes. She—"

"They are!" solemnly affirmed Jamie Mackellar. "And I thank the good Lord that they are! They come pretty close to making this crooked old world a straight place to live in. Long may they stay queer, God bless 'em!"

Summer scatters the Family . . . the Telephone keeps it Together

A Bell System Advertisement

THE family is scattered for the summer. Sally is at a mountain camp in New England. Tom is having the time of his life on a western ranch. Mrs. Williams is at the shore with the Gare's. And Mr. Williams is at home. . . . But he is in as close touch with every other member of the family as though they were just across the street.

He does it by telephone.

He calls them all, regularly, from home. First, the children, for he wants to have news of them to give Mrs. Williams. (Of course she telephones them, too, but on different days.) It's a lot of fun to hear all about their adventures—almost as good as being with them. Then he calls Mrs. Williams, to hear what she has been doing, and tell her the news of home.

It takes but a few minutes to reach the whole family. It's surprisingly inexpensive. And talking to them is next best to seeing them.

Vacation time is *telephone time*. You can talk to other members of your family. Plan to meet friends. Reserve hotel or camp accommodations. Let relatives know you will be in their cities.

From your own home you can telephone anywhere in the United States—or even to Europe. And the calls are quick, clear and low in cost. Use the telephone frequently this summer. It will keep your family together, no matter where they are.



School Information

The Red Book Magazine publishes the announcements of hundreds of fine schools each month. Read their announcements carefully and write to those which interest

you. The list is so comprehensive there are sure to be several which fit your needs. If you do not find the school or type of school you are seeking we will be glad to help you. We furnish personalized information collected by visits to the schools. In writing please give full details as to age of boy or girl, previous education, the kind of school you wish, approximate location and what you plan to pay per year. Enclose stamped return envelope and address The Director, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



Vesuvius Wont Go BOOM!

NO. 7 IN THE SERIES OF
"ROUND THE WORLD
WITH THE TITCOMBS"

By Donald Ogden
Stewart

Illustrated by L. T. Holton

THE American consul at Naples glanced up from his desk.

"Yes?" he asked politely.

The small gentleman who had just entered smiled nervously.

"My name is Titcomb," he explained, "Ferguson J. Titcomb, of Indianapolis."

"And what can I do for you, Mr. Titcomb?" asked the consul.

"Well, you see, it's this way," said the visitor: "my little boy Junior doesn't like Naples."

"That's too bad," commented the consul. "That's certainly too bad."

"Yes, it is," agreed Mr. Titcomb, "because he and my wife and I are on our way around the world, and Junior says he doesn't want to go any farther, and if Junior makes up his mind that he doesn't want to do a thing—" The rest of the sentence was evidently too ominous for words.

The consul knitted his brows reflectively.

"That's pretty serious," he agreed. And then he added: "Just what is it he doesn't like about Naples?"

"He wants an eruption," explained the father.

"A what?" asked the consul.

"An eruption," he repeated, "—of Mount Vesuvius. He says it's a dirty trick to get him here to see a volcano and then not have an eruption."

"But does he realize," demanded the consul, "what an eruption would mean? Loss of hundreds of lives—enormous destruction of property—"

"Yes," said the father, "I explained all that to him, and it just made him all the more anxious to have one."

"He must be quite a remarkable little boy," commented the consul.

"You just ought to see him!" said the proud father.

"If you don't mind," put in the consul nervously, "I'd rather not. I have a little boy like that myself."

The two men smiled at each other sympathetically.

"Well," asked the consul, after a minute, "just what is it you expect me to do?" Mr. Titcomb cleared his throat.

"I promised Junior that I would come and see you," he said. "You see, I didn't want to spoil his faith in the American government. He's quite a patriotic little American—and then, too, his mother is very rich, and so—"

"I see," said the consul. "He wants his mother to buy him a nice little eruption."

"Well, a medium-sized eruption, at least," said the father. "He feels quite sure that if you speak to the Italian government—"

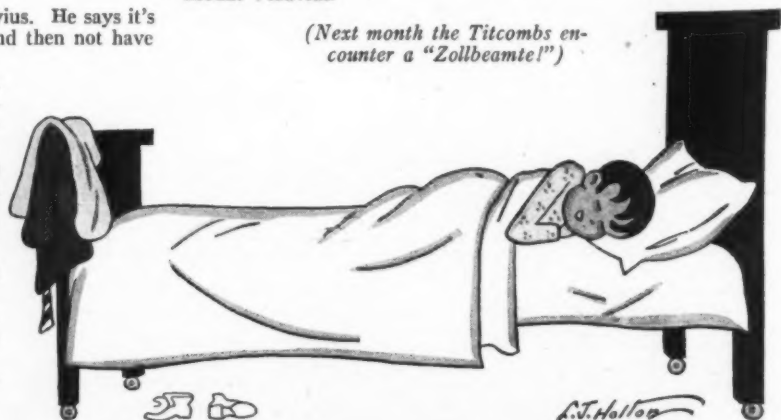
The consul deliberated for several minutes.

"I tell you what, Titcomb," he said at last, "let's you and I go out and get a drink."

"Well, that might not be a bad idea," agreed Titcomb. "It might not be a bad idea at all."

Titcomb was wrong. It was a bad idea. And four hours later when he came whistling into the hotel room (after having entirely forgotten about taking his wife on a trip across the bay to Capri), little Junior got his eruption—with Mrs. Titcomb in the rôle of Mount Vesuvius.

(Next month the Titcombs encounter a "Zollbeamte!")



THE GIRL FROM GOD'S MERCIE

(Continued from page 80)

I made those preparations to guard against any trickery, but they went attack. And it can't be long now till Avery'll come—with the machine-gun."

Something like a sorrow, a compassion, swept across Harl's face. He said: "You mustn't turn that gun against them, Stanley. There's only one of them deserves it. He brought this all on—don't make the others pay. Those who worked for me—don't be harsh or cruel to them, Stanley. They don't realize what they've done."

Stanley drew the musk-ox robe a little higher upon Harl's breast.

"Harl, why did you go out there—when you knew the danger? Harl, what led you to do that?"

The answer was a broken whisper. "You—wouldn't understand. . . . You'd blame me—Stanley. . . . Let it go. . . . No matter now—" A shudder of pain swept through him; the question had stirred some unbearable regret, perhaps of himself stepping out into the sunshine, alive and vigorous of body, one hour ago.

OUT in the sunshine, a rifle-shot away, the four Indians were just slipping into a rain-wash. It was uncanny, as though the earth had swallowed them. Frances tried to trace the course of the gully to see where they would reappear, but the ground was an unrelieved sweep of black, and she did not know when nor where to expect them next.

Through the other door she could see the shelter-work of the Antler-Hares advancing yard by yard upon them. It had already covered more than half the distance from the ravine. Its nearness, the imminency now of the inevitable fight, sent a panic quivering through her. A fear volted into her mind: the dynamite, which alone could stop those Antler-Hares, which literally meant life or death—what if it failed to explode?

"Stanley! Stanley! Don't you see them?"

Stanley had ceased speaking to Harl; he was bending low down, watching Harl's face, still holding Harl's hand in his clasp. Amid all her panic and fears, Frances was torn with pity for Harl.

Straight before her, so near she could toss a stone, Frances saw a man's head rise from a slight depression, and she recognized the face in spite of the char rubbed over it. She felt Bull Back-fat's eyes staring at the door, calculating the distance, planning the last quick rush.

"Stanley! Stanley!"

It seemed that intangible chains were holding him. Edging her rifle up, she leveled it, drawing an aim at the ogre-like face of Bull Back-fat.

Behind her in the dimness something stirred.

Chapter Twenty-three

OVER the nose of his hurtling plane, Avery was peering ahead through the propeller disk. At faster than one hundred and thirty miles an hour he was thundering into the west. Flying low in order to crowd the last inch of speed out of his roaring plane, he was aiming it, projectilelike, at the blue-distant White Wolf Hills.

Rivers and lakes under keel swam past in a silvery blur; flowering valleys and the poppy-carpeted slopes were a flitting kaleidoscope of variegated colors. Behind him in the rear seat old Winter Sun sat gasping, clutching the compartment edges, numb with cold, numb with fright at being catapulted through the air like a whizzing arrow.

There were times when Avery, for all his easy-going way of life, could be an efficient downright person. It was less than fifty

minutes ago that he had been sitting with Bess in the afternoon sun, watching a pod of seals playing out in the great blue inlet. When old Winter Sun had come driving the motor-canoe into the shallows and splashed ashore with his story of Harl wounded, the ranch destroyed, Stanley and Frances besieged in the storage shed, Avery spun on his heel without a word, jumped into the hangar, grabbed machine-gun and medicine kit, tumbled the old Indian into the plane, twirled it heading into the lake, reeved up, gave it the gun and leaped into the air.

Ahead of him a spur of the White Wolf Hills was looming up. He pulled the stick back, lifted the plane, skimmed low over the crest and dropped again. Beneath him now in a wide valley he caught a glimpse of Harl's east herd, two thousand of his best animals, wandering shepherdless. Already they had broken up into small bands and were scattered for miles up and down the valley. As if sensing they were no longer bound to man, as if the spirit of the wild had quickened in them, the whole priceless and irreplaceable herd was rapidly melting away and vanishing into the vastness of the Arctic plains.

Avery had wondered why Stanley a week ago, after arranging to fly back south, had given over that intention and come on down north with Harl and Frances. Avery had vaguely felt there was some deep and powerful relationship between those three people—something strange and fine that bound them together; and he half-guessed that Stanley had gone along to see Harl and Frances safely through this Indian trouble. He had meant all week to fly over and visit them, but he had been busy closing out his affairs and preparing to leave this sub-Arctic home and go back to the pulp-and-paper mills of the St. Maurice.

FAR ahead he glimpsed a blackened area conspicuous between the silver of the lake and the flowering hill slopes. He seized his glasses, but the pulsing quiver of the plane made focusing impossible. Throttling down his headlong speed, he dropped a little lower and slipped the synchronizer of his Vickers into gear.

Presently he caught sight of the Indian camp; of the leather tepees and open fires at the marsh edge. As he thundered nearer, leaning out to look beneath, he saw half a dozen men wandering about, aimless and confused. It had been his purpose to swoop and run a burst at them; but the camp seemed a stricken place already. Whirling across the White Wolf River, with his hand on the spade grip of the Vickers, he sped on toward the little log-and-stone building in the middle of the blackened pasturage.

From five hundred feet in the air he looked down at it—and realized he had come too late. The struggle was over. He looked for telltale puffs of rifle smoke and saw none. There was no stir, no sign of the assailants or the besieged. A dozen paces east of the storage shed lay a doorlike thing built of logs, with poles scattered around it. On the west side, at the edge of a little rain gully, he saw a man's body, half-naked, blackened with soot and ashes, tumbled in a grotesque heap. But that was all; the shed, the rock ravine, the whole fire-swept and stricken shore was lifeless and deserted.

Banking on vertical wing, Avery dropped lower, and with a cold fear gripping his heart he flew back over, slowly, panic-stricken at the thought of Stanley and Harl killed and Frances a prisoner in the hands of Bull Back-fat.

When he was straight overhead, he saw a man walk out into the sunshine and look up at him. Avery leaned out into the slip-

WHAT A MARVEL of planning!



ROUND-
THE-

WORLD CRUISE

AFTER seven years of World Cruises . . . this World Cruise!

Alluring odd corners . . . Bangkok, Sumatra, Formosa. The Java stay stretched to include the Borobodoer. 5½ days allotted to Peking and Great Wall region. A week in Japan.

Bethlehem for Christmas Eve . . . Cairo for New Year's Eve. Up-country India . . . Delhi . . . Agra . . . Fatehpur-Sikri in cool January.

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stream, and stared down, dropping the controls in his quivering, breathless anxiety. A moment later he was shouting: "It's Clarke! It's Stanley Clarke!" And he knew then that the attack had failed. Stanley and Frances had beaten off the Indians!

WHIRLING out over the lake, he banked in a neat hairpin turn, glided down and down till his pontoons touched; and taxying into the shallows, he leaped out with the medicine chest and splashed ashore.

As he ran up across the blackened pasturage, Stanley came walking slowly down to meet him.

Avery looked once at him, at the strange expression of his face, and cried:

"Good God, man—what's happened?"

Stanley said: "We broke their attack; we drove them away. Part of them came up at us behind that shelter. Frances shot and killed the sub-chief when he jumped up to lead the rush. I flung a stick of dynamite, but they were already breaking and running. It was her shot that stopped them."

Avery stared at him, mystified. There was desolation in Stanley's voice even as he told of beating off the pack and saving their lives.

"But Harl—how badly is he hurt? I brought you—for him—" He designated the medicine chest. "I'll fly him out to Churchill—"

Stanley did not answer, but led him to the storage shed. At the door he stopped Avery and faced him.

"We'll go in. . . . It's over. . . . She's in there—with him." He gripped Avery's arm and commanded: "You've got to hold yourself together—for her sake. She's not herself. It's broken her heart. You've got to help me. We'll have to get her away from here. You'll have to take her, now, over to your home—there with Bess—"

They went down the stone steps into the dim chill. Stanley turned his head, and looked out through the door. Unseen he watched old Winter Sun clamber out of the plane and wade ashore and start up toward him.

In a few moments Avery brushed past, and went out into the sunshine like a man fleeing from a place unbearable.

Stanley stepped over to the bench and said gently: "Frances, won't you come with me?" When she did not answer him or stir, he raised her tenderly and led her out of the dim cold room into the sunlight outside.

At the wave-edge he gathered her up and carried her out to the plane, and fastened the pack-chute straps around her shoulders and her waist. Then he turned the machine about, and wading back ashore, he watched it glide out upon the water and rise and swing away into the east.

LEFT alone, Stanley went back to the storage shed. He did not enter it again; he sat outside on a fire-blackened boulder.

The first shock had gone from him, leaving a sense of loneliness, of aching loneliness for Harl. It was impossible to think of Harl as dead. Harl's life had been too precious, his work too profoundly significant, his personality too vital and strong and unforgettable. But when the grass sprang green again over this blackened pasturage, nothing would remain of his venture, nothing as an enduring monument of his life-work, nothing as proof that his code was mightier and nobler than the savagery of those who had betrayed and killed him.

In the twilight old Winter Sun came across the White Wolf River and the rock ravine and joined Stanley a little while, crouching on his heels a few yards away without speaking.

As he looked at old Winter Sun, remembering how faithful the old Indian had been on all this evil-starred journey, the thought came to Stanley that the old man whose

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Tyee was dead would be cast out by his tribe when the snows lay deep again and the frozen winds howled again. With a handful of twigs and a morsel of food he would be abandoned at some lone camp—to the white wolf packs that coursed the Great Barrens.

While they were sitting there, a strange figure went past them. Stanley knew it must be old Skuli the Lapp, whom Harl had brought over from the Finmarken as caretaker of the dun animals. An old gnarled man in *vadmal* jacket and baggy pantaloons, he went past them unseeingly, talking to himself, and went on down the twilight shore, stopping now and then to call for a stray animal that might have survived the slaughter. Whoever their owner, the reindeer were his particular children; and the loss of them had utterly crushed him.

Stanley wondered what would become of the old man now—an uprooted alien in a strange wilderness thousands of miles from his native firds. He was another bit of human flotsam tossing in the *révanche* of Harl's death.

Old Winter Sun finally stirred, and jerking a thumb at the Indian camp, he said: "Groudin the half-white is there. He tried to kill men when attack broke. Tonight he mebbe get spear in his back."

THE words aroused Stanley; they reminded him of yet another thing to be done which had been pushed out of his mind. He knew Méti Paul held some unknown and malevolent threat against Harl. Harl was forever beyond the power of that vicious 'breed and these treacherous Indians to do him evil in return for his great-hearted kindness to them; but Stanley believed that Frances too might be under the shadow of that 'breed's villainy.

He ordered old Winter Sun: "You go back to camp, keep watch on Méti Paul. See that Indians do not kill him. But if he makes a move to escape, have them tie him."

As old Winter Sun walked away, Stanley resolved that Méti Paul, after all his treachery to Harl, was not going to escape paying for the Beaulieu murder. His bondage to Harl had been a means of expiation, but that was impossible now; the only recourse lay in turning him over to the Mounted. But Stanley saw that another person, an innocent person, would pay too and pay heavily. Rosalie Beaulieu would pay. Harl had stood between her and terrible poverty in this savage North where a woman was helpless. The 'breed's wages, that anonymous gift coming to her every month, as Frances had said, like *le bon Dieu* dropping mercy from the sky—that would stop now; *le bon Dieu* would turn His face away from Rosalie Beaulieu. There was another bit of human wreckage in the aftermath of Harl's death. Whichever way Stanley turned, it seemed he was confronted with tragedies that rose inevitably when a strong man, to whom others looked, on whom they depended, was suddenly cut off, with his life's work blotted out and brought to nothing.

And gazing into the future for Frances, who had no one to turn to, whose husband and guardian friend was dead, Stanley realized she must be taken away from here at once. She must be given time and chance to recover and to refashion her life.

That Harl's death would ever make any difference in the relations between Frances and himself, seemed far less possible now than if Harl were still alive. For between them stood the undeniable knowledge that Harl had discerned their love; and shaken by that, he had walked out too recklessly to the encounter that brought his death.

IT was deep twilight when the Indians came to Stanley—a group of Indian men who left their camp at the marsh edge and

crossed the White Wolf River and hesitantly approached him with their strange request.

An arrow-flight from him they stopped, visibly afraid to come nearer, with their spokesman in front of them making signs for peace. Stanley looked at them a few moments and he realized that in their eyes—doubly so since their attack had miserably failed—he was a *kanana* personage.

HE gestured at them to approach. As they drew nearer he recognized two of them as men who had been behind the shelter-work that morning, and another as one of Bull Back-fat's band.

With arms folded, the spokesman stood looking down at the ground, waiting for permission to speak. The others behind him shuffled uneasily. Something had knocked all the fight and mutinous spirit out of them; their rebellious flare-up had died away as quickly as it had come. But there was no mercy in Stanley's heart toward them; a bitterness rose up in him at the realization he was face to face with the murderers of Harl Armstrong.

In a broken jargon of English and bush French the spokesman falteringly told why they had come. Some strange affliction, some illness such as they never before had known, had struck their camp. It had overwhelmed them suddenly, as a squall catches and sinks canoes upon a lake. Two out of three in the tepees were desperately ill; they were burning with fever, and the devils were talking through their lips. Incantations and all the shaman rites were powerless against the sickness. Would the white *tyee* come and help them? He was known to have power to break an evil spell. He could save them. He could drive the devils away from their camp. Would he come?

As he listened, Stanley guessed what was raging in the tepees. The little *métisse* girl at Kez-Etawney had died of influenza—a dreaded scourge here in the North when no skilled medical attention could be had. The men of Harl's brigade, before their desertion, had taken it; Stanley remembered treating half of them and bringing them around easily enough. The Indians of this camp had welcomed the deserters and consorted with them—and so the scourge had struck. There was retribution with a vengeance!

Stanley replied: "When you were sick, Tyee Harl always came and drove your sickness away. Tyee Harl is dead. You killed him. Now you come to me, his friend, his 'almost brother,' and say: 'Help us.'"

They hung their heads without answering. Stanley wanted to fling at them in savage scorn: "Go back and die! And those who don't die, you can starve next winter!" It was a temptation to stand aside and let them suffer the heavy consequences of their treachery. But the words were checked on his lips. He was remembering a whisper of hours ago: "Don't be harsh or cruel to them, Stanley; they don't realize what they've done."

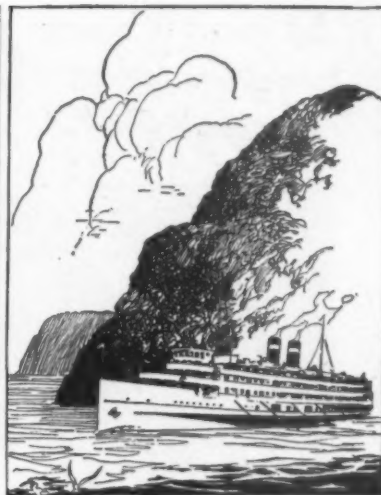
He pointed at the medicine chest which Avery had brought.

"Pick it up. Bring it with us. I'll do what I can for you."

AS he entered the camp, he saw Méti Paul walk aside in the twilight, eying him furtively. But two vigilant young bucks, plainly under orders from old Winter Sun, quietly slipped into the shadows also, watching him. Knowing he could not escape, Stanley put off for the present his reckoning with the 'breed.

During the brief hours of semi-darkness, with the glow of sunset lingering till dawn came again, he fought the sickness of the Indian camp—as Harl would have done.

The women and children were the worst sufferers, and as Stanley went from tepee to



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tepee, giving them an anodyne to quiet their racking pain, he understood in a deeper sense why Harl had been so patient and forgiving with these people of his. If he had driven them away, the women and children would have been the first to suffer. What of the winter to come now? More than once, as he bent over a helpless little tot, ministering to it by the flare of a goose-tallow candle, Stanley recalled those stories of the Windego Spirit of starvation; and it tugged at him to think of what lay ahead for them. If only Harl had lived and carried on his work! If only a strong hand could take it up!

HE ordered old Winter Sun, whose word had power over the band again, to have the whole camp moved back from the dank marsh edge to higher ground. He set two of the women to work preparing broth. Those who were dangerously ill he wrapped in warm caribou robes, and made the men heat stones to put around them. With glycerine and phenol, the only antiseptic in the medicine chest, he worked for an hour over several infants, and checked a throat affliction that might have developed into something fatal.

By the time the sun had risen again, the camp was straightened out; most of his patients were asleep; and Stanley felt confident that with all the Indians obeying his orders so explicitly, he could fight off the threat of pneumonia.

It seemed strange to him to be *tyee* now of this band, and have them look to him for orders and guidance. Stranger still his interest in them, his gloomy forebodings about them in the winter to come, his wonder what a man might in time do with them.

When Stanley had done all he could, he crooked his finger at one of the Indians and said: "Bring Paul the half-white out to me now." And he walked aside from the camp to a little daisy knoll.

Méti Paul came out to him. Stanley ordered him curtly: "You held some secret against Harl Armstrong; he can't be touched now by any of your villainies, but there's another person. . . . You'll tell me what it is you know."

The 'breed stared at him insolently, sure of himself and defiant. "What I know is not the affair of the M'sieur."

Stanley smashed his insolence at one blow. "The matter of the Beaulieu family there at Fort Rae—that is an affair which Sergeant English would be pleased to hear about. The knowledge of that murder did not die, you see, with Harl Armstrong."

He watched the 'breed's hand jerk as though he itched to flash and use the hunting-knife at his belt. Stanley leaned forward and seized the weapon and broke the blade of it under his heel. He repeated: "I want to know: what was it you held over him?"

In a moment or two the 'breed stammered: "It was concerning—Madame Estelle."

"You mean his former wife?"

"His wife, yes."

"What about her? How did you come to know anything of her?"

"Tyee Harl two springs ago sent me to Edmonton, to the fur auction there, with his peltry. There I happened to find her—by chance."

STANLEY nailed his lie with a shrewd guess. "You mean you looked her up to see if you could learn anything to your use. What did you learn?"

"M'sieur knows of the arrangement between them—the divorce and the money of insurance?" Stanley nodded, and Méti Paul went on: "Madame did not do as Tyee Harl thought, as she made the accord to do. It was her expectation that some time Tyee Harl would certainly 'make his stake,' and

if she were still his wife—Madame did not secure the divorce from him, m'sieur."

Stanley suddenly understood it all, and he knew Méti Paul had spoken the truth. What Frances had told him that night on the island about Harl's marriage and Estelle—the 'breed's story was in line with that! The perfidy of a broken promise, the treachery to Harl after he had taken upon himself the staggering burden of that insurance payment, the sordid and infinitely contemptible spectacle of a woman waiting till he should become wealthy, so that she could seize a part of his money or come in for a heavy alimony—the whole revelation fairly sickened Stanley. Little wonder that Harl, meeting a girl so sincere and fine as Frances Barton, had worshiped her.

He thought sardonically: "Estelle ought to know that he's dead now, and his estate wiped out. That would be fitting—after her long wait. I'll see that word of it does get to her."

He said to Méti Paul: "And you—you knew of that; you didn't tell Tyee Harl; you schemed and plotted to further his marriage with Mam'selle Frances; you made him walk blindly into a trap—the man who saved you from the noose and sheltered you. You were going to black-mail him—with that woman's treachery."

In abject terror of Stanley's scorching anger, the 'breed started to beg for his life. Stanley cut him short.

"Get back to camp. The Indian men have my orders what to do if you make a move to escape. You murdered a man; you'll pay for that."

WHEN Avery returned, Stanley was there on the knoll. The distant singing whine had roused him, and he watched the glistening plane loom out of the east. The plane banked and circled out over the lake and alighted in the shallows. An Indian brought Avery ashore in a canoe and he came up to the knoll.

He remarked, glancing at the tepees: "I see you straightened those damned beggars out. I'd have let them rot."

Then he looked across the river, and he started a little at what he saw. Several of the Indian girls and three of the younger men had gathered a tribute of flowers along the river bank and were laying them at the door of the storage shed as a last offering to Tyee Harl. Watching them as they came slowly away, Avery said softly:

"We've got a duty—over there, Stanley. Where do you think—it ought to be?"

"I don't know. I think that Frances should—Did she say?"

"Yes, it was almost the only thing she spoke about. She wants it to be at God's Mercie—where she grew up, where she was married to him."

Stanley acquiesced, though he would rather have had it here where Harl had lived.

Avery was silent a few moments. Presently he said, rather uneasily: "Clarke, what does Frances mean? She's got some strange notion about Harl. She almost seems to think she was partly responsible for him getting killed."

Stanley winced. He said nothing; he did not want to talk of it, even with Avery, his friend in need. Avery went on:

"She seems to think she didn't like Harl as—she should have—or didn't show it. That's ridiculous. She made those marriage plans herself; she came back here to him; she married him. What more could she have done? Harl couldn't have expected more of her. And anyway, he never would have deliberately—well, taken a risk with himself or done what she thinks, just when all three of you were in a dangerous situation like that. Right now, I suppose it's natural for her to blame herself. When you go over and see her, you want to—"

Stanley said: "I don't think it's best for me to see her. It's a thing that she must come to believe without persuasion from you or me."

"Then you want me to take you south to Kez-Etawney after we—after God's Mercie?"

"No, I'm staying here."

"What? Here!"

"Yes." He added: "There's a couple of things I want to ask your help with, Avery. Will you go down to Fort Kinlay and tell Radisson St. Cyr I need him here, and bring him?"

"But good heavens, man, what are you going to—"

Stanley went on: "And then, if you will, with your plane you can locate those scattering herds quickly. We can fly these men out and drop them off and round the bands up before they're lost. They were the heart of Harl's ranch; they've got to be saved. Everything else can be rebuilt in a season, but they stand for ten years of his life."

"D'you mean," Avery demanded, wide-eyed with astonishment, "d'you mean you're going to try to build this ranch up again? But you've got your own work; you can't sacrifice yourself like that."

Stanley did not answer; he hardly had words to express the vision of all he meant to do. He was looking across the river, looking past the tragedy yonder to the flowing valleys and poppy slopes and blue shepherd hills. They were his now, his seigniority, which Harl had passed on to him.

Chapter Twenty-four

AT dawn that morning Frances had left God's Mercie in the big plane, on the last stage of her long flight into the North. Once again she was following the Mother of Rivers toward the White Wolf Hills—retracing that ill-starred journey which she and Stanley and Harl had made a year and a month ago.

As she gazed under keel, locating familiar places along the mighty stream, all the poignant memories of that trip last year came trooping back to Frances.

She was glad to be in the North again; it was her home. During this last year in the States she had been hungry for a mere glimpse of the Strong Woods and the huge lone land reaching north from timberline.

But she was not altogether sure in her heart about Stanley. His letters—save one—had been so formal and unassuming. Never a hint, for months and months, that he wished to see her again. She had thought at first, while Harl's death was still so recent, that his delicacy of feeling was keeping him silent. Then, toward the end of the interminable winter, she began to wonder whether he had changed, whether the old intimacy between him and her had gone. Not until she had written that she intended to take over a mission school in the Clear-water country, had he asked her if she would come North and join him at the White Wolf Hills and be married there. He had written:

"I felt I should not ask you this, Frances, until there was an alternative in your life and you could choose your path freely. I remember too well how obligations chained you once and you had no choice save at the price of your conscience. I believe that Harl—if you still think of me as once you did—would not wish you to immolate yourself."

"In this past year, Frances, I have often looked back on what happened that morning we reached the destroyed ranch, and tried from the perspective of time to see the truth. More and more it is my belief that if Harl did intend to efface himself, he would first have seen us through that danger."

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we played the game squarely. You and I were honest with Harl and with ourselves, and so we may dare to hope for happiness now—"

On the strength of that single letter Frances had been forced to make her decision. She had decided; she was going to him now—but uncertain whether he had written it out of his own desires or because he believed that after all which stood between them it was the necessary thing to do.

She did not even know, except in a vague way, what he had done to the ranch. Isobel St. Cyr had written pages of gossip about the Indians; about water bears that came inland and preyed on the herds and were killed; about big wolf-hunts when packs came down with savage blizzards from the Arctic coast and were trapped and shot. But in Isobel's letters one could not see the forest for the trees; she could write of a new Indian baby and never give a hint as to what was happening with the reindeer venture.

Sotanya Wolfe had written two surprising letters. The first, from Mile 256 last fall, was bitter in tone, telling of her husband's inability to find a niche in his profession, and hinting at discrimination because of his Cree blood. The second, this spring, enclosing a spray of scarlet Arctic primulas and the penciled outline of an exceedingly tiny hand, came from the White Wolf Hills!

The Fokker pilot, who had asked Frances to sit in the mechanic's seat beside him and who had been trying to make love to her ever since leaving Kez-Etawney, touched her arm and pointed at the hills ahead. Frances nodded that she already had seen them. As the plane sailed out over the White Wolf Lake she unconsciously looked for a blackened area on the shore opposite, but the whole prairillon there, lush with wild grass,

had put forth its green again and was variegated with flower colors. Nearer, she saw with astonished eyes a big two-winged ranch-house, built of logs rafted down from the timber country; a labyrinth of corrals back toward the hills; a cluster of Indian cabins on the river bank; an airplane shed near the lake shore, with a graceful plane anchored in the shallows. The whole place had been rebuilt, transformed; out of the desolation and ashes of Harl's work, Stanley had created another ranch, larger and more daring than Harl had ever dreamed about.

THE roar of the engine suddenly ceased; the nose of the plane dipped a little on its long glide. With trembling fingers Frances unbuckled her helmet and pack-chute as the plane touched gently and taxied into the shallows. On the shore a small concourse of people awaited her. Old Winter Sun, leaning on a stick—visibly more bent and gnarled than last year, but once again the unquestioned headman of his people. Old Skuli the Lapp, astride a big bull caribou. A group of Stanley's Indians, keeping a little distance back; more respectful, in firmer control, than they had been with Harl. Isobel St. Cyr waving to her, and little Françoise hugging a tiny ragged object which had been Harl's gift to her—*une poupée* that would cry. Sotanya Wolfe, and Jack, who was holding—most un-Indian-like!—their baby. Two strange men, with wives and families, whom later she found to be neighbors establishing themselves, with Stanley's help and guidance, on the south and west shores of the White Wolf Lake.

And there was Métis Paul, Radisson St. Cyr's chief herder, giving orders to four Indians who were pushing off in canoes to the plane—giving orders about the baggage, as he had done that day at Mile 256 when she first had met Stanley Clarke.



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And Frances realized at once that Stanley also had spared the half-breed, even as Harl had done; that Méti Paul's bondage would endure for all his life, in expiation of his crime, and that *le bon Dieu* was still dropping a merciful gift from the sky to Rosalie Beaulieu. As she thought of that, it seemed to her that Stanley had gathered up all the broken fragments, all the human wreckage in the aftermath of Harl's death, and had carried through all those plans and hopes as Harl himself would have wished them carried through.

Her eyes went to three men who stood a little apart from the others. She recognized Radisson St. Cyr, the ranch manager—so tall and powerful and so like Harl at a distance that for a moment it startled her. The big raw-boned man in scarlet jacket and yellow-striped trousers—she knew he must be Sergeant Dave English of the Mounted; and she knew why Stanley had wished him to officiate at the ceremony instead of Missionary Smythe at God's Mercie.

And the third figure. . . . Her eyes blurred as she looked at him, and her heart was beating wildly. She was suddenly faint with that terrible, ravishing doubt of him—of the passion and communion that once had been between them.

AS the canoe brought her shoreward Stanley left the other two men and came down to the landwash, and when the craft grounded, he stepped into the gentle wavelets to carry her ashore.

Frances stood up, trembling palpably; she was now face to face with him to whom she was giving herself; he had taken her hands in his strong clasp; he was whispering, "Frances—Frances—" And as she with desperate courage looked up and met his eyes, she *knew* at last—in that single moment she knew—and her arms went out to him impulsively, blindly; for his mere glance and the whisper of her name blotted out the past year of separation, of longing for him, and annihilated all the intolerable doubts which had torn at her.

She was oblivious of the crowd's good-natured laughter when Stanley gathered her up in his arms and turned and started ashore. She was thinking of that evening at Kez-Etawney when he carried her over the creek; and as he looked down at her now, it seemed altogether natural, but a startling miracle too, that he should say: "I was thinking of that, Frances."

The next few minutes were a whirl to her—so many friends were greeting her; Stanley was introducing her to strange people; he was leading her up to the ranch house; he was showing her through the east wing of it, fitted up for themselves. Then he left her, with Sotnya Wolfe, in an inner room carpeted with rugs of the polar bear and the huge Barren Ground grizzly, with a fireplace for chill evenings, and rough shelves of books, and a profusion of native flowers that filled the place with their fragrance.

WHEN she had laid aside her traveling clothes and had slipped into the wedding frock she had provided, and Sotnya had gone, Frances went over to the window and kneeling beside it, she looked out, waiting for Stanley's knock on the door. As she knelt there she gazed down toward the silvery lake, down at the storage shed where she and Stanley and Harl had come to the end of their tragic journey. All the haunting memories of that day came rushing back, overwhelming her. The old anguishing doubt, the doubt of Harl's action that morning, rose before her like a specter. But then those memories slowly ebbed, leaving her calm and at peace again. For she was whispering to herself the sentences of Stanley's letter, and now in her heart she saw the truth and the power of them:

"We played the game squarely. You and I were honest with Harl and with ourselves, and so we may dare to hope for happiness now."

IT was late that evening before Stanley found a chance to tell her of his plans and they could talk of their life together.

Stanley told her: "The Institute wants me to come back. I ought to go back. There are half a dozen research projects I'm supervising, and two of them I'm working out mostly myself. They're important and they've cost the Institute a lot of money and they can't be dropped or changed over into other hands. What do you think, Frances?"

She would not look at him directly; her heart sank a little at the thought of leaving this North so soon, of going away from it for the rest of her life. But she would not betray to Stanley what she felt. She said unhesitatingly: "I think you, I mean *we*, ought to go. You're needed there, and here your work is finished."

"But there's the problem, Frances—it is not finished. I thought that in a year's stay I could make a fairly adequate survey of the Arthropoda here in this zone." He smiled a little. "I've worked hard and I've not more than scratched the surface. There's a wealth of priceless data awaiting discovery every way a man turns."

Frances cried: "Couldn't you make a compromise, Stanley? Here, the only season for entomology is the summer. But at the Institute the seasons don't matter so much with you because your men do the field work." With a leap of heart she saw by his expression that she was wording his own thoughts, the compromise he had made; and she added, a little more bravely: "We could live here through the summer, Stanley, and then in winter, down there."

THEY went down the ridge slope into a little hill-locked valley, dreamy with flowers, where the twilight was deepening and where strange Arctic moths and other winged crepuscular things were beginning to flit about like gay tiny ghosts. While the light was still strong enough, Stanley went on with his collecting. A little tired by the long day and this walk back into the hills, Frances was content to sit on the cladonia moss and watch him at his deft, swift work. Remembering all the earnest study she had done in entomology this last year in order that she might be of help to him, she hoped that tomorrow and in the days to come she might surprise him and perhaps win an approving word. For she, his wife now, had not entirely conquered that awe of the redoubtable scientist whom Conductor Waterby had once brought to her.

When the twilight was too deep Stanley stopped his work and came to her, and putting aside his collecting things, he sat down there beside her. With the setting of the sun a slight coolness had crept into the little valley. He thought she would become chilly in that silk frock and cape she was wearing; he removed his jacket and put it about her shoulders, kissing the protest from her lips.

"Shall we stay here, then?" he asked. "In an hour we can watch the sun rise from our ridge again." And Frances whispered, "Yes."

Up above the hilltops, in the lingering glow of the sun, they saw innumerable butterflies dancing against the sky; and all around them they heard the sleepy twittering of horned larks and white-throated sparrows. Then the glow vanished; deep dusk silenced the last bird note, and they were alone in the solitude of the hills.

(Here ends "The Girl from God's Mercie." Our readers will be glad to know that Mr. Mowery has for some months been at work on another novel of the Far North. We hope soon to make a definite announcement of its publication date in these pages.)

MERMAID AND CENTAUR

(Continued from page 97)

cough that she could not rest, and Jason was forced for her sake to make peace with Zarna and return to his bedroom—but not to sleep, for Zarna and Prince kept him awake.

In the icy midnight Zarna shook him out of his first real slumber with a frantic appeal to start a fire in the kitchen, put a kettle on, and fill a hot-water bag for Prince—also to warm some milk for him.

In the morning Prince was seriously ill and Susanne's cough was worse after the screaming she had done. Jason could not desert his own cattle, horses, mules, poultry and other tenants, who kept to their own buildings as self-respecting animals should. He had also many invalids to care for. But they were appropriate to a farm, and their coughs, colds, rheumatisms, indigestions and wounds were incidental to the industry. Seals, though, and in the house! Insanity!

The daylight was a streaked stream that howled as it sped past in a level current filled with a panic of flakes. Drifts piled up and smoked away in white spume, then reformed elsewhere. The trees were smeared on one side with white paint. The fences were jetties that disappeared under dunes of ghost sand.

The house turned forlorn and seemed to be afraid of something. Jason and Moe burst into the kitchen with their boots, their hair, their clothes stuccoed, and they hung over the kitchen stove wringing their benumbed hands while rivulets streamed down them on Mrs. Gumbert's clean floor.

Rita shivered and asked for extra cover. Zarna kept Prince in her arms, while Susanne huddled at her feet and quarreled for a place in her crowded lap. When Jason entered he grunted, kissed Rita and ignored Zarna and the seals.

There was now a period of good will; for with the familiar perversity of humanity, mere shelter from a wild storm made discomfort and imprisonment more pleasant than ease and liberty in fair weather. Crouched in their chairs, with elbows on knees and chins in hands, Jason and Zarna stared silently at the snow-spotted gale outside and at the windows pelted with cotton wads. They were glumly content simply to be warm.

At night they parted without a word and went to their separate rooms.

THE only bright thing about Zarna's life at this time was her luck in bringing Prince through pneumonia. It was practically unknown before that a seal born in captivity should live at all. She had worked a miracle.

Prince was as peevish in convalescence as a human child. He whined and snarled, and sometimes he bit; but she rejoiced in these proofs of returning vigor. And at last he was well. Now he became again playful, inquisitive, acquisitive, and frantic to be outdoors. But Zarna would not risk his health in the raw winds. The pond was a mess of dirty ice.

In trying to calm him she spent hours in play and found that his gift of mimicry was incredible. Susanne had been a brilliant youngster when Zarna bought her, but Prince was uncanny. To develop his little brain and to keep herself from going mad, as well as to entertain Rita, Zarna began to train him. The only patience she had was for the vagaries of animals. With them she had a teacher's inexhaustible understanding and willingness to wait.

Prince would follow her when she wanted to escape him, but he would not when she begged him to. Her method was the modern pedagogic system of instruction by re-

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wards instead of punishments. She made it worth his while in fish to obey her. His stomach learned first that there was a curious relationship between doing what he was told and winning a morsel of food. Once this became part of his mechanism of reaction, he followed when she said "Come," and stayed where he was when that quaint noise was unheard.

The word "Go!" was infinitely harder. When she put out her hand and pointed, he waddled to her and leaped at the hand. Hours and days went by before he could understand the cruel denials that distinguished "Go" from the sweet rewards of "Come."

At last he learned to turn his eyes to where she pointed and to find fish there. Eventually he learned to combine "Go" and "Come" into "Fetch."

IT was a strain on his petty gift of gray matter, and he had to acquire in days what mankind had spent thousands of years upon. But at last the machine was built in his memory, and commands were added to his outfit like push-buttons.

To juggle a ball was his next problem. He had the instinct of jugglery already in his neck-muscles and his lower brain. Seals catch fish with a side-slash and a whisk. Little seals toss twigs and sticks in air. Zarna told Rita that she had heard how seals would sometimes float beneath the surface with just a tip of a flipper showing, and wait there until some hungry sea gull swooped to gulp the flotsam, only to fall into a double row of teeth, and be tossed in air until they managed to flutter away more scared and rumpled than hurt.

Tempting Prince to juggle a stick for a moment was easy, but to make him keep on juggling it and catch it just thus and so was another thing. The goal was distant, for the first seal Zarna had ever bought had been trained not only to juggle gilded dumb-bells, but dumb-bells that were on fire at either end.

One day she told Rita:

"Before I get through with this baby, he'll balance a rod on the tip of his nose, and a ball resting on the top of that. Then he'll drop the rod and catch the ball on his nose and juggle that and roll over juggling it. And go up and down a flight of stairs juggling it."

A person of more experience and less credulity than Rita would have thought this impossible. Rita dismissed it easily:

"Prince can do anything!"

Zarna found one of Jason's old fishing-poles in a closet, and fastening a large ball on the end of a line, dangled it over Prince until he recovered from his first fear of it. Then she danced it on his nose, and tossed him a flake of food.

Promptly the ball joined the glorious company of fish-purveyors. Zarna tickled his nose with it, and he flicked it away. Food followed. Why? What matter? That ball was fishful.

Zarna tickled his nose. He hoisted his nose. Fish! Oh, heavenly ball! She held the ball so high that he had to sit up and crane his neck to reach it. He stabbed at it—and a piece of fish was in his gullet.

He stabbed again; the ball went up and came down. He dodged it. No fish! Some mistake. He nosed it again and again. Ah, there comes another snowflake. Back to the ball.

Gradually he learned to bounce it up and down on the string and to find a certain exhilaration in the process itself. Art for art's sake.

ONE day the goddess who rained fish when she was propitiated rolled the ball to him on the floor. An impulse, known to humans as an inspiration, led him to fling it up and bounce it. With no string to guide it, it

fell out of reach. He pursued it, tossed it, hit it, missed it. Snarling, he chased the wicked thing and with increasing accuracy nosed it up and down. Result, a shower of fish, kind words, caresses.

He was on his way. Step by step he advanced. When Zarna flung the ball, he caught it and tossed it and kept it going. The fish bits grew larger.

Zarna improvised a stairway from a hassock, a low chair, a higher chair, and a table. It was dreadfully hard to keep the ball going and obey her orders to climb, but the pay was munificent. The first time Prince went all the way without missing, he received a whale, more or less.

Yet education was very tiring. He suffered from brain-fag. He found that he had his days and his moods, but he had also an absolutely inextinguishable love of fish, and Zarna gave him rest by a change of study.

To lie down and roll over at command was as difficult a bit of translating as the indirect discourse in Caesar's "Gallic War." Zarna turned him over. That was all right, but how was she to make him understand that he was to do it of his own accord? He rolled over by accident. Fish! After a deal of meditation it came to him all of a sudden as ideas come to poets. He rolled over. He ate.

"That trick is in the bag," said Zarna.

WHEN Prince was very tired, he would yawn with a babyish zest. One day as he seemed to be trying to split himself in two Zarna leaped at him with a loud cry, "Yawn!" He fell over backward in fright. What had he done wrong?

Besides, he got a mackerel bonbon.

Hours passed before he yawned again. He had hardly started when he heard that cry, "Yawn!" Was it wrong to yawn? No, there was fish for it. Whatever the seal-word or concept may be for yawning, it joined the lovely troupe of synonyms for fish.

At last he had it. He nailed it. When Zarna said, "Yawn," he yawned. Now she added a touch of grace. She sat on the floor, took his left flipper in hand, said "Yawn!" and covered his mouth with the flipper. He did not know that this was what Zarna called "etikay," but he knew that he got more fish for a flipper-veiled yawn than for a bare yawn unadorned. This was a puzzler, this dogma that the highest art is to conceal art! The little seal's motives were purely commercial, but he found that the artistic pose paid.

Zarna carried him a step farther. She made him yawn at a hand-signal until she said reproachfully: "Why, Prince, such manners!" Then he would cover his mouth with his flipper.

Zarna said to Rita:

"There's something no seal ever done since God made the first one. Why, that trick alone would add ten bucks a week to our salary."

It added no end of applause to his perquisites. His dramatic criticisms were wonderful. His fish income grew by leaps and bounds.

In the meanwhile he was unwittingly saving Rita's life, for she took a new interest in the existence that the loss of Prince as a lap-baby had made sterile. Like other mothers, the education of her child for his career gave her a new career.

Prince saved Zarna's reason, too, for the dreariest days were busy now. There were always old tricks to rehearse and polish and new ones to break in.

All this while Susanne was not idle. For months she had taken a certain vicious pleasure in refusing to do any of her old stunts and in hypocritically pretending that she had never known any stunts to do. She watched Prince's schooling with the haughty scorn of a graduate for a freshman. But

when he began to get all the extra fish and all the praise, her rising jealousy inspired emulation.

She would steal the ball when he missed it and show him what a professional could really do. When he was slow, she would grasp the point and learn the trick before he did. This helped both of them, for Prince had a model to imitate and a pacemaker to keep up with.

There was professional jealousy, and frequent spats broke out between the two stars. When Zarna persuaded Moe to build her a pedestal for each of the seals, each wanted the other's pulpit. Zarna had to smack them both into discipline. But in time they learned to be tactful and to applaud each other's lyrical and dramatic triumphs with at least as much sincerity as is seen in opera-houses.

Day by day the two seals grew readier for a public career. But where was the career? Zarna wondered. She tried to keep from thinking of the possibility that she might leave the farm, since that implied an infidelity to the husband who was still her husband though he kept conspicuously remote from her. She tried to keep from thinking of deserting Jason also for the reason that the vision of a return to carnival life grew tormentingly beautiful.

JASON had vaguely realized that Zarna was teaching her fool seals a few tricks, but they meant no more to him than Rip's ability to bark for a bone. He noted, however, that the consumption of fish had nearly doubled.

He referred to this on one of the occasions when Zarna consented to speak to him. She said:

"Well, just pay it out of my allowance."

He stared at her.

"Your what?"

"Don't I get any money of my own?"

"You get all there is."

"But for my own, to spend as I please."

"You never asked for any."

"But don't I earn any?"

"Earn any? How? How do you earn any money?"

There had been nothing in Jason's life or acquaintance or reading to put him in touch with the late revolution in woman's realm. He had heard things but they were like the small paragraphs in the paper about another million dying of famine in China. He knew that women had the right to vote, but since he rarely went to the polls himself, he had never seen them at it.

He was still in many ways of a medieval mind. When Zarna asked him if she did not "earn" anything, he had nothing to go on. He knew that she did none of the things that farmers' wives did to make pin-money for themselves. She certainly did nothing helpful toward the management or the conduct of the farm. She was simply an expensive guest with two unspeakable hangers-on. How could she imagine that she earned any money?

He was in a deeper stupor when she told him:

"How do I earn money? Don't I live with you? Aint I here all the time for you to talk to, eat with, laugh with, love with, mope with—God, if that aint earning money, what is?"

"You talk like one of the low women on the wrong side of the railroad track. They do all that for cash, too."

He had not the faintest idea of insulting her. He simply tried to understand her by placing her new idea in juxtaposition to his own.

A lightning bolt out of a cloudless sky could not have been more surprising, more unjustified or unexplained than the stars that shot through the noonday sun, for she slapped him in the face with all the might of her powerful arm.

SCHOOL INFORMATION

There are good schools to fill almost any conceivable educational need listed every month in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S School Section. (See Pages 9-27.) They are glad to send catalogues and answer letters of inquiry about their particular types of work. Our advice is to write immediately to the schools which interest you. Now is the time to make a decision after consideration of the available schools.

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The next thing either of them knew, he had kicked his chair over backward, caught both her hands in his wide left hand and was bringing his right hand round with a scythe-like swing that would have knocked her senseless if she had not bent her knees and dropped out of reach. The glancing blow struck her shoulder and left it black and blue.

Jason went to the floor with her and knelt over her, still holding her hands aside. Glaring down into her upturned face, he fought a side battle with his right fist to keep it from mashing her features.

She did not close her eyes or cry out, but bared her teeth to inflict at least a venomous wound on the hand that smote.

Panting enormously, he won the battle with himself; his fist relaxed, and he muttered:

"You saved my life once. I'll save yours by lettin' you live. Now we're even."

HE rose and flung her to her feet as if she were a doll. He turned for the door, but paused as she said:

"Even, eh? I'll kill you for this!"

She was the most baffling fool!

"Kill me for lettin' you go on livin'?" he gasped.

"Do you suppose I'll go on livin' with a man that can lick me with one hand?"

That was queerer yet. He had imagined that all women like to be mastered. He stooped to parley:

"Who hit the first blow?"

"You did."

"I did?"

"You compared me to the lowest women."

"I never did!"

"Lend me enough to get away on, and I'll pay you back. I can earn more money than you ever saw."

"All right, figger it out, and I'll give you what you got to have. And it won't be no loan. Gettin' rid of you will be the best investment I ever made."

"That goes double."

As he slammed the door, he heard Rita sobbing madly, and he ran to her. Zarna heard her screaming. She ran to her.

Rita was tossing wildly in her cradle. Jason on one side and Zarna on the other knelt to quiet her. She shrieked:

"I heard you. I heard every word. I heard you hit my brother. I heard you talk of leavin'. Zarna, Zarna, Zarna! And I want to die, because I love you both so much and you hate each other so much. Please lea' me die. Please—please!"

They glared at each other in mutual blame. Their eyes softened over her. Zarna stared into Jason's eyes, he into hers. She spoke first, but with tacit consent from him:

"Why, honey, we was just foolin'. I love your brother, and he loves me, don't you, Jason?"

"O' course I do! O' course!"

RITA would not be lied to. Her convulsions grew fearful to watch. They drove Zarna to rising, leaning across the cradle and taking Jason's head in her hands.

"See how we love each other."

She kissed him again and again, and his arms went out around her and he kissed her. It was unearthy sweet and bitter as hell to embrace across that torture-bed and soothe another by such an exhibition.

But Rita was laughing through her tears, and her hands were caressing Jason and Zarna instead of tearing at each other. They would have done anything for such a reward. Zarna even sat on Jason's lap all evening. And then, with no realization at all of what it really meant, Rita asked for the final proof of their reconciliation; and Jason moved out of the spare room and returned to Zarna's. Susanne and Prince were moved to the spare room.

To Jason the reconciliation was genuine, a second honeymoon. He was convinced that Zarna's long anger had been only the foolishness of an excitable woman, and that he had been right in thinking that all she wanted was to be mastered.

In the morning when he bent to kiss her good-by in the pre-dawn dark, she said to him in a low voice that Rita could not hear, though it shattered Jason's ears like a shriek of mockery:

"Remember this, Mister. I was an actress last night, and I'm goin' to be an actress from now on, but only when Rita is audience. Do you get me?"

He rose and staggered out to his hateful tasks about the stables. When he came back, he found Zarna with Rita, and she leaped up to greet him with kisses. She sat on his lap and held his arms about her when they fell away unable to play the scene.

At night she whispered hatred and scorn, but made no other protest against his maddened courtship. He smothered sobs and curses in his pillow or on her shoulder. He pleaded and demanded, but he could not win a gentle word or thought from her.

His home was a madhouse, and he was qualifying for his presence there.

THE snow went and came again, but at longer intervals. The omens of spring were oftener felt. March was again the meanest month of the year. April was one flood.

Through the sluiceway of the parlor window-pane Zarna watched the sodden country road one afternoon. Now and then a car chugged by, strangely resembling a black rhinoceros charging with head bent into the storm.

Finally the postman's car crept to the mailbox, an arm issued, made a quick jab, pushed an envelope through the slot, raised the flag and pushed on.

He made the dreary day drearier to Zarna, for nobody wrote to her. Nobody knew where to write to her. Nobody wanted to.

She saw Jason shambling down the path to the box. He took out the letter, stared at it for a time, then at last turned for the house, came up on the porch to the window where Zarna was sitting, hoisted the lower sash and said:

"This is for you."

He tossed the letter in and pulled the window down so hard that the iron weights clattered in their corridors.

Zarna looked at the envelope. It was so soppy and the address was so blurred with water that she could hardly read her name. But even before she could quite make it out she knew the writing.

Her heart leaped like a sash-weight in her breast. After all, there was some one who wanted to write to her, could not keep from writing to her; his letter came through the heaviest storm, as he would have come to give a little light to the dreariest day.

Her hands stroked the letter. They opened it almost tenderly. Her eyelids beat together hungrily. She read:

Dear Zarna:

Having nothing special to do, thought would write and let you and your good husband know was out of the hospital quite some time now and working in a gym to get in shape for next carnival season. Have no offer yet but am hopping to get one any day. Have not teamed up with any party yet and am aiming to go as a single. Cannot expect very good salary but trust will get along somehow as per usual. Several parties were surprise to learn the team of Zarna and Q was not going out next season but then these bozos never know nothing. How is Susanne and hope she came thru her trouble alright. The little seal died I suppose like they always do but

hope S. is in good shape tho probly restless like she always gets for her public. Give her my love also Miss Rita and with kind regards to your good husband and self and hopping boath are enjoying best of helth

Your friend

H. Querl.

Tears assembled in Zarna's eyes quietly, not unpleasantly.

Poor old Harry, trying to book himself all by himself without Zarna and her singing seal! He had evidently chucked the hula girl, or more likely, she had chucked him when he went to the hospital.

What would Harry say if he knew that Susanne's baby had not only lived, but had shown signs of being the cleverest seal that was ever exhibited? Only he would never be exhibited. Harry would say that it was a crime to suppress a genius like that. Of course it was. Her marriage was a crime. Staying here was a crime. Going away would be a crime.

ZARNA could imagine how hard this letter had been for Harry to write—only a little less difficult than not writing at all. He just had to let her know how he missed her, how her absence crippled his future. Once more for her sake he had written a letter for her husband to read. The necessity for that must have hurt him terribly. He had tried to put nothing whatever into it that would cause her trouble; yet the letter reeked with longing and loneliness.

She contrasted Harry's tender diplomacy with Jason's harsh treatment of the letter and of her. She knew now why he had hesitated at the mailbox. He had been tempted to open the letter, or destroy it, or compel her to open it in his presence. If that had been the jealous suspicion of a lover she would have been glad of it. But something told her that it was merely the sullen pride of a husband, a monopolist angry at a trespasser on his private property.

She told Rita of the letter, read it to her. This time Harry Querl had sent his "love" to Rita! Before, he had sent only his "kind regards."

Rita had to see that with her own eyes. Then she uttered Zarna's own thoughts:

"His poor bum hand is well. You can see that by his pretty writin'. But he's awful lonesome. You can tell that, too. If only I could go to him and comfort him! I'd take Prince. He don't know Prince is alive. I'd take Prince and Susanne and go to him, and we'd travel together with the carnival and I'd make him so happy. That's what I'd do, if—if—"

Zarna held her hand and stroked it, and Susanne stood up and stared over the cradle, croaking her sympathy for a sorrow that she could somehow realize.

WHEN Jason came in, Zarna left the room. She saw that Rita had Querl's letter in her hand and she hoped that this would convince Jason of its innocence. She had come to the point where she did not want her husband to be jealous of her. That was a long distance from love.

She never dreamed that Rita would use the letter as she did. When Jason bent to kiss her, he saw the letter in her hands, and it infuriated him there, for his thoughts of Querl and Zarna were ugly now.

He snatched the letter away as if it were something too foul for his sister to hold. He read it savagely, and hated it the more because he found nothing in it to hate. He suspected that there was something between the lines. He was tempted to heat it or to smear it with lemon juice to see if invisible writing were there. He had read in some detective-story of such a trick. He tossed it aside, but Rita asked for it, and he gave it back to her. Fondling it, she began to talk

in the tone she took when she tried to be old and wise:

"Jason, I been thinkin' a lot lately about things, and I'd like to talk 'em over with you quiet and sensible like we used to do. It's about Zarna."

"Remember when you first read me about her and Susanne and the big picture of Zarna divin'? You went and saw her, and you brought 'em out to see me, and we both fell in love with 'em."

"That was nearly a year ago, and it'll soon be spring again, and all the carnivals will be goin' out like Captain Querl says here. He was awful nice to me, and it wasn't quite fair for us to take Zarna and Susanne away from him. But we did."

"Zarna gave up her business and come here and lived with us, and you built the divin'-board, but it seems awful stingy to take her away from the millions of people that used to love to see her."

"And then Prince came along, and he's so beautiful that I call him my baby. And I love him so much, that you know it aint for bein' tired of him that I want to send him away."

"He's so clever and smart, and he does such wonderful things that it don't seem right to keep him cooped up here performin' for just only me. He'd be the famousst seal that ever lived if he went out. And Susanne is achin' to get back with the carnivals."

Jason broke in:

"Zarna is achin', you mean. I suppose she told you all this."

"Oh, no! She never so much as hinted at such a thing as wantin' to go. But she ought to go. And Susanne ought to go. But most of all my baby, Prince, ought to have his chance."

"We got no right to keep him here, Jason. If I was a great singer or a great dancer, you'd send me away. If you didn't love the farm so and wanted to be President or something, I'd make you go. You don't want Zarna to be like me, do you? Well, what good does it do her to be so beautiful and to be able to dive so grand if nobody ever sees her? It's like smotherin' her or breakin' her beautiful bones."

"Can't you see, Jason, it's our duty? The more we love her, the more we got to let her go, even if we have to drive her back to where she belongs. God meant me to stay here, but He meant Zarna and Prince and Susanne to travel with the carnival."

JASON came as near to rebuking Rita as he had ever come, but no nearer than keeping silent. She tried to make him promise to let Zarna go with her seals, but he would say nothing more than:

"We'll see. I'll think it over."

The more he thought it over, the more certain it seemed that Zarna would go. He hated the thought because it would place the crowning sheaf on his mountain of errors to have her desert the farm she should never have visited. He could imagine the gales of sneering laughter behind his back.

Peter, Peter, punkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.

But more he dreaded the thought of losing her. Hateful as she was at times, baffling as she always was, she had brought to the farm life something dazzling and thrilling that it had never had before. Only since she had come there had he learned how dreary life had been before. What a graveyard it would be after she left!

When he thought of her as about to leave, she grew more beautiful than ever. When she came back into the room for supper with Rita, he thought of her as if she had come to say good-by. He watched her as she ate, and saw a thousand little graces that he had never noted before. She sat on his lap to please Rita, and it was as if her ghost sat there. He tried to think of the endless eve-



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nings when her warmth would no more glow against him, nor her beauty delight his eyes.

That night in his sleep he kept reaching for her to make sure of her. In the morning he was amazed to find her there. He was glad that the warm spring rain was building gray walls about the house to hold her in.

It was a warm rain, a singing rain, a rain full of glad tidings and laughter. It chattered about the blossoms that would soon be showering down on the trees, about the violets that would be left in purple pools under the trees, about the buds that would cling to the branches like drops of lingering rain, about the leaves that would rain on the trees, the grass, the moss, the wheat, the corn.

Suddenly, at noon, it ceased; but the noise of it went on in the echoing torrents in the brook beds. The sun rolled its golden wheel across the sky as if a summer wind blew it along. The pond received the redoubled tributes of the hills and thought itself a great lake, flattering its leaping ripples with the thought of billows.

Zarna put on her bathing-suit and her old bathrobe and ran to it, and the seals came tumbling after. The water was cooler than it looked, and muddier, but there was rapture in plunging. Prince scurried out to the diving-board, flopped overboard and sculled through the water, and he and Susanne pretended a duel to the death.

Zarna dived and dived, and posed and bowed to the applauding multitudes. Jason saw her from afar in a muddy field, and she seemed to be as little his as the statue of Justice on the courthouse.

But he could not bring himself to let her go.

She returned to the house at last like a trusty going back to her cell. Her heart was so full of her old life that when she had washed off the mud and dressed herself in one of her faded dresses, she had to hunt out the old copy of the *Billboard* and commune with the wraiths of her former world.

SHE happened first on a letter from a man who told of an encounter with a critic of the profession:

"What he let loose about carnivals, called us rats, lice, worse than the smallpox and said things about our women I can't mention."

She blazed with rage and turned to a protest against the attacks:

"Stop exposing the outdoor show people—and start exposing the crooked local officials. Then you'll get somewhere. It takes two to make a grafter. The local mayors, or the chiefs of police or the committees, who either permit or invite the visiting show to operate undesirable games, are far more to blame than the show people.

"There are hundreds of mayors, thousands of policemen and about the same number of fraternal or special committees who literally sell their own neighbors in this manner."

Zarna remembered the double-crossing her carnival had received from rival factions in Midfield, and her craft took on the dignity of the persecuted. She knew how good and kind her own people were—and if they cheated a little now and then it was only in self-defense!

She turned again to the tribute paid to Uncle Tom Spivey by one of his crew:

"Our laughter has been hushed. Another luminary of the great outdoor show world has been called to his reward. The tragic passing of a loved one has left us all dazed. Our 'Uncle Tom' has gone. Our dear friend, pal and comrade has solved the mystery of eternal sleep.

"Everyone loved Uncle Tom Spivey. Everyone in the tented world whose business is bringing happiness to others. He knew every stake, every inch of canvas, every strand of rope, every spoke in every wheel, and he loved them all. And if they could but speak they would say they loved him too.

Always fair, always loyal, forever generous, ever kind, and, without knowledge that the word *favoritism* existed, he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact."

ZARNA wept as she recalled his priestly gentleness with her when he found her in the battle between Harry and Jason. She remembered his watchword: "I run a clean show by ladies and gentlemen for ladies and gentlemen."

Wrath surged in her heart as she thought of the humiliations the sweet old angel had endured from sour-faced devils that called themselves saints. But her indignation melted into homesickness as her eye flitted from paragraph to paragraph concerning old friends: "Al Brown has dolled up the crew of the Joyship in white sailor uniforms."

"Mother' Pearson has been beaming with smiles for the past week, ever since the arrival of her daughter and her husband and their two children."

"The Tom Nelsons, who have the cookhouse, celebrated their 32d wedding anniversary Thursday. And the cookhouse staff chipped in on a nifty floral offering."

"The shows include the mystic show with Prof. Dubarry, hypnotist, assisted by Mlle. Forenze who is buried alive for a period of 50 hours on the midway."

"Little Kathie, the adopted daughter of Blondie, the tattooed lady, is recovering from a severe illness."

"Clarette Herschel, the armless wonder, is to be married next week."

"Mrs. Arthur Wise was injured when a wrist strap on her trapeze snapped during the giant swing finale of her act. She was at first thought critically injured internally. Spectators believed Mrs. Wise's spectacular fall to be part of the act."

"Seen while strolling through the Majestic Show: Madame Martha, the mystic, scrubbing a dog harness. Bogo, the wild man, reading a financial weekly. Princess Aloha, the Hawaiian Belle, reprimanding her twelve-year-old son. The penny arcade with three youngsters looking at Wild West pictures for one penny. An expressman with a box of snakes from Texas, C. O. D. The world's greatest wrestler nursing a pup from a bottle."

The advertisements fascinated Zarna: "Slum and Flash all kinds. Beverage powders."

"Incomparable flash. Armadillo sewing baskets. . . . Buddha papers. Candy Floss machines. Something the children like. Wonder Values. Photo Knives. Kanes for Kids. September Eve, the Flash that stops the Crowds. Kiddie Carnival. Spanish Shawls."

"L. L. Lathrop's Big Side Shows want quick Talker, two real Ticket Sellers, real Mind Act. Cook's United Shows can place Kiddie Rides, Palmistry, a good Diving Act."

Even the stories of hardships made her wonder why she had ever complained:

"The rain turned to a heavy snow, the weight of which broke the center poles on three tops. The weather continued cold and rainy throughout the week, causing the shows to lose Saturday night. Everything was down and loaded in spite of a muddy lot and on the road before Sunday daybreak. "We show people are all heart, you know, old sweet, all heart."

That was true, and her own heart beat her breast sore with eagerness to return. The prodigal had sickened of the husks and the swine. The feet ached for the returning road.

SHE stared and asked her eyes if they lied. That could not be Harry Querl stopping his new car at the gate and hurrying up the path. She ran to meet him. He seized both her hands and tried to kiss her, but she reminded him that she was still the wife of Jason Brafford.

"That's a mere *entr'acte*," said Harry. "You're what you always was—Zarna, lovely

Zarna; the world's peerless diver. And your public is howling for you. I've got a contract for us; big billing, 'Zarna Returns by Public Demand.' Money—no end of it. New banners. New costumes. New paper. All paid for by the management. But we must jump quick."

"I can't. I'm married, I tell you."

"What of it? If your man loves you, he'll hate to have you miss this opportunity. If he hates you, you'll love the opportunity. Where's Susanne?"

It made her weep to see how Susanne came lolloping at the sound of his voice; how she leaped on him, kissed him, wept over him, told him all about it. She actually ran to the car and climbed in and called to him to hurry.

When Harry saw Prince, he said: "I'll tear up the contract and double the figures."

He was very sweet to Rita and told her he was just borrowing Zarna and the seals and he would bring them back rich and famous. He would buy her a special car and she could travel with them. Rita almost died of joy.

JASON was the only obstacle. He was out in the fields somewhere. Zarna had to talk to him. She told Harry to come back in an hour, and he drove away. She went hunting for Jason, and found him all muddy and hateful.

When she told him that she was going to leave him, he swore that he would never let her go; he would rather see her dead than a carnival woman again. She answered:

"I'd rather be dead than be anything else."

She pleaded and promised to come back, but he refused, he cursed, he seized her wrists, he tried to hug and kiss her.

She broke free and ran. He followed, caught her. She slipped away, ducked through a barbed-wire fence. He vaulted it. She ran for the house. He headed her off, then chased her. She found herself near the pond. She ran out into the water. He splashed in after her. She backed in deeper. He pursued. He was afraid of the water but more afraid of losing her. He chattered like a maniac.

She began to tread water and move farther and farther in. He made a lunge at her. She caught the back of his wrist and gave it a jerk. He went in over his head.

He came up horribly frightened, and clutched at her. She laughed and backed away, treading water. He was drowning and he knew it, but he still grabbed at her—like the devilish Harry Querl fought, on the banners.

Just as he was gone, she felt his hand seize her foot and drag her under. She bent and dived. The surface of the pond was still. Only bubbles came up from the furious thrashing beneath.

She bent and caught his fingers and wrenched them backward. He let go. She was free. She came to the surface, laughing, swam ashore and fell flat laughing, laughing.

She looked back; he came up like a suit of old clothes and sank. She mocked him:

"You would keep me here, would you?"

Suddenly her laughter caught like a bone in her throat. She had killed him. She had killed Kita's brother. She would be pursued, taken, thrown into jail, fried in the chair. She would not join the carnival, after all. She wept and beat the ground—and tore at the grass. . . .

"Here, hey! What's the matter?" It was Jason's voice in the dark. "What you poundin' me for? Why you pullin' my hair? Why you cryin' so hard?"

"Thank God! Thank God!"

He leaped from bed and turned on a light.

"Are you plumb crazy?" he asked.

She laughed and sobbed at once. Then she told him her dream. It frightened him as it frightened her. After a long silence, she said:

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"It's a warning, Jason. It means that you better let me go, or one of these days one of us will do something terrible, I tell you. What would become of Rita then? I'll go for a while; then I'll come back. But you better let me go. You gotta let me go."

"All right. I will."

When he put out the light, he found her arms waiting for him, and she kissed him, weeping.

Strange things, women!

IT was June again, and the belated zephyrs of May were wasting themselves in teasing the thin scalplock of John Cist, the president of the Midfield National Bank, when he received a letter from his predecessor, William Greble, containing this paragraph:

"The wife and I saw a painting awhile ago that represented a Centaur dragging a Mermaid out of the ocean, and a Merman putting up a big fight to get her back. It reminded me somehow of one of the bank's customers, Jason Brafford, who married a diving-woman out of a carnival while I was in Midfield. There was a good deal of doubt about how the match would turn out, and I was wondering if you had any news."

In the course of his reply, Cist had this to say:

"Leaving out gossip, which there has been no end of, all I know of Brafford and his wife is that he came in toward the end of April and drew a hundred dollars. The next day I saw him drive his car past the bank. On the front seat was a suitcase. On the back seat was his wife with a seal and a half. The farm truck followed, carrying two or three big trunks and two large boxes said to be seal-coops."

"I understand that Brafford put the seals in the baggage-car and his wife in the parlor car, and that they shook hands very formally when they parted."

"Referring to your Centaur and Mermaid allusion, would say it would seem that in this instance the Centaur threw the Mermaid back into the sea."

"This is probably best for all concerned, as Brafford was getting into a bad way with his farm affairs. He has now bought a radio for his sister's entertainment and I imagine it will be a good substitute for his wife, who could hardly have been a desirable influence either on the little girl or on Brafford."

JASON had the radio cabinet placed so close to Rita's cradle that she could turn it on and off from where she lay. It brought into her room an even stranger company than Zarna and her seals. At any hour of the day or the night she could summon spirits from the vasty deep to sing to her, talk to her, lecture to her, read aloud to her. Her little cradle was a magic carpet.

Jason sat with her of evenings listening to sermons, prize-fights, dance orchestras, sym-

phony concerts. By his side sat Rip as before. There was no way of telling him that the last thing Zarna had done was to send a telegram to the Pedigree Kennels ordering him shipped home. What he thought he could not utter, but in his morose way he made it evident that he was glad to be back. He still had certain barren grooves in his tightly wadded curls that reminded him of the teeth of a certain intruder. On his master's calf there was a similar scar to recall the fretful Susanne. On Jason's heart there were many scars left by the volatile Zarna.

On a hot night when Jason sat trying to forget, or trying to remember, and Rita with false merriment was clapping her hands to the rhythm of some distant saxophonic romance, she tired of it and twisted the knob, passing across a mystery of songs, musics, speeches. Voices hooted in from nowhere and passed out with the clamor of express trains. Seraphic tenors went out like snuffed candles. Pompous oratorical syllables boomed and sputtered into silence. Sweetish prigs intoned porridge for disgusted children. Negro minstrels rioted in jungle ecstasies of gloom and love.

Suddenly Rita's hand paused and Jason sat up, for the air twanged with the banjo voice of a ballhoo:

"Yew—nee—versally concedid to be the most grace-fool, bee-yoo-ti-fool and a-jyle diver that ever plunged the bee-u-min form in wataire! Zarna—love-ly Zar-na, favoryte of princis and potintates—"

In Rita's heart an angel chanted—in Jason's a mocking fiend. How had Querl managed to break in again upon the home he had ruined once? Was there no way of keeping him off? The devil explained the trick:

"It has given us both the grea-tist of pleazhaire to contri-bewt our modist mite to this monstaire benefit for the woundid and neglec-tid vet-e-rins of the World Waw. As you can see, we have erectid on the stage the glass tank used in our carnival, and Zarna will give you a brief ex-hee-bish-in of her unrivilled grace and talint."

The grave and studied voice of a regular radio announcer spoke in:

"XJZ broadcasting the monster benefit of the World War Veterans. The one who just spoke to you was Captain Harry Querl, champion deep-sea diver, who appears by courtesy of the Giant Carnival Companies, as does Miss Zarna. I have asked her to say a word to our friends of Radio-land. I wish you could see her, you millions, in all her beauty—concealed for the moment by a gorgeous Spanish shawl, which, I hope, she will remove, ha, ha! I understand that beneath it there is nothing but a bathing-suit, plus lovely Zarna. She will now say a word in the microphone."

There was a pause, while Jason and Rita listened like waifs marooned on a drifting

planet. In a spacelessness whispers and murmurs were heard, and an embarrassed laugh and a cough so weirdly much Zarna's that she was more real there than if she had appeared to the eyes, the untrustworthy eyes. Then her voice was in the porches of the ear, shy and silly as a girl's speaking a piece before a Sunday school:

"Hello there, radio folks! I can't see you and you can't see me, but—well, I guess you're not missing much. So I'll ask my trained seal Susanne to speak to you. Here she is. —Susanne, sing for Radio-land."

"Grmmph! Grkkk! Wplshkk!"

Rita wrung her hands; Jason gripped the rungs beneath his chair. Rip leaped up with yelps of rage and dared his nameless enemy to come out of her cowardly hiding-place.

Jason silenced him with a growl and motioned him to his place as Zarna's voice came back:

"Next, kind friends, I will ask Susanne's little boy to speak to you. A dear little friend of mine named him Prince, and he is a prince as you can easily see—the only baby seal in captivity, and the cleverest prince that ever was. —Prince, come and say howdy in your own sweet words."

"Grmmph! Grkkk! Wplshkk!"

Rita's arms went aching to him—but he was not quite there, yet so nearly that pride in his glory all but quelled regret for his loss.

THEN the announcer's voice rolled across the continent in all directions:

"Poor friends of Radio-land, you cannot see what I see, and what a thousand lucky folks in this big theater are seeing, but I'll tell you. Miss Zarna is mounting to the top of the tank. She pauses a moment, a beautiful thing in her shawl of red roses and black fringe. She is taking it off. She is standing like a Greek statue come to life. We see now why they call her the Diving Venus. But Venus had nothing on Miss Zarna. And Miss Zarna has nothing much on herself—ha, ha!—yet she is chastely beautiful."

"She is lifting her graceful arms above her pretty head. She is announcing, 'A Slow Dive!' She is bending—her fingertips are just in front of her pretty toes. She glides downward—downward. Listen! Maybe you can hear her splash!"

Jason heard, or thought he heard, a whisper of startled water. His head swam with the remembered vision of Zarna in a swirl of gleaming bubbles, curving downward, then upward, slowly returning to the air—but to him?

His heavy heart tolled *Never—never—never*. Yet his loneliness was soothed a little by a dim comfort: while it was better for everybody that she had gone her ways, it was—well, it was wonderful that she had paused at his farm. She would never quite be gone from there.

THE END

HOW TO CHOOSE WIVES

(Continued from page 57)

so they can't make trouble on that score. Besides—many a runaway has come from a loose rein. Moreover it is only by the strength of your affection that you hold him, not by sternly reminding him of his duties and responsibilities. Do not suppose, dear Madam 24, that the somewhat argumentative spirit of this paragraph indicates that we do not approve of you. Indeed, there is a reason why we cannot praise you to the skies as we would wish. One of us is a No. 24.

KEY NUMBER 25

You are very likely to spoil your husband, and this is excellent for a man, though bad for a child. The atmosphere of wifely admiration which is likely to emanate from you

will probably encourage the growth of devotion and generosity on his part. If, alas, he does not appreciate you, you will be very likely to transfer your love to some other man who has, perhaps, been starved by a cold wife. It is a necessity of your soul to love—and be admired.

KEY NUMBER 34

If you were as gay beneath the surface as you are in appearance, you would be too perfect a wife for any man. Your husband is (or will be) astonished at the depths of gloom into which you can drop. This may be largely a matter of health. We advise you to fight your despondency by early-to-bed and late-to-rise tactics when you can arrange it, and make a point of having as

good a time with your husband as you did when he was your fiancé. It will be easy for your husband to be true to you, because you are so loyal and loving.

KEY NUMBER 35

You understand your own nature, and that is a great help to you in meeting life. If your shyness keeps you from going to your friend's party, you send a delicious cake in your place. But your analytical turn of mind, focused on your own peculiarities, is likely to make for self-consciousness. Once you get a husband, you are going to make a good wife, but the trouble will be that you are likely to run from a prospective husband, and men don't chase fleeing damsels as madly as romances would have us believe. You will

identify your interests with your husband's, give him a degree of liberty which will make other husbands envious and will never get over your gratitude to him for having married you without any help on your part.

KEY NUMBER 25

You are a darling, and if you are clever about it, your husband will never discover what you are not. Your type can lead a man by the nose and make him think that he is deciding everything for himself. Not that you do this—but you could if necessary. You know men by instinct and manage them by emotion. Helen of Troy was your sort, and so was Cleopatra. You do not need good looks, for men think you beautiful anyhow; nor need you work for wages, because men will give you everything they have. They may squeak as they empty their pockets, but they really enjoy it. Women like you make men strong and dependable.

KEY NUMBER 123

Your ideal of conduct for yourself is higher than your demand for others' conduct—which is fortunate. It would be hard for any man to be as perfect a husband as you wish to be a wife. You hitch your wagon to a star a long, long way off. But though you aim for Betelgeuse, hundreds of millions of miles away, you enjoy the fireflies too. Whenever you are disappointed in a man, you make for him excuses which you would never accept for yourself. When he brings you fifty-cent-a-pound candy, you remind yourself that he has a small salary. You want all good fortune for those you love and sometimes embarrass them by the unnecessary self-sacrifice with which you advance their interests. Don't wear yourself out making your Christmas present for your husband.

KEY NUMBER 124

You are a better lover than most women. A grand wife you are for a man who can stand up to your overwhelming adoration. He will not have to deserve your passionate admiration, but he must keep you persuaded that he is as madly in love with you after five years of marriage as he was after five days. You are able to forgive financial failure, sickness, bad temper, drunkenness and every other domestic rockiness, but never, never will you see anything but red if another woman attracts his attention. He'd better be wary, for you will not hesitate to tell the world how you feel. The straight and narrow path is the easier way for your husband's feet.

KEY NUMBER 125

The sort of wife you make depends upon the type of man you marry more than in most cases, because you have contradictory characteristics in yourself. You will want to give him a good deal of freedom, and yet you will have a tendency to resent his taking it. You like to have life pleasant and easy for everyone, and yet—excuse our speaking of a tiny, tiny flaw—you are not always able to subordinate your personal preferences to the general harmony. If the Archangel Michael does not happen to be your husband, you'd better choose the side of your nature which best accords with the ordinary angel you have been obliged to marry, and live wholly in that phase of your personality.

KEY NUMBER 134

You suffer so much over disasters which occur and take so many precautions against those which have not yet come that you are in danger of dragging your husband into your anxieties. When a husband refuses to cross bridges before they are in sight, a foreboding wife is likely to hold it up against him. She may even call him "irresponsible."

Your delight in other folks' happiness may prevent your casting the shadow of your worries on your husband's path.

KEY NUMBER 135

You worry so much about other people that it seems to you that you have the requisite of a good wife. As a matter of fact, worry never got any woman married or made a married woman's husband happy. If you could turn the energy you spend in anxiety onto doing something about it, you would be in less danger of nervous breakdowns. That last straw that broke the camel's back was not an additional chore but the expectation of a calamity. But though you expect your husband to share your worries, you do not make the demands which many wives consider legitimate. He can range and roam, and you will welcome him home at twilight.

KEY NUMBER 145

You have two sides to your nature, and one of them is so unusually nice that the other is obliged to tip the scale downward to keep the balance. The best development of your character will follow if you marry a man who brings out the finer side of your personality. It is extremely important that he be able to give you what you want, for you can't bear disappointments. Nevertheless you will stick to him even if your marriage turns out all "worse" and no "better." You are not the stuff from which flirts and divorcees are made.

KEY NUMBER 234

There are so many men who in the depths of their hearts prefer to associate with a woman who can stand on her own feet, that here's hoping you are married to one of them. You will never hold it up against a man when he doesn't settle arguments with his fist, and you will like him none the less if he asks your advice on buying real-estate or putting his money into steel. It will be best if you are a silent partner and let outsiders think you are a leaner rather than a help in time of need. If you tactfully admire your husband's fine qualities, he will forgive you for being his superior in a few lines.

KEY NUMBER 235

It would be a pity to waste a man who longs to make a soft nest for a woman on anyone so efficient as you. Your type gets along with great success either married or unmarried. If married, you are likely to be addressed as "Miss," if unmarried as "Mrs." You possess the rare combination of the good sportsmanship of a man and the intuitiveness of a woman, and the artist type of man would find with you the environment in which to develop his creative ability. If you realized how much you yourself need the tranquillity which you try to provide for others, you would ease up on the hard schedule you set yourself.

KEY NUMBER 245

You are the kind of woman who would allow her husband to give a necklace to another woman—but if your husband gave it without being allowed, that would be another story. People think—or will think—that you are not jealous, but you know yourself that you are. But since you will identify completely with your husband and look at the world through his eyes, you will see others as he sees them and will not get jealous when there is no cause for jealousy. You are the kind that surprises friends and relatives by getting along beautifully with your husband when they predicted disaster.

KEY NUMBER 345

You take life hard, and you will take marriage hard. Of course there will be plenty

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of times when everything will be like pink clouds on the skies of dawn, but there will be other times when you will get upset because the laundry is late or somebody just over the flu stopped and talked to the baby—or your husband. But you will get over these upsetting incidents, because you do not harbor grudges. Your husband will love you however much you bother him, and to be able to inspire a love that will stand strain is a quality worth having.

KEY NUMBER 1234

You appear on the surface to be an extremely easy person to get along with, but in reality you require of others as well as of yourself a standard which it is difficult to reach and impossible to maintain. Your husband is not going to be President of the United States, probably not even a member of Congress, so don't hold it up against him. You are so unselfish and plan so much for the other person that you do not take into account the fact that he may have other plans for himself than those you make for him. You not only make mountains out of such molehills as your husband's taking a cup of coffee that will keep him awake, or bringing his dreadfulest cousin home to dinner, but you also regard as molehills the discomforts that most women would consider mountains. You are a good sport in physical matters, but not in matters of the heart.

KEY NUMBER 1235

You are the Joan of Arc type. But Joan, you remember, was not married. Had she been, she would have put the spring house-cleaning before a walk for pussy willows with her husband, and stayed with the babies when he wished to go to motion pictures. If you marry, be careful that your satisfaction in being a perfect wife does not interfere with your husband's comfort. The conscious-

ness of dust under the bureau may make you a humbler woman. In case of financial strain, you are likely to get a job outside the home. If you earn a lot of money, you must guard against thinking you are imposed upon.

KEY NUMBER 1245

You are by nature fitted to be the wife of a man who has other interests than earning money, for you do not have to keep up with Lizzie, and you can enjoy coffee out of a cup which does not match the saucer. The things you will have to guard against are all on the emotional side. You have a tendency to be oversensitive to criticism from those you love, and at the same time you are not quite sensitive enough to their reactions to your criticism. You never forget that your husband is your husband, and you can take that remark as you like it. If your husband is listening to this, we may say for his benefit that if he isn't too touchy to let you run his affairs, you will run them to success.

KEY NUMBER 1345

You have a stronger hold on a husband than any other type of woman because he is convinced that you couldn't get along without him. He wonders who would fire the cook, stop the steam radiators banging, order the window-boxes or take you to the hospital if he wasn't around. The answer is simple—your second husband! For you can't get along without a husband around the house. But this necessary man gets on your nerves to such an extent that you are in danger of developing some neurotic symptom like talking in season and out of season, nervous headaches, or an illusion of martyrdom. Your weakness is your strongest weapon; be merciful. Remember that all husbands are alike, and it is a bother to replace one that gets worn out.

KEY NUMBER 2345

If you marry young, you will have no trouble adjusting yourself to marriage, for you have rather a masculine attitude toward life. The later you marry, the more difficult it will be for you to let your husband do things that a sensible adult shouldn't do—like dropping peanut shells down the back of the davenport. Nevertheless, you would make on the whole such a darn' good wife that it is a pity for you not to try your hand at matrimony. Shipwrecked on a raft at sea, you would be incomparable. Faced with the news that your husband had three children by a former marriage which he had forgotten to mention to you, you would act with a large-mindedness that would outdo the noblest heroine of modern fiction. But for heaven's sake, do let the man go without his rubbers if he wants to.

KEY NUMBER 12345

You can be quite happy single, so you may decide not to marry. If you do marry, make up your mind first that your husband is going to have plenty of faults and that you are going to notice them, for you are not the kind of woman who will ever fool herself into believing that a man pushing a lawn-mower looks like Sir Galahad. Because you face the facts, you learned early to put up with life as it is, and will not blame your husband because he is unable to take you to Jasper National Park for the summer. Your trouble may be that you will expect him to face the facts too, whether or not he is by temperament a fact-facer. But once you have made up your mind that he will probably keep on to eternity preferring his eggs boiled ten minutes instead of three and a half,—which everyone knows is correct,—you will join forces with him against the world and undoubtedly will make a big success of your marriage.

MURDER IN THE STORM

(Continued from page 45)

"Fred says you are a detective."

"That's right, a lieutenant."

"I suppose you'll have to turn in a report about Alice being shot."

"Yes." Valcour continued to smile at Vera with impersonal friendliness. "And about who shot her."

VERA snapped open a jeweled lighter and touched its flame to a cigarette. She inhaled deeply and then let the smoke curl in lazy drifts toward the ceiling.

"Harry Beaudrez shot her," she said.

"That," said Lieutenant Valcour after a moment's pause during which he had forgotten to smile, "is most convenient."

Vera inspected the word from every angle before repeating it.

"Convenient?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Hurme. It obviates the unpleasantness, the very great local publicity there would be were it one of the family. Who is he?"

"Harry Beaudrez? He's the milkman."

"Beach Baby"

A vivid and vital love-story of today, by a writer whose own youth accents her understanding of an exceptionally attractive heroine. Watch for it in an early issue.

By Dorothy Dow

She added, almost angrily: "It's a dairy farm, really. He owns it. It's a lot of nonsense. He's got enough money to live like a gentleman, but he messes around with a lot of cows and—" She stopped suddenly. "He and Alice are doing that idiotic thing they call, up here, 'going together.'"

"Then it was a lovers' quarrel?"

"Yes."

"He was calling on her this evening, perhaps?"

"They'd been out together, to a dance."

"Not a distant one, surely, on a night like this! Dr. Harlan was forced to leave his car in a drift on the Mason's Forks road. We came the rest of the way on foot."

"The dance was just down at the Corners," said Vera shortly.

"And Mr. Beaudrez walked back here with her? Mrs. Hurme, do you know when?"

"About half-past ten."

"Rather early for a dance to break up, wasn't it?"

"They'd had a quarrel. She told me so."

"Oh, you saw her when she came in."

"Yes, in the kitchen. I always eat something before going to bed."

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR had no objection to a good liar, but he hated a silly one. A silly lie was always such an insult to its receiver's intelligence. It wasn't half an hour ago since Mrs. Hurme had called Dr. Harlan up and at that time there had been, according to her telephoned statement, no gun. Now, it seemed, there was not only a gun but a definite motive for the possessor having pulled the trigger. Valcour decided to follow his usual policy and make no immediate comment. Mrs. Hurme could lie as much and for as long as she pleased.

There were, inversely, any number of important things one could learn from lies: one simply inverted the statement and occasionally arrived at the truth. In the present instance Mrs. Hurme had patently decided that some person who was not a member of the family must be believed to have fired the shot, whereas she either felt, or had some definite knowledge, that the reverse was true.

There was also the convenient and not impossible theory that she had fired it herself. A whole thousand avenues for conjecture radiated pleasantly for Valcour from that single focal-point of the shot.

"Was Mr. Beaudrez in the kitchen too?" he said.

"No, Alice came in alone."

"Then Mr. Beaudrez wasn't inside the house at all?"

"No."

Lieutenant Valcour refused to appear quite so stupid.

"But isn't your premise a bit contradictory, Mrs. Hurme?"

"No. He shot her, you see, from outside—through the opened front door."

It was thoroughly bewildering, Valcour reflected hastily.

"Tell me of this strange occurrence, step by step," he said.

"From the time Alice got back?"

"From the first moment you saw her after she got back."

"Well, she let herself in by the front door and came back into the kitchen. She had to bank the stove before going to bed. She told me she and Harry had quarreled, which is why she left the dance so early."

"Even at the expense of appearing like a fishmonger's wife, Mrs. Hurme, I am curious

to know what they quarreled about—if she told you."

"She certainly did. We talked it over—it wasn't as if I could help it—"

ABRUPTLY Vera stopped. Valcour was interested in the sudden flush that crept up her face.

"Yes," he suggested gently.

"Well—she didn't say anything definite, really; all she told me was that she'd slapped him. Does it matter?"

"Not right away, Mrs. Hurme. We must admit of course that a slap is a rather mild incentive for an attempt at murder, unless it's the culminating point, the physical period-mark to a whole series of disturbing things. By the way, how does it happen that Mr. Beaudrez would have a gun? We're so many miles to eastward of the country where they're supposed to carry them to dances and check them at the door."

"Why, he must have had a gun," Vera looked for the first time directly at Valcour, and her eyes were consciously possessive. "Otherwise," she added, "he couldn't have shot her."

It was divinely simple. Valcour had the uncomfortable feeling that, had he been thirty years younger, beneath the practiced battery of Vera's look it would have seemed the most natural thing in the world for black to be white.

"Just so," he said. "And after banking the fire?"

"We talked for a minute or two. She was warming herself by the stove."

"Had she taken off her coat and things?"

"Yes. She keeps them on a hanger in the kitchen. She showed me a small tear in her dress where the chiffon was ripped at the shoulder. I'd only worn it a couple of times, too."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hurme?"

Vera stirred a little beneath the momentary sharpness in his tone.

"It's a dress I gave her yesterday afternoon," she said.

Lieutenant Valcour's mind darted swiftly along a conjectural avenue that was rather shocking.

"What was its color, Mrs. Hurme?"

"Green—jade green. I thought it would go well with my hair, but it didn't. It's supposed to," she added petulantly.

"Did Alice have to alter it much to make it fit?"

Vera was frankly bored. She liked her men to talk like men, not dressmakers.

"We wear the same size," she said. "Have a drink?"

"Thank you."

Vera, with the ease of a young animal, got up from the sleepy-hollow chair.

"Was it in this room you found her, Mrs. Hurme?"

"Yes, lying at the foot of the stairs."

THAT would be, Valcour noted, directly in line with the front door. He stood for an instant on the spot Vera had indicated, and then looked up. The curving stairs left a large well. Its handrail along the upper hall was plainly visible. The shot could have been fired as easily from up there as from the direction of the front door.

"Why would the front door be open, Mrs. Hurme?"

"We air the house out every night before locking up. It gets stuffy if you don't, and sometimes there's the smell of coal-gas if the wind's in the west."

"I wonder why Miss Tribreau wasn't found right by the door. Was the door open when you did find her?"

"No, it was closed."

"Then you think that after she was shot, she closed the door, took a few steps toward the stairs, and fell?"

"Yes. Help me get some ice."

"Did she cry out?"

"I didn't hear her. . . . Look out for this step going down into the kitchen."

They went to an electric refrigerator and Vera opened its door. She tried to lift out one of the trays of ice cubes.

"These trays always stick," she said. "See if you can pry it."

She leaned quite closely against him as he pried at the ice tray. There was nothing subtle about the perfume she used; nor was there, Valcour reflected, anything subtle about her methods. Her proper habitat was the jungle. Where, he wondered as the tray continued to stick, could he find a jungle. It came loose with that startling suddenness which comprises the sense of humor of ice-trays. Vera took it to the sink, turned on the hot water, and loosed the cubes. Her fingers were over-supple and their end joints bent backwards unpleasantly.

"I like my whisky straight," she said, "but I suppose you will want water. Most people do."

Lieutenant Valcour expressed a preference for water.

"Were you very long here in the kitchen after Miss Tribreau went into the house?" he said.

"I finished a sandwich and a piece of cake. Here's how!"

"How!" he responded.

SHE swallowed her pony of whisky and rinsed the glass out. Valcour took a precautionary sniff and then a sip. It was very good.

"Some of Eddie's stuff?" he said.

"Yes."

"I get mine from him too."

"He's dearer, but you get what you ordered."

"That's my main reason for liking him. It's always such a refreshing surprise. The first day or two I was up here they used to bring me heaven-knows-what. How did you happen to find Miss Tribreau?"

"I stumbled against her."

"Then it was dark?"

"Yes."

"No light at all?"

"Just from upstairs."

"You had turned them out down below, I suppose."

"There was only one—the one in the corner by the radio. Say, Chicago ought to be coming through pretty—" Vera stopped suddenly and then said: "Have another, Mr. Valcour?"

"Not just now, thank you, Mrs. Hurme. I wonder whether we could arrange the lights inside just as they were when you left the kitchen."

Vera looked at him steadily for a moment. "Aren't you going to an awful lot of trouble, Mr. Valcour?"

"You have no idea," he said pleasantly, "the amount of trouble I am going to, Mrs. Hurme."

She blocked the dining-room doorway for a while, leaning almost indolently back against its frame. But it wasn't indolence. Valcour felt that it was a very conscious pose. Then she said, "Why?"

"Well," he said, "it's my job."

"But I've told you what happened. Why don't you go and arrest Harry Beaudrez?"

He sensed it again: an enigmatic undercurrent in the very casualness of the question. It was, he thought, a curious combination of vindictiveness and fear.

"Because, Mrs. Hurme, it happened to stop snowing tonight at a quarter of ten."

Chapter Four

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR, as Vera looked directly at him, felt the play of a sultry sort of fear in her eyes.

"What's the snow got to do with it?" she said.



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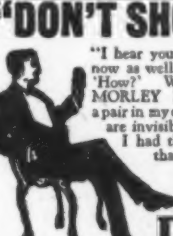
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"Shall I show you?"
 "Why—yes."
 "You'll need a wrap."
 "We're going outside?"
 "Just on the porch for a moment."
 "Then I won't need any."

THERE was nothing further said until they stood on the front porch facing the somber below-zero night. There were no stars or moon; nothing showed but black outlines of leafless locust trees, vague against the curious effulgent quality of the earth deep carpeted in snow.

Lieutenant Valcour held a powerful flashlight in his hand. He directed its beam along the path that stretched from the porch to the road.

"You can see, Mrs. Hurme, that there are three sets of tracks. When Dr. Harlan and I arrived here there was only one."

"Yes? It is cold, isn't it—must we stand outside here?"

"Why are you trying to fight off an unavoidable conclusion, Mrs. Hurme?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Valcour."

"And I am quite certain that you do. The set of tracks which we found were undoubtedly made by Alice Tribeau. At my suggestion when we reached here, Dr. Harlan and I made a careful study of the ground, and on all the surfaces of the snow—that which covered the roadway, the walk, the lawns, the path which leads to the house—there was nothing but smoothness, except for the single trail where Miss Tribeau had walked. From a quarter to ten, when the snow stopped falling, until a good half hour after the shooting occurred, no person approached, passed, or was near this house with the exception of the woman who was shot. Just what is it that you want me to believe, Mrs. Hurme?"

"Why—it's simple, isn't it, Mr. Valcour?"

"Quite simple, Mrs. Hurme."

"I was sure you'd see it. It's just that Alice must have lied."

Valcour shrugged his shoulders. Vera preceded him inside. She closed and locked the door.

"So you see, Mrs. Hurme," he said as he crossed to the fireplace, "the shot was fired from inside the house."

Vera went to a humidor and took a cigarette. She lighted it and again chose the sleepy-hollow chair. Even its lines could not make her appear quite thoroughly at ease.

"Suppose it was?" she said.

"It is a fact, not a supposition."

"For heaven's sake," she blazed, "don't you start being smug!"

Valcour was genuinely startled.

"I'm sorry, I'm sure—did I say something that offended you?"

"It's nothing you said. It was your manner. I've lived," Vera concluded fiercely, "with smugness for one solid year."

VALCOUR felt that his skates were gliding out upon the thinnest possible sort of ice.

"Your temperament would naturally revolt at smugness."

"Mr. Valcour, you don't know what I've been through."

His voice was very sympathetic, very quiet.

"Tell me," he said.

"It's stupid—stupid—stupid!"

"What is stupid, Mrs. Hurme?"

"This life up here—this lousy get-up-in-the-morning-at-eight, eat-three-times and go-to-bed-at-ten life up here."

Vera cried easily. She started to cry now.

She wasn't noisy about it; even her breathing continued to be regular; it was just that tears filled her eyes and started trickling down her cheeks. They left little parchment-colored paths in her make-up. Valcour had seen many women cry, and it had little effect upon him at all; it was only when

men cried that he felt seriously disturbed. As for tears of self-pity, they were never affecting and rarely were they beautiful; certainly they were neither in the case of Mrs. Hurme.

"Do cry," he said gently. "You will feel so much better for it."

It had, as he expected, the instant effect of drying her tears.

"I'm not going to stand it much longer," she said.

"Perhaps you are going away?"

"You bet I am going away."

Lieutenant Valcour carefully lighted a cigarette.

"Alone, Mrs. Hurme?"

"Quite alone, Mr. Valcour."

"I see."

Vera became irritably petulant. "You don't see at all. You can't. No one can understand how I feel about things, except me."

She grew intimately confidential, leaning toward him across the arm of her chair, her eyes curiously alive, even though they were shaded from the lamplight. "This house is a prison."

"A prison, Mrs. Hurme?"

Her voice, even in a whisper, held certain harsh qualities of tone.

"And there's a jailer," she went on. "That old man upstairs—Will's father—he's the jailer."

Of course she was being absurdly melodramatic, but Valcour felt that she wasn't being so deliberately; there was a genuine naturalness apparent.

"Your nerves are undoubtedly a little on edge," he said.

"They're not. I know exactly what I'm saying. I mean exactly what I say. I wish he was dead."

"Mrs. Hurme!"

Her face became almost mottled under the intensity of her emotion.

"I wish," she repeated steadily, "that he was dead."

FROM the head of the stairs Dr. Harlan called down:

"Oh, Mr. Valcour—"

Both of them started abruptly. Valcour felt the guilty sensation that Dr. Harlan's voice had dragged him back from the brink of some unescapable conspiracy; the moment had held the enervatingly hypnotic qualities of nightmare.

"Yes, Dr. Harlan?" he answered.

Dr. Harlan remained standing well up on the stairs.

"If you care to come up and see Miss Tribeau—she is not conscious, but there are certain things that may be of help to you."

"You will pardon me for a moment, Mrs. Hurme?"

"Of course, Mr. Valcour." She caught his arm as he passed, and deliberately drew his face down to hers. "You'll say nothing of what I just said?"

He felt a wave of repugnance from her physical nearness. Beneath the heady scent of her perfume were strata, forces—very definite for all their invisibility, quite patent even in their obscurity. . . .

"Nothing, Mrs. Hurme."

She squeezed his arm. He imagined that her fingertips were hot.

"I knew you were a gentleman," she said softly.

It was so sickeningly common, so at variance with every quality which one had a right to expect in the mistress of this gentle, charming house. Her fingers still lingered on his arm as he moved away from her, slid along until they could no longer touch him.

It was several steps before he felt himself freed from the physical field that was set up about her. He turned and faced her again as he reached the stairs.

"I would prefer it if you would come up with us, Mrs. Hurme. I do not like the thought of your being down here alone."

Vera basked for a moment luxuriantly in the pleasure of having hooked a new fish.

"Why?" she said.

"Because," said Valcour, "there is some person in this house whose purpose it was, and perhaps still is, to kill a woman."

Chapter Five

DR. HARLAN was profoundly shocked.

"What on earth do you mean?" he said. "And why should it affect Vera?"

"My mind," said Lieutenant Valcour, not a little pedantically, "is like a curious animal. It leaps of its own strange volition upon conclusions. I only hope that in the present instance it has taken a bad jump."

"But you must have reasons."

"That is just what I tell my mind all the time, but it rarely has. Let us go and see Miss Tribeau."

He stood aside to permit Vera to precede him up the stairs. She passed him, vibrant. Life was again vitalized for her. Two men—Fred, Mr. Valcour—one to be shoved into the discard, the other to be brought into play to her advantage. Her passage down the hallway was like an indolent comet with fresh fires added to its tail.

The maid's room was empty except for Alice.

"Will must have gone," Dr. Harlan said. "Probably to his father. Mr. Hurme is very anxious about Alice's condition. I'm glad we could tell him she'll get over it all right."

"Will I undress her?" Vera said.

"No; it's best not to disturb her. Later, when she wakes up, maybe you'll help her, Vera?"

"All right, Fred."

"Did you find the bullet, Dr. Harlan?"

Valcour said.

Dr. Harlan took a little lead pellet from his pocket and handed it over. Valcour glanced at it, then dropped it into a pocket of his own.

"An automatic, caliber .25, I should say," he said. "Could you determine its course, Doctor?"

"Yes. Something funny happened. Have you ever noticed, Valcour, that lots of funny things happen sometimes when people get shot?"

Valcour smiled. "One is always reading about a watch or a metal cigarette-case fortuitously saving a person's life," he said.

"How did you guess? In this case it was a cut steel buckle. You can see where it's dented and chipped, where the bullet glanced off. It hit the buckle and glanced off into the flesh just below the left shoulder-blade. I found it imbedded right under the surface. The buckle took almost the whole force of the blow. Can you beat that?"

"Not immediately," said Valcour pleasantly.

"And where would you say that the shot had been fired from? Above—below—on a level?"

"It's hard to tell, the buckle deflected it so; but it looks as if it was fired from somewhere above her, and that's nonsense."

"Not necessarily."

"Of course it's nonsense. There wasn't anybody upstairs at the time but Mr. Hurme and Will."

VALCOUR did not press the point.

"When will Alice Tribeau be able to talk?" he said.

"Not for an hour or two, at least. I've given her a mild opiate, as her nerves were all shot."

"Didn't she recover consciousness at all?"

"Oh, yes. She started talking wildly, so I gave her an opiate."

"I am sorry I wasn't here."

"Well, I couldn't leave her to call you, and Will was busy just then, getting some water."

"Do you remember anything she said?"

"Not much. I didn't pay much attention. She kept repeating, mostly, 'That terrible sound—that terrible sound!' And then she started weeping hysterically. Nothing made sense."

Dr. Harlan turned about now to face Vera, who had been standing apart from them near the door. She wasn't there. "Vera's gone," he said.

"To her own room, do you think?"

Valcour's tone was quite sharp.

"I don't know. She could have."

"Where is it?"

"You go down the hall, and it's the farthest room on the right. Shall I show you?"

Valcour shook his head.

"No—stay here, please, until things are more straightened out. Have you a gun?"

"Good Lord, no—why?"

"Because there are types of killers who like to finish their jobs."

Dr. Harlan adjusted his voice to a lower key; his words were barely audible.

"Tell me, Valcour, just what you are driving at. You've been hinting about things, about Vera. How does Vera figure in this?"

"Your knowledge of the household is more intimate than mine, Doctor. My hints, as you call them, have been warnings. I am sorry if they have been distasteful to you. We must pull together, you and I. We cannot afford to have spats." Valcour in a singularly negative way became very impressive.

"We have found four people, here in this house—two men and two women. I am being childishly explicit in the picture I am attempting to draw because it must, in just such simplicity, be kept clearly and constantly before us. One of the two women has been shot. She wore a dress belonging to the other woman and was, when fired at, in an uncertain light. She is not unlike the other woman in build. That, Doctor, is all we know. I'll go into more detail with you later. Just now I want to locate Mrs. Hurme and search the house."

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR left the room. He walked thoughtfully along the shadowed hall. He paused by the well railing and looked down the curving stairs. It could have been from about here, he thought, that the shot had been fired. Along the wall at his left were four doors. Farther on to the right, beyond the head of the stairs, was another. They were all closed, and he felt alone among well-guarded and unpleasant secrets. He wanted to meet Mr. Hurme, and yet was consciously delaying from doing so. He knew that he was going to admire Mr. Hurme, and that Mr. Hurme wouldn't care in the slightest whether he was admired or not.

The door beyond him to the right opened, and Vera came into the hall. The traces of tears were removed from her make-up. She held between her fingers a half-eaten piece of nougat. She finished it, licked her fingers, and wiped them on a handkerchief.

"Sleuthing?" she said.

Valcour smiled pleasantly. "I foolishly left my magnifying-glass in the car."

"Do you really want one?"

"Heavens, no; I think a crystal globe would be more appropriate."

She smiled.

"I'm glad you're not taking all this too seriously."

"Do not misunderstand me, Mrs. Hurme. I am taking it seriously."

"Well, if Harry Beaudrez didn't do it, who do you think did?"

Her tone was flip, but nervously so. It was a flippancy that functioned automatically, like a machine whose momentum carries it forward after the power has been shut off. She was a woman, Valcour decided, curiously devoid of brakes. She came slowly toward him, drifting through the uncertain light of

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the hall. She had changed her dress to a loose tea-gown that just escaped being a negligee.

"Who do you think did it?" she asked again.

"Some one who is still in the house, Mrs. Hurme."

Her eyes remained shaded beneath blackened lashes. Her voice became barely audible.

"You don't think it was Will, do you?" she said.

"Do you?"

"Well—he's been very nice to Alice."

"In that case, why should he shoot her?" inquired Valcour.

He wanted to go away from Vera. It was unpleasant to be near her; but it was necessary to be near her.

"Well, she might have refused to be nice to him."

"I prefer to think," said Valcour carefully, "that there is an intruder in the house. I am going to look. I hope very sincerely, Mrs. Hurme, that I shall find one."

"I'll come with you."

Valcour shrugged. After all, he felt convinced that there would be little danger while he was with her. And he decided to be with her for a while, to catch as they emerged the little schemes that were mulled about in artfulness behind the sharp mask of her face.

"Let us start in with the attic," he said.

THEY went back down the hall and through a doorway that opened at the foot of a steep flight of stairs. It was pitch dark. Valcour snapped on his flashlight and shot the beam upward. The circle of its light came to rest on rafters dripping with cobwebs.

It was very quiet here. With each step, as he mounted, the hush became more absolute. The stair well was on a level with the attic floor. As his head came above it, he flashed the beam of his torch around. It tore the darkness into protesting shapes—discarded furniture, some trunks, many boxes—an age-old litter that had settled to permanent rest and seemed curiously inimical at intrusion. Vera had reached the step beside him.

"There's no one here," she said.

Her voice was muffled in the deadness of the attic air.

"We shall see."

Valcour, stepping softly, moved his flashlight about among dark bulked shapes. He neglected nothing, not even the trunks, the lids of which he raised.

"No," he said, "there is no one here."

She was seated on the top step, and motioned him to join her.

"You didn't fool me when you looked in those trunks. You weren't looking for a man."

"No, Mrs. Hurme?"

"No." Vera drew a little closer to him. "You were looking for the gun."

HE snapped off his flashlight and darkness rushed past them from the attic. Below them, at the foot of the stairs, the hall doorway was an oblong box of dull light. Valcour had a curious feeling as he looked directly at Vera that her eyes caught and held whatever glow there was. He did not answer her immediately. He wanted the impressionable quality of the silence, the still, dead air, and the black enigmatic spaces about them to become a mood. A mood, he hoped, of fear. For different personalities there were different solvents, intangible fluids that would dissolve the outer husk and leave the real person exposed. And for the cold shallow woman beside him he felt that the proper solvent was fear.

She was similar and yet different from that other woman with whom, once, he had conversed in an attic—Mrs. Endicott. She was as different, so far as surfaces go, as velvet

is from cotton, but linking them was that same underlying (he disliked the word, but there was none other so apt) animalism. He tuned his voice so that it was just a shade above the stillness itself.

"Let us forget the gun for a moment," he said. "The concrete substances of any crime are available to diligent search. It is the motivating impulse that must be groped for, as a man in the darkness of an unfamiliar chamber will grope for some door that will lead him to the light. Let us take this opportunity, Mrs. Hurme, while we are utterly alone. Shortly I must join the others—interview your husband and his father—and I feel that you can help me."

The glow down in the hall doorway held a certain fascination for Vera; it was gently hypnotic.

"In what way?" she said. "I've told you all I know."

VALCOUR took six quick mental steps to the left and approached his objective at a tangent.

"You and I, Mrs. Hurme, are in a strangely similar position. In a measure we are both of us outsiders. We are of the city, cast in its mold, and time or absence will never quite efface that form. We look upon things differently, and just where that difference lies is a difficult thing to determine. We cannot take any single state, such as sophistication, and hold it up as an example, for the country has its sophisticates too. They possess the same machinery for human behavior that we possess. It is rather in the reactions and in the viewpoints that the differences lie. In other words, what might seem morally shocking to a native might appear inconsequential to us; and yet we have our morals, and when they are outraged, we are genuinely shocked. The reverse, too, is true. They will do things up here that astonish us, and yet they will think little about it. We are and always shall be of a different world."

Vera was only vaguely conscious of what Valcour was driving at, but it sounded flattering. She began to feel that here was some one who would understand her, and whom she could really talk to.

"I'll say we are," she said. "You've no idea all I've had to put up with. The simplest thing—"

"Such as—"

"Well, take the case of Higgy—Higgy's an army officer down at the post: He didn't mean a thing to me, really. He was just an outlet. Will punched him in the jaw. I've got to have outlets. If I didn't have outlets, I'd die."

"Purely Platonic," murmured Valcour.

"That's it—I was about to say it: Higgy and I were Platonic, nothing else."

Valcour searched frantically in his memory and went the whole hog. "A jug of wine, a book of verse—something about beneath the bough—and thou— Was that it, Mrs. Hurme?"

Vera wanted to be quite frank and meticulous. The conversation was so very elevating. "Well," she said, "if you accept the book-of-verse part as symbolical—"

"Oh, that part is always accepted as symbolical."

"All my friendships have always been Platonic and symbolical."

"And your husband hasn't quite understood?"

"Will?" Vera laughed metallically.

"Of course it is only natural he should be jealous," Valcour observed.

She became quite serious. Her voice was very cold, very hard. "I wouldn't mind that," she said. "I'd like it if he was jealous. He isn't jealous. He hasn't any feelings. He acts as if I hadn't any feelings. He despises me."

Valcour felt a fleeting sense of pity for her. No matter how bad anybody was, he

reflected, that person could be hurt and made unhappy.

"I am sorry if you feel like that."

"He wasn't a minor when I married him," Vera said with a peculiarly bitter emphasis. "He was thirty, in his right mind, and I didn't force him to do it at the point of a gun. I didn't have to," she added almost negligently.

"Naturally not, Mrs. Hurme."

LOOKING at Valcour sharply, she said: "He loved me."

"But with marriage—" Valcour's gesture suggested any number of eye-openings.

Vera clung to her point. "It wasn't marriage that made him stop loving me. It was living up here in this dead place. That's what did it. We'd have been all right if we'd stayed in the city, as I said."

"You and your husband met in the city?" Valcour asked casually.

"No; we met up here—at a camp." Vera became vague. "I was up this way on a trip," she said.

"A whirlwind courtship?"

"Call it that."

"And one that you now regret?"

"Regret? Say, if I could clear out with a stake! I mean by that— You mustn't take me serious, Mr.—"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Hurme. You and I are both of us people of the world."

Vera leaped for the loophole.

"And we look at things like people of the world, don't we, Mr. Valcour?"

"Of course we do, Mrs. Hurme. It is only natural that you should want some understanding—some settlement, let us say—before relinquishing the not unenviable post of mistress of this household. You wish," he ended succinctly, "to stay intrenched until the articles of surrender have been safely signed."

Vera tapped Lieutenant Valcour emphatically upon the knee. "And you can believe me that until they are signed this baby is going to watch her step! I wasn't born yesterday."

"Well, almost yesterday."

Vera giggled.

"I like you," she said.

"I know you do," he agreed. "Otherwise you wouldn't have confided in me the way you have."

"We're going to be friends."

Valcour gently amended the prophecy.

"We are going," he said, "to know each other very well indeed."

"You understand me much better than Fred does. I'm sick of Fred."

"Fred?"

"Yes—Dr. Harlan. Of course, there was nothing between us—not even Platonic. It was just professional. You know—patients always confide in their doctors."

"You have been ill, Mrs. Hurme?"

SHE became impatient. "Not sick, as you mean. It's my nerves. Fred's been treating my nerves, and naturally I've had to tell him all that's been bothering me. I'd tell him everything, even my dreams."

"And, as you suggested, he didn't understand?"

"He did. It's his wife who didn't. Don't you think that doctors' wives are naturally suspicious?"

Valcour thought of Mrs. Harlan, of the brief knowledge he had of her—a woman without a background, but a woman who formed one for others. She had always struck him as looking prematurely old, her black bobbed hair an ungainly anachronism. He had a healthy respect for that type of negatively silent woman. They were, in crises, capable of anything. He could easily picture Mrs. Harlan as coming to Will Hurme, or even to the elder Mr. Hurme, and demanding that he stop Vera from alienating her husband.

"Has Mrs. Harlan said anything to that effect?" he asked.

"Heavens, no. We're the best of friends. But I know. A woman always knows," she ended sententiously.

"Intuition," said Valcour politely.

"A woman's intuition."

"Well, I wish your intuition would pick a more likely person than Harry Beaudrez for having shot Miss Tribeau. Than Harry Beaudrez," Valcour ended thoughtfully, "or your husband."

"I'd forgotten all about that." Vera looked at him obliquely. "About Alice being shot." Her hand reached out again. This time it lingered on his knee. "Couldn't we drop it?" she said. "Couldn't the shooting stay unexplained—just unexplained and accidental?"

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Hurme. And certainly not while the slightest chance remains that the person for whom the shot was intended is you."

HER fingers tightened on his kneecap. The idea was revolutionary. She had always pictured the obverse side of things, with their reverse a negligible blank. That there should also be a design on the back!

"Why that?" she said.

Valcour shrugged. "The mechanics themselves suggest it. Alice Tribeau wore your dress—one that had only been given to her during the afternoon. Did anyone know you had given it to her?"

Vera's "No" was mechanical. She was stepping carefully through sudden and intricate marshes.

"There you are," said Valcour. "She is of similar build to you—there was little light—barely enough, in all probability, for the person with the gun to take his aim. What shall we think, Mrs. Hurme? Is there no one of whom you know who would be eager to have you dead?"

The fingers contracted like a vise; her "Yes" was more a sharp intaking of breath than a word; and Valcour smiled grimly in the darkness. Mrs. Hurme was beginning to be afraid.

Chapter Six

IN the darkness Vera's fingers continued to cling, as if, on Valcour's knee, they found a makeshift anchorage against the force of unexpected and menacing winds. Her mind, in sickening circles, revolved about the feeling of lead ripping into flesh—into her flesh. Will—Mr. Hurme—they stood before her mentally; she imagined them looking up at her with distorted and unfamiliar features from the dim doorway at the foot of the steep dark stairs. The picture was incomplete. In the hand of one of them there should be a gun. Vera could not visualize the gun—which hand should hold it. Her voice was ineffective, dry—

"In the morning," she said, "I'm going away."

"That may not be necessary, Mrs. Hurme."

"I don't want to be shot. You said I'd be shot."

"I outlined a possible theory, Mrs. Hurme. By morning I hope we will be in possession of facts. Remember, I am not accusing anyone. My viewpoint is that of the most impartial of observers. It is simply that we must be on the alert for any eventualities, until a definite solution is reached."

"But you said," Vera repeated almost automatically, "I'd be shot."

Valcour made no comment for a moment. He felt her growing uneasiness and impatience. She wanted to get away from this dark and muffled place. The mood for any dalliance had passed, and he doubted whether it would return. The contact that had been established between them was evaporating. She was drawing away from him into some

"I don't believe you'll ever grow old"



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private and special retreat where she could arrange the scattered forces of her mind and concentrate them upon a new and disturbing chance.

"I could also say that an equal possibility exists that you fired the shot at Alice Tribeau yourself," he said quietly.

Vera came back to him with a rush. Her voice was like a cold hard battlement raised between them.

"Why should I?"

"Jealousy, Mrs. Hurme."

"Of Will?"

He waited until the last sound of her unpleasant laugh had sunk into the stillness.

"Not of your husband, Mrs. Hurme—of Harry Beaudrez."

HE sensed the sudden stiffening of her body and waited curiously to see what manner of expression her reaction would take. She would probably slap his face and order him out of the house. . . . But the slap didn't come at once, so he knew it wouldn't come at all. She stood up and looked down at him, a slim black shadow almost lost in dusk. He could not see her eyes, but he knew they were staring at him beneath lowered lashes.

"Who told you about that?"

"You did, Mrs. Hurme."

"You lie."

Valcour stood up so that his eyes were on a level with Vera's. He was punctiliously impersonal.

"You told me when you refused to state the cause of the quarrel between Alice Tribeau and young Beaudrez. You were the cause of that quarrel, Mrs. Hurme."

"You heard—" Vera stopped abruptly. "You couldn't have heard. You weren't there." She conceded his point almost with indifference. "Well, what of it? I can't be held responsible for the emotions of the milkman."

"No one is holding you responsible, Mrs. Hurme. Remember, please, that we are still only dealing in theory."

Vera's voice grew momentarily shrill. "You're just like everybody else. You want to insult me because you've heard a lot of nasty gossip and think you can get away with it."

"I don't see why you feel insulted," Valcour said pleasantly. "If you've dazzled the milkman, you ought to feel flattered. I've always thought it took a remarkably early bird to dazzle one. They're reputed to be doing their jobs while beauty sleeps."

Vera removed a few guns from her defense armament.

"Well," she said, "he's naturally seen me about."

FROM the hallway below, a set of Westminster chimes began to announce with carefully hesitant tones that the hour was midnight.

The two stood quite still, listening to the chimes and staring down at the dim empty doorway, peopling it as a stage with casts from their private dreams. Valcour saw Will and a mental projection of the woman beside him. Between Will and Vera was a gap, filled with a figure he had still to meet, Mr. Hurme. . . . Vera also saw many things: a succession of bitter faces of

embittered men, with here and there the raw, almost indecent misery of disillusioned youth; but most decisively of all she saw a small vermilion-lacquered box. There was an odd barrel-shaped lock on the box, and for the lock there was a curious double key. For a startlingly disagreeable moment she saw a hand fitting the double key into the lock and opening the box. The hand belonged to Lieutenant Valcour. . . . The chimes were over, and the hours, as if impatient at the long delay, raced through one to twelve.

"Are we going to stay here all night?" she said.

Valcour sensed a definite purpose behind her impatience.

"Let us continue searching the house," he said.

"I'll wait in my room."

He looked at her curiously. "You've lost interest in the chase?"

"Have you any objections to my going to my room?"

"Of course not, Mrs. Hurme."

She preceded him down the stairs and into the half-light of the hall. It was empty, but Valcour had the definite impression that some one had just left it.

"They light this place like a tomb," Vera said. "I suppose it's art, but it's really nothing but a cheap trick to save electricity."

"There are no servants in the house other than the maid Alice Tribeau, are there, Mrs. Hurme?"

"No. A man comes during the day for the furnace and odd jobs, and a woman comes in to cook. There's a laundress comes once a week. They all live near by."

They had reached the door of her room. Vera stood with her back to it, one hand on its knob. She made no effort to conceal her impatience for Valcour to go. Her irritation was mounting out of all control.

"Is this the only door to your room, Mrs. Hurme?"

"There's one that opens into my bath-
room."

"Is there any other exit from the bathroom except into your room?"

"No."

"Can you lock this hall door?"

"Yes."

"Then do."

He could not quite understand her smile.

"I always do," she said.

VERA opened the door and went inside.

She closed the door and her fingers, shaking with impatience, turned the large old-fashioned key. It normally worked smoothly, but her haste made it stick a little. Finally the bolt shot home, and she gave the key a forceful jerk. The key came out of the lock, and she threw it viciously down on the floor. The metal, as it struck the painted boards, made an emphatic sound in the night's stillness.

There was nothing unnatural about the stillness. It was always there, but Vera had never got used to it, and always remained conscious of it. The wind had risen, and its steady drone through the leafless branches of near-by locusts penetrated faintly through the night-blackened glass of the small square-paned windows. The monotonous puffing of an engine on the tracks one mile to westward played irritably on her nerves, and she felt that if the dreadful harrowing lonesomeness of its whistle were added, she would scream.

Vera went to the lamps and turned them on. The room blazed garishly and harshly white as she added a cluster of ceiling lights to the glow. She stood for a moment quite still in the center of the room. Her eyes were fastened speculatively on the small vermilion-lacquered Chinese box standing on the bureau. It was too obvious, she decided—much. And detectives nowadays always looked in obvious places first because (her

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reading had told her) they weren't expected to. She couldn't very well keep the letters hidden in her dress. There were too many.

Her eyes strayed toward the fireplace where logs and kindling were ready laid on the hearth. She could burn the letters; but she didn't want to burn them. Maybe she could burn some that weren't worth much. Maybe if she only kept a dozen of them it would be enough.

She opened one of the bureau drawers and took the curious double key from under some slips. She unlocked the lacquered box and carried it to a chair drawn up before the fireplace. She scratched a match and lighted the kindling, and the sharp crackle of the flames sounded distinct and clear in the absolute hush of the house.

SHE took several packages of letters from the lacquered box. Each package was tied with thin white string. She selected one at random. The snap of the breaking string was as clear, almost, as a shot.

Her eyes brooded sullenly on a letter in her hand. It wasn't so much a letter as it was a face: a weakly pugnacious face with heavy-lidded, dissipated eyes that had always been a bit bloodshot, and with a conspicuous use of pungent talcum powder always apparent on a bluish chin. Pete—what was the last name? She looked for the signature, but it just read *Pete*—Pete Hammers, of course. Hammers—the name had always interested her and made her think of murder. Of murder. . . .

That detective was nuts. Some men whom she had known might commit murder, but they were thugs and thought nothing about it. This was different. Gentlemen didn't commit murder. Gentlemen, she decided, as she crumpled up the letter from Pete and slammed it into the flames, hadn't the nerve to commit murder.

She was instantly sorry about burning the letter. Its touch, reading it again (it had been several years since the last time she had read it) had thrilled her mildly, vicariously. There hadn't been any money in Pete. As a commercial venture he had been a total flop, but there had been a desultory sort of happiness, as she understood the meaning of the word *happiness*, a humid stale-beer sort of happiness. . . . She would have liked to keep the letter as a memento.

The rest of the wedding didn't bother her so much, but the whole business made her faintly resentful. Her life had been too impermanent for the collecting of treasured things, and all her souvenirs-of-sentiment had had to be strictly portable.

Seven letters were winnowed from the chaff: seven men who had grown inconceivably tiresome and dull, and the repulsiveness of whose physical qualities had increased in perfect ratio with their dulling; seven rich and, mostly, fat elderly men having, on an average, pig eyes emphasized with glasses. One of them wasn't—her smile was brittle—one of them wasn't fat, and he hadn't pig eyes, and he didn't wear glasses. . . .

That was a funny idea about somebody wanting to kill her. She began to mull it over again as she stuffed the seven letters into a stocking. They felt messily uncomfortable, and she fished them out. Even if Valcour did snoop, there were lots of places he'd never bother about. And after all,—her eyes became coldly calculating,—why should he snoop concerning her, or her things?

There were lots of good places to hide the letters in, now that their bulk had diminished so appreciably. She stood up and went over to the window. It was an automatic gesture that she indulged in frequently. She never really wanted to look out, and she was rarely conscious of seeing anything, but there was something symbolic in a window—a physical ticket to certain obscure and unphysical things—like mental release—like an emotional projection into distant places.

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She noted mechanically that it was snowing again—thick ripe flakes that fell lazily in their irresponsible journeying from sky to earth, as beautiful in their lack of purpose as rain was ugly in its usefulness. The wind had gone down, and an engine in the west still puffed fitfully. The dreadful, irritating stillness of the night clung to her nerves with the drag of chains, acutely painful. Even the long-dead timbers of the house were creaking a little complainingly. The earth was a corpse in a thick white shroud foolishly revolving through limboes of silence. And she, from a personally appointed and distant vantage-point, was watching it.

Her fingers tightened on the letters in her hand. Now that the bulk of them were gone—her eyes again were resting on the brilliant vermilion lacquer of the Chinese box.

Chapter Seven

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR hesitated for a moment at the head of the stairs. The feeling that some person had just quit the hall as he and Vera had come into it insistently kept recapturing his attention. Valcour had a great respect for intuitive feelings, particularly if they were his own. Yes, the lighting in the hall was a bit shoddy—he did agree with Vera to that extent, but then, these old houses were hard to wire effectively, and there was no reason why the place should be blazing at this time of night, anyway.

He looked at his watch. It was three minutes after midnight. It seemed longer than that—an age almost—since he and Vera had been standing at the head of the attic stairs and listening to the chimes. Something was going to happen. His intuitive faculties were working alarmingly. Better get on with the search—not that he really thought he'd find anybody.

He started to descend the curving stairs. Their woodwork was painted ivory, and they were carpeted in a deep-piled faded rose. Their treads did not creak beneath his weight, and as he walked down he made no sound at all.

He wondered whether Mr. Hurme were fanatic. Old men sometimes were, when living autocratically in a location not easily accessible to suitable society—suitable to them. There was no autocracy quite so secure as a mental autocracy, and a big mental frog in a little mental puddle—well, such a one might easily dress up in the togas of a Caesar. Would he find Mr. Hurme such a frog? From all reports he had heard of the man, he thought that he would.

The furnace must be dying, as the house seemed getting colder. He wondered who attended to the draft; Will, probably. They were queer people, both of them, both Will and his father. They scuttled to their warrens like rabbits and stayed there. The simile seemed inept, and Valcour altered it to a brace of chieftains withdrawing to their tents. But that presupposed a battlefield. And wasn't there one? With Vera for the opposing camp. Behind the two men would be generations of tradition, and their own years spent in creating what would become tradition to their heirs; but there were no heirs. And what a curious motive that would offer for murder, if divorce were emphatically and definitely denied—and also what absurd nonsense.

VALCOUR stood staring at the spot where Alice Tribeau, according to Vera, had fallen. There was no trace of blood on the highly waxed surface of the floor; nor was there any indication that the floor had recently been mopped up. Any such use of water would, he knew, have left a dull spot on the polished surface. And it stood to reason that where Alice Tribeau had fallen there must have been some blood. Perhaps she had fallen on a rug and the rug had been

removed. But Vera had said nothing about any rug. Later it would be well to look about the surface of the floor for recent signs of moppings.

He felt there would be a cupboard under the curving stairs. He found one and, as a matter of principle, opened its door and looked into it. There was no one there. Some fishing-tackle and old hats were sprawled in one of its corners. He closed the door and walked around to the kitchen. The kitchen was colder than the house. The coal-stove afforded its only heat, and the fire was banked for the night. He wondered how to get down into the cellar, and then saw a trapdoor let into the floor. He lifted this and walked down a short flight of steps. His flashlight located an electric switch, and he turned it.

The cellar was divided into four large compartments, each lighted by a single hanging bulb. The furnace and winter's coal-supply were in the southeast compartment. Its only occupant was a large gray rat that walked deliberately across a vast pile of coal and disappeared. It was warm in the cellar and immeasurably still. The storeroom for winter vegetables, the winerom, and the compartment for firewood held no intruder.

Valcour mounted the cellar stairs and closed the trapdoor. There was a door at the kitchen's farther end. He opened it and stepped into the icy dead air of a shed. A sliding door led from the shed to the outside. The shed was empty. He came back into the kitchen. The tray for ice cubes, sloppily dumped into one corner of the sink, caught his eye as he passed it. There was also something there that glittered—minute pieces of broken glass. Stuck in the sink's drain was a soggy piece of paper. He fished it out and looked at it. It was scraped from a label of some nature, and on it were two dots—curiously shaped dots—curious, and yet of a shape that ought to be familiar. . . . He placed the bit of paper in an envelope that was in his pocket.

Vera hadn't bothered to refill the ice-tray. What an uncomfortable hornet she must be in this ordered household! And it had the effect of being well-ordered, too. Valcour wondered by whom. Mr. Hurme, of course, that strange Mr. Hurme who was such an impressive and silent ruler over silence. What a house it was—devoid of young life, dedicated to the fixed ideas of autocratic age! For a moment he felt that any number of palliating circumstances could be advanced for Vera. And Will seemed sort of spineless—plenty of gentility but no spine. . . .

Lieutenant Valcour turned on a lamp in the dining-room and looked at such sections of the polished floor as were not covered with rugs. The room was separated from the living-room by a large archway with folding doors. The doors were open, and a section of the polish on the floor beneath the arch was dull.

SO Alice Tribeau had fallen here and not at the foot of the stairs! The possibilities were perplexing. The wound was such a minor injury that she could well have stumbled here, if shot at the foot of the stairs, before collapsing. People had walked miles and miles with such simple wounds, and hadn't collapsed at all. Of course her temperament would govern that. Or she might have been shot right here.

He wondered just what it was that Vera wanted to conceal, why she had deliberately lied about finding Alice Tribeau at the foot of the stairs when Alice Tribeau had probably collapsed right here beneath the arch. Perhaps she hadn't lied. Some one might have moved Alice Tribeau before Vera had stumbled against her, moved her and then mopped up the blood. Whoever did it might have heard Vera coming from the kitchen and have let Alice Tribeau down at the most convenient place, which had happened to be

the foot of the stairs. It would have been some one who was strong enough to lift and carry Alice Tribeau. Vera was. Will was. And Mr. Hurme was an invalid.

But it was astonishing the feats of strength that could be performed by some invalids, especially if the incentive were properly urgent.

Everything would of course be known when Alice Tribeau could speak and tell her own story. She could then bring what charges she liked against whom she liked, and through her the State would prosecute its case. But it wasn't as simple as that. In every attempted homicide there were protective measures to be kept in force until the criminal could be put under restraint.

Valcour took out a penknife and knelt on one knee. There were some minute flecks of blood hardening onto the floor-wax. He scraped them off and dropped them into the envelope with the bit of paper found in the kitchen sink.

A SOUND of shoes crossing bare wood brought him to his feet. He went and stood in shadow near the dining-room fireplace. He closed the penknife and slipped it into a pocket.

Valcour stood very still, and Will didn't notice him. Will's eyes were lusterless, and his body looked dejected. Will went to the sideboard and poured some whisky from a decanter into a glass. The whisky seemed tasteless, to him, and unpalatably harsh. He took another. Valcour made a slight sound, and Will turned slowly until he faced the fireplace. He wasn't startled. He wasn't even very curious.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Valcour," he said. "The room's so dim I didn't notice you. Will you join me?"

There was a perceptible touch of thickness in Will's speech. Valcour crossed to the sideboard. He noticed that Will's cheeks were over-red.

"Thank you," he said.

"If you like a tall drink, I can get you some water and ice. There's ginger ale in the ice-box if you prefer it."

"I would like a ginger-ale highball very much."

"I'll have one with you. I'll bring them into the living-hall. It's more cheerful there by the fire."

"Thank you."

Valcour went into the living-hall. He pulled the sleepy-hollow chair up nearer to the dying embers and sat down, letting his body relax entirely in the chair's comfortable curve. By turning his head he could see a section of the upper hall railings. They were slender ghosts standing at attention while something black and silken brushed them in its passage along the hall—a black silk dressing-gown that would encase (inasmuch as Will was downstairs) the quietly moving body of Mr. Hurme: a ghost in ebony drifting past a company of thin and paler wraiths.

Like a refrain, some silly jingle done in scarlet, there kept running through Valcour's head: Vera shot Alice Tribeau—but she didn't; because whoever shot Alice thought it was Vera. But did they? Had she—He clutched at facts: some one in the house had fired the shot, and Vera was a liar.

Valcour took the envelope from his pocket and opened it so that he could examine the bit of paper marked at its torn edge with two dots. He studied them carefully. They weren't dots. He knew what they were: each dot was meant to depict the end of a bone. And two bones crossed beneath a skull were the chemist's symbol for poison.

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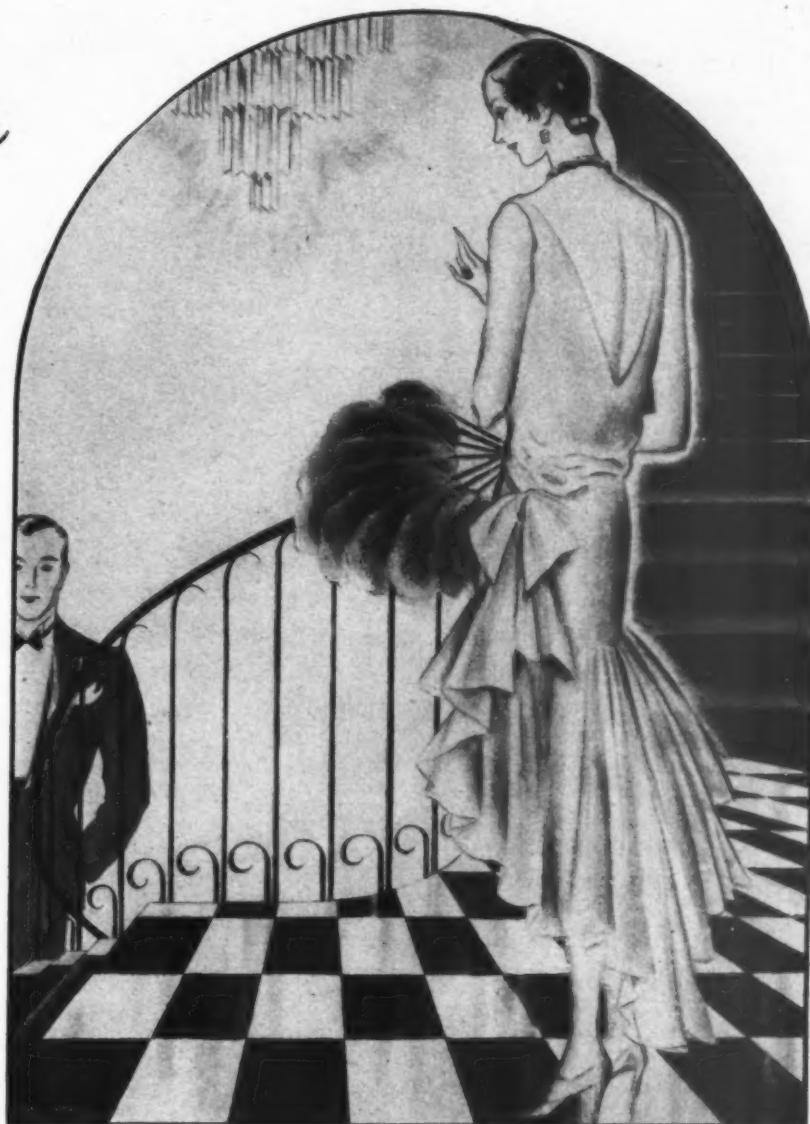
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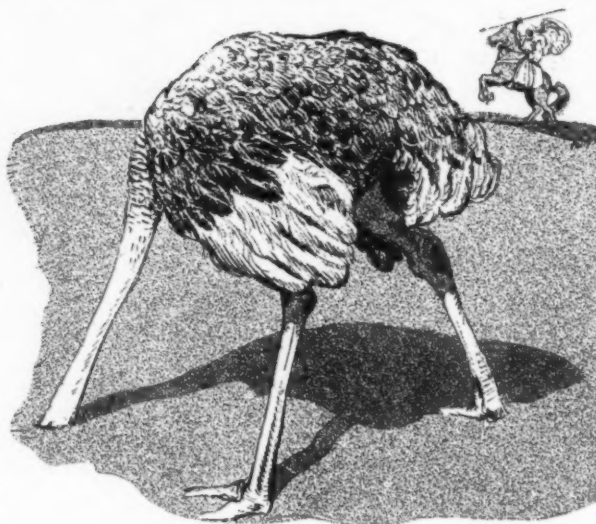


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EACH year thousands of people die of cancer—needlessly—because they accept as true some of the mistaken beliefs about this disease.

No. 1—That every case of cancer is hopeless. *It is not.*

No. 2—That cancer should be concealed because it results from a blood taint and is disgraceful. *It is not.*

No. 3—That nature can conquer a malignant cancer unaided. *It can not.*

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Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or swellings or sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from any part of the body. Do not neglect any strange growth. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size.

If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

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Beware of Plausible Quacks

Because cancer is usually spoken of furtively or in confidence, and because its nature and origin are largely shrouded in mystery, quacks and crooked institutions reap a cruel harvest. They prey upon the fear and ignorance of those who do not know the facts concerning cancer. They are often successful in making people believe that they have cancer when they have not. Later, with a great flourish, they boast of their "cures".

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